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STUDIES

OF

NATURE.

VOL. IV.

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STUDIES

OF

N A T U R E:

BY

JAMES-HENRY-BERNARDIN

DE SAINT-PIERRE.

........MISERIS SUCCURERE DISCO.

TRANSLATED BY

HENRY HUNTER, D.D.

MINISTER OF THE SCOTS CHURCH, LONDON-WALL.

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STUDIES OF NATURE.

SEQUEL OF STUDY XII.

OF THE SENTIMENTS OF THE SOUL.

AND, FIRST,

Of mental Affections.

I SHALL ſpeak of mental affections, chiefly in the view of diſtinguiſhing them from the ſentiments of the ſoul: they differ eſſentially from each other. For example, the pleaſure which comedy beſtows is widely different from that of which tragedy is the ſource. The emotion which excites laughter is an affection of the mind, or of human reaſon; that which diſſolves us into tears is a ſentiment of the ſoul. Not that I would make of the mind, and of the ſoul, two powers of a different nature; but it ſeems to me, as has been already ſaid, that the one is to the other, what ſight is to the body; mind is a faculty, and ſoul is the principle of it: the ſoul is, if I may venture

thus to exprefs myfelf, the body of our intelligence. I confider the mind, then, as an intellectual eye, to which may be referred the other faculties of the underftanding, as the *imagination*, which apprehends things future; *memory*, which contemplates things that are paft; and *judgment*, which difcerns their correfpondencies. The impreffion made upon us by thefe different acts of vifion, fometimes excites in us a fentiment which is denominated *evidence*; and in that cafe, this laft perception belongs immediately to the foul; of this we are made fenfible by the delicious emotion which it fuddenly excites in us; but, raifed to that, it is no longer in the province of mind; becaufe, when we begin to feel, we ceafe to reafon; it is no longer vifion, it is enjoyment.

As our education and our manners direct us toward our perfonal intereft, hence it comes to pafs, that the mind employs itfelf only about focial conformities, and that reafon, after all, is nothing more than the intereft of our paffions; but the foul, left to itfelf, is inceffantly purfuing the conformities of Nature, and our fentiment is always the intereft of Mankind.

Thus, I repeat it, mind is the perception of the Laws of Society, and fentiment is the perception of the Laws of Nature. Thofe who difplay to us

the

the conformities of Society, ſuch as comic Writers, Satyriſts, Epigrammatiſts, and even the greateſt part of Moraliſts, are men of wit: ſuch were the Abbé *de Choiſy*, *La Bruyere*, *St. Evremont*, and the like. Thoſe who diſcover to us the conformities of Nature, ſuch as tragic, and other Poets of ſenſibility, the Inventors of arts, great Philoſophers, are men of genius: ſuch were *Shakeſpeare*, *Corneille*, *Racine*, *Newton*, *Marcus Aurelius*, *Monteſquieu*, *La Fontaine*, *Fenelon*, *J. J. Rouſſeau*. The firſt claſs belong to one age, to one ſeaſon, to one nation, to one junto; the others to poſterity and to Mankind.

We ſhall be ſtill more ſenſible of the difference which ſubſiſts between mind and ſoul, by tracing their affections in oppoſite progreſſes. As often, for example, as the perceptions of the mind are carried up to evidence, they are exalted into a ſource of exquiſite pleaſure, independently of every particular relation of intereſt; becauſe, as has been ſaid, they awaken a feeling within us. But when we go about to analyze our feelings, and refer them to the examination of the mind, or reaſoning power, the ſublime emotions which they excited in us vaniſh away; for in this caſe, we do not fail to refer them to ſome accommodation of ſociety, of fortune, of ſyſtem, or of ſome other perſonal intereſt, whereof our reaſon is compoſed. Thus, in

 the

the firſt caſe, we change our copper into gold; and in the ſecond, our gold into copper.

Again, nothing can be leſs adapted, at the long-run, to the ſtudy of Nature, than the reaſoning powers of Man; for though they may catch here and there ſome natural conformities, they never purſue the chain to any great length: beſides, there is a much greater number which the mind does not perceive, becauſe it always brings back every thing to itſelf, and to the little ſocial or ſcientific order within which it is circumſcribed. Thus, for example, if it takes a glimpſe of the celeſtial ſpheres, it will refer the formation of them to the labour of a glaſs-houſe; and if it admits the exiſtence of a creating Power, it will repreſent him as a mechanic out of employment, amuſing himſelf with making globes, merely to have the pleaſure of ſeeing them turn round. It will conclude, from it's own diſorder, that there is no ſuch thing as order in Nature; from it's own immortality, that there is no mortality. As it refers every thing to it's own reaſon, and ſeeing no reaſon for exiſtence, when it ſhall be no longer on the Earth, it thence concludes, that, in fact, it ſhall not in that caſe exiſt. To be conſiſtent, it ought equally to conclude, on the ſame principle, that it does not exiſt now; for it certainly can diſcover, neither in itſelf,

itſelf, nor in any thing around, an actual reaſon for it's exiſtence.

We are convinced of our exiſtence by a power greatly ſuperior to our mind, which is ſentiment, or intellectual feeling. We are going to carry this natural inſtinct along with us into our reſearches reſpecting the exiſtence of the DEITY, and the immortality of the ſoul; ſubjects, on which our verſatile reaſon has ſo frequently engaged, ſometimes on this, ſometimes on the other ſide of the queſtion. Though our inſufficiency be too great to admit of launching far into this unbounded career, we preſume to hope, that our perceptions, nay, our very miſtakes, may encourage men of genius to enter upon it. Theſe ſublime and eternal truths ſeem to us ſo deeply imprinted on the human heart, as to appear themſelves the principles of our intellectual feeling, and to manifeſt themſelves in our moſt ordinary affections, as in the wildeſt exceſſes of our paſſions.

OF THE SENTIMENT OF INNOCENCE.

The ſentiment of innocence exalts us toward the DEITY, and prompts us to virtuous deeds. The Greeks and Romans employed little children to ſing in their religious feſtivals, and to preſent

 their

their offerings at the altar, in the view of rendering the Gods propitious to their Country, by the ſpectacle of infant innocence. The ſight of infancy calls men back to the ſentiments of Nature. When *Cato* of Utica had formed the reſolution to put himſelf to death, his friends and ſervants concealed his ſword; and upon his demanding it, with expreſſions of violent indignation, they delivered it to him by the hand of a child: but the corruption of the age in which he lived, had ſtifled in his heart the ſentiment which innocence ought to have excited.

JESUS CHRIST recommends to us to become as little children: We call them innocents, *non nocentes*, becauſe they have never injured any one. But, notwithſtanding the claims of their tender age, and the authority of the Chriſtian Religion, to what barbarous education are they not abandoned?

Of Pity.

The ſentiment of innocence is the native ſource of compaſſion; hence we are more deeply affected by the ſufferings of a child than by thoſe of an old man. The reaſon is not, as certain Philoſophers pretend, becauſe the reſources and hopes of the child are inferior; for they are, in truth, greater than

than thoſe of the old man, who is frequently infirm, and haſtening to diſſolution; whereas the child is entering into life; but the child has never offended; he is innocent. This ſentiment extends even to animals, which, in many caſes, excite our ſympathy more than rational creatures do, from this very conſideration, that they are harmleſs. This accounts for the idea of the good *La Fontaine*, in deſcribing the Deluge, in his fable of *Baucis* and *Philemon*.

..............Tout diſparut ſur l'heure.
Les vieillards déploroient ces ſevères deſtins :
Les animaux perir ! Car encor les humains,
Tous avoient dû tomber ſous les célèſtes armes,
Baucis en répandit en ſecret quelques larmes.

All diſappear'd in that tremendous hour.
Age felt the weight of Heaven's inſulted power :
On guilty Man the ſtroke with juſtice fell,
But harmleſs brutes !—the fierceneſs who can tell
Of wrath divine ?—At thought of this, ſome tears
Stole down the cheeks of *Baucis*......

Thus the ſentiment of innocence develops, in the heart of Man, a divine character, which is that of generoſity. It bears, not on the calamity abſtractedly conſidered, but on a moral quality, which it diſcerns in the unfortunate being who is the object of it. It derives increaſe from the view of innocence, and ſometimes ſtill more from that of repentance. Man alone, of all animals, is ſuſ-

 ceptible

ceptible of it: and this, not by a ſecret retroſpect to himſelf, as ſome enemies of the Human Race have pretended: for, were that the caſe, on ſtating a compariſon between a child and an old man, both of them unfortunate, we ought to be more affected by the miſery of the old man, conſidering that we are removing from the wretchedneſs of childhood, and drawing nearer to thoſe of old-age: the contrary, however, takes place, in virtue of the moral ſentiment which I have alleged.

When an old man is virtuous, the moral ſentiment of his diſtreſs is excited in us with redoubled force; this is an evident proof, that pity in Man is by no means an animal affection. The ſight of a *Beliſarius* is, accordingly, a moſt affecting object. If you heighten it by the introduction of a child holding out his little hand to receive the alms beſtowed on that illuſtrious blind beggar, the impreſſion of pity is ſtill more powerful. But let me put a ſentimental caſe. Suppoſe you had fallen in with *Beliſarius* ſoliciting charity, on the one hand, and on the other, an orphan child, blind and wretched, and that you had but one crown, without the poſſibility of dividing it, to which of the two would you have given it?

If on reflection you find, that the eminent ſervices rendered by *Beliſarius* to his ungrateful Coun-

try,

try, have inclined the balance of ſentiment too decidedly in his favour, ſuppoſe the child overwhelmed with the woes of *Beliſarius*, and at the ſame time poſſeſſing ſome of his virtues, ſuch as having his eyes put out by his parents, and, nevertheleſs, continuing to beg alms for their relief *; there would, in my opinion, be no room for heſitation, provided a man felt only: for if you reaſon, the caſe is entirely altered; the talents, the victories, the renown of the Grecian General, would preſently abſorb the calamities of an obſcure child. Reaſon will recal you to the political intereſt, to the *I* human.

The ſentiment of innocence is a ray of the Divinity. It inveſts the unfortunate perſon with a celeſtial radiance, which falls on the human heart, and recoils, kindling it into generoſity, that other flame of divine original. It alone renders us ſenſible to the diſtreſs of virtue, by repreſenting it to us as incapable of doing harm; for otherwiſe, we might be induced to conſider it as ſufficient to itſelf. In this caſe it would excite rather admiration than pity.

* The rector of a country village, in the vicinity of Paris, not far from Dravet, underwent, in his infancy, a piece of inhumanity not leſs barbarous, from the hands of his parents. He ſuffered caſtration from his own father, who was by profeſſion a ſurgeon: he, nevertheleſs, ſupported that unnatural parent in his old age. I believe both father and ſon are ſtill in life.

Of

Of the Love of Country.

This ſentiment is, ſtill farther, the ſource of love of Country, becauſe it brings to our recollection the gentle and pure affections of our earlier years. It increaſes with extenſion, and expands with the progreſs of time, as a ſentiment of a celeſtial and immortal nature. They have, in Switzerland, an ancient muſical air, and extremely ſimple, called the *rans des vaches*. This air produces an effect ſo powerful, that it was found neceſſary to prohibit the playing of it, in Holland and in France, before the Swiſs ſoldiers, becauſe it ſet them all a-deſerting one after another. I imagine that the *rans des vaches* muſt imitate the lowing and bleating of the cattle, the repercuſſion of the echos, and other local aſſociations, which made the blood boil in the veins of thoſe poor ſoldiers, by recalling to their memory the valleys, the lakes, the mountains of their Country *, and, at the ſame time,

* I have been told that *Poutaveri*, the Indian of Taïti, who was ſome years ago brought to Paris, on ſeeing, in the Royal Garden, the paper-mulberry tree, the bark of which is, in that iſland, manufactured into cloth, the tear ſtarted to his eye, and claſping it in his arms, he exclaimed: *Ah! tree of my country!* I could wiſh it were put to the trial, whether, on preſenting to a foreign bird, ſay a paroquet, a fruit of it's country, which it had

time, the companions of their early life, their firſt loves, the recollection of their indulgent grandfathers, and the like.

The love of Country ſeems to ſtrengthen in proportion as it is innocent and unhappy. For this reaſon Savages are fonder of their Country than poliſhed Nations are; and thoſe who inhabit regions rough and wild, ſuch as mountaineers, than thoſe who live in fertile countries and fine climates. Never could the Court of Ruſſia prevail upon a ſingle Samoïède to leave the ſhores of the Frozen Ocean, and ſettle at Peterſburg. Some Greenlanders were brought, in the courſe of the laſt century, to the Court of Copenhagen, where they were entertained with a profuſion of kindneſs, but ſoon fretted themſelves to death. Several of them were drowned, in attempting to return to their Country in an open boat. They beheld all the magnificence of the Court of Denmark with extreme indifference; but there was one, in par-

had not ſeen for a conſiderable time, it would expreſs ſome extraordinary emotion. Though phyſical ſenſations attach us ſtrongly to Country, moral ſentiments alone can give them a vehement intenſity. Time, which blunts the former, gives only a keener edge to the latter. For this reaſon it is, that veneration for a monument is always in proportion to it's antiquity, or to it's diſtance; this explains that expreſſion of *Tacitus: Major è longinquo reverentia:* diſtance increaſes reverence.

ticular,

ticular, whom they obſerved to weep every time he ſaw a woman with a child in her arms; hence they conjectured that this unfortunate man was a father. The gentleneſs of domeſtic education, undoubtedly, thus powerfully attaches thoſe poor people to the place of their birth. It was this which inſpired the Greeks and Romans with ſo much courage in the defence of their Country. The ſentiment of innocence ſtrengthens the love of it, becauſe it brings back all the affections of early life, pure, ſacred, and incorruptible. *Virgil* was well acquainted with the effect of this ſentiment, when he puts into the mouth of *Niſus*, who was diſſuading *Euryalus* from undertaking a nocturnal expedition, fraught with danger, thoſe affecting words:

Te ſupereſſe velim: tua vitâ dignior ætas.

If thou ſurvive me, I ſhall die content:
Thy tender age deſerves the longer life.

But among Nations with whom infancy is rendered miſerable, and is corrupted by irkſome, ferocious, and unnatural education, there is no more love of Country than there is of innocence. This is one of the cauſes which ſends ſo many Europeans a-rambling over the World, and which accounts for our having ſo few modern monuments in Europe, becauſe the next generation never fails

to destroy the monuments of that which preceded it. This is the reason that our books, our fashions, our customs, our ceremonies, and our languages, become obsolete so soon, and are entirely different this age from what they were in the last; whereas all these particulars continue the same among the sedentary Nations of Asia, for a long series of ages together; because children brought up in Asia, in the habitation of their parents, and treated with much gentleness, remain attached to the establishments of their ancestors, out of gratitude to their memory, and to the places of their birth, from the recollection of their happiness and innocence.

OF THE SENTIMENT OF ADMIRATION.

The sentiment of admiration transports us immediately into the bosom of DEITY. If it is excited in us by an object which inspires delight, we convey ourselves thither as to the source of joy; if terror is roused, we flee thither for refuge. In either case, Admiration exclaims in these words, *Ah, my God!* This is, we are told, the effect of education merely, in the course of which frequent mention is made of the name of GOD; but mention is still more frequently made of our father, of the king, of a protector, of a celebrated literary character.

character. How comes it, then, that when we feel ourselves standing in need of support, in such unexpected concussions, we never exclaim, *Ah, my King!* or, if Science were concerned, *Ah, Newton!*

It is certain, that if the name of GOD be frequently mentioned to us, in the progress of our education, the idea of it is quickly effaced in the usual train of the affairs of this World; why then have we recourse to it in extraordinary emergencies? This sentiment of Nature is common to all Nations, many of whom give no theological instruction to their children. I have remarked it in the Negroes of the coast of Guinea, of Madagascar, of Cafrerie, and Mosambique, among the Tartars, and the Indians of the Malabar coast; in a word, among men of every quarter of the World. I never saw a single one who, under the extraordinary emotions of surprize or of admiration, did not make, in his own language, the same exclamation which we do, and who did not lift up his hands and his eyes to Heaven.

Of the Marvellous.

The sentiment of admiration is the source of the instinct which men have, in every age, discovered for the marvellous. We are hunting after it continually,

tinually, and every where, and we diffuse it, principally, over the commencement and the close of human life: hence it is that the cradles and the tombs of so great a part of Mankind have been enveloped in fiction. It is the perennial source of our curiosity; it discloses itself from early infancy, and is long the companion of innocence. Whence could children derive the taste for the marvellous? They must have Fairy-tales; and men must have epic poems and operas. It is the marvellous which constitutes one of the grand charms of the antique statues of Greece and Rome, representing heroes or gods, and which contributes, more than is generally imagined, to our delight, in the perusal of the ancient History of those Countries. It is one of the natural reasons which may be produced to the President *Henault*, who expresses astonishment that we should be more enamoured of ancient History than of modern, especially that of our own country: the truth is, independantly of the patriotic sentiments, which serve, at least, as a pretext to the intrigues of the great men of Greece and Rome, and which were so entirely unknown to ours, that they frequently embroiled their country in maintaining the interests of a particular house, and sometimes in asserting the honour of precedency, or of sitting on a joint-stool; there is a marvellous in the religion of the Ancients which consoles and elevates human nature,

ture, whereas that of the Gauls terrifies and debafes it. The gods of the Greeks and the Romans were patriots, like their great men. *Minerva* had given them the olive, *Neptune* the horfe. Thefe gods protected the cities and the people. But thofe of the ancient Gauls were tyrants, like their Barons; they afforded protection only to the Druids. They muft be glutted with human facrifices. In a word, this religion was fo inhuman, that two fucceffive Roman Emperors, according to the teftimony of *Suetonius* and *Pliny*, commanded it to be abolifhed. I fay nothing of the modern interefts of our Hiftory; but fure I am that the relations of our politics will never replace in it, to the heart of Man, thofe of the Divinity.

I muft obferve that, as admiration is an involuntary movement of the Soul toward Deity, and is, of confequence fublime, feveral modern Authors have ftrained to multiply this kind of beauty in their productions, by an accumulation of furprizing incidents; but Nature employs them fparingly in hers, becaufe Man is incapable of frequently undergoing concuffions fo violent. She difclofes to us, by little and little, the light of the Sun, the expanfion of flowers, the formation of fruits. She gradually introduces our enjoyments by a long feries of harmonies; fhe treats us as human beings; that is, as machines feeble and eafily

deranged;

deranged; ſhe veils Deity from our view, that we may be able to ſupport his approach.

The Pleaſure of Myſtery.

This is the reaſon that myſtery poſſeſſes ſo many charms. Pictures placed in the full glare of light, avenues in ſtraight lines, roſes fully blown, women in gaudy apparel, are far from being the objects which pleaſe us moſt. But ſhady vallies, paths winding about through the foreſts, flowers ſcarcely half-opened, and timid ſhepherdeſſes, excite in us the ſweeteſt and the moſt laſting emotions. The lovelineſs and reſpectability of objects are increaſed by their myſteriouſneſs. Sometimes it is that of antiquity, which renders ſo many monuments venerable in our eyes; ſometimes it is that of diſtance, which diffuſes ſo many charms over objects in the Horizon; ſometimes it is that of names. Hence the Sciences which retain the Greek names; though they frequently denote only the moſt ordinary things, have a more impoſing air of reſpect than thoſe which have only modern names, though theſe may, in many caſes, be more ingenious and more uſeful. Hence, for example, the conſtruction of ſhips, and the art of navigation, are more lightly prized by our modern *literati*, than ſeveral other phyſical ſciences of the moſt frivolous nature, but which are dignified by Greek names. Admira-

tion, accordingly, is not a relation of the understanding, or a perception of our reafon; but a fentiment of the foul, which arifes in us, from a certain undefcribable inftinct of Deity, at fight of extraordinary objects, and from the very myfterioufnefs in which they are involved. This is fo indubitably certain, that admiration is deftroyed by the fcience which enlightens us. If I exhibit to a favage an eolipile darting out a ftream of inflamed fpirit of wine, I throw him into an extafy of admiration; he feels himfelf difpofed to fall down and worfhip the machine; he venerates me as the God of Fire, as long as he comprehends it not; but no fooner do I explain to him the nature of the procefs, than his admiration ceafes, and he looks upon me as a cheat *.

* For this reafon it is that we admire only that which is uncommon. Were there to appear, over the Horizon of Paris, one of thefe parhelia which are fo common at Spitzbergen, the whole inhabitants of the city would be in the ftreets to gaze at it, and wonder. It is nothing more, however, than a reflection of the Sun's difk in the clouds; and no one ftands ftill to contemplate the Sun himfelf, becaufe the Sun is an object too well known to be admired.

It is myftery which conftitutes one of the charms of Religion. Thofe who infift upon a geometrical demonftration on this fubject, betray a profound ignorance, at once, of the Laws of Nature, and of the demands of the human heart.

The

The Pleaſures of Ignorance.

From an effect of thoſe ineffable ſentiments, and of thoſe univerſal inſtincts of Deity, it is, that ignorance is become the inexhauſtible ſource of delight to Man. We muſt take care not to confound, as all our Moraliſts do, ignorance and error. Ignorance is the work of Nature, and, in many caſes, a bleſſing to Man; whereas error is frequently the fruit of our pretended human Sciences, and is always an evil. Let our political Writers ſay what they will, while they boaſt of our wonderful progreſs in knowledge, and oppoſe to it the barbariſm of paſt ages, it was not ignorance which then ſet all Europe on fire, and inundated it with blood, in ſettling religious diſputations. A race of ignorants would have kept themſelves quiet. The miſchief was done by perſons who were under the power of error, who, at that time, vaunted as much, perhaps, of their ſuperior illumination, as we now-a-days do of ours, and into each of whom the European ſpirit of education had inſtilled this error of early infancy, *Be the firſt.*

How many evils does ignorance conceal from us, which we are doomed one day to encounter, in the courſe of human life, beyond the poſſibility

of efcaping! the inconftancy of friends, the revolutions of fortune, calumnies, and the hour of death itfelf, fo tremendous to moft men. The knowledge of ills like thefe would mar all the comfort of living. How many bleffings does ignorance render fublime! the illufions of friendfhip, and thofe of love, the perfpectives of hope, and the very treafures which Science unfolds. The Sciences infpire delight only when we enter upon the ftudy of them, at the period when the mind, in a ftate of ignorance, plunges into the great career. It is the point of contact between light and darknefs, which prefents to the eye the moft favourable ftate of vifion: this is the harmonic point, which excites our admiration, when we are beginning to fee clearly; but it lafts only a fingle inftant. It vanifhes together with ignorance. The elements of Geometry may have impaffioned young minds, but never the aged, unlefs in the cafe of certain illuftrious Mathematicians, who were proceeding from difcovery to difcovery. Thofe fciences only, and thofe paffions, which are fubjected to doubt and chance, form enthufiafts at every age of life, fuch as chemiftry, avarice, play, and love.

For one pleafure which Science beftows, and caufes to perifh in the beftowing, ignorance prefents us with a thoufand, which flatter us infinitely more. You demonftrate to me that the Sun is a

fixed

fixed globe, the attraction of which gives to the planets one half of their movements. Had they, who believed it to be conducted round the World by *Apollo*, an idea less sublime? They imagined, at least, that the attention of a God pervaded the Earth, together with the rays of the Orb of Day. It is Science which has dragged down the chaste *Diana* from her nocturnal car: she has banished the Hamadryads from the antique forests, and the gentle Naïads from the fountains. Ignorance had invited the Gods, to partake of it's joys and it's woes; to Man's wedding, and to his grave: Science discerns nothing in either, except the elements merely. She has abandoned Man to his fellow, and thrown him upon the Earth as into a desert. Ah! whatever may be the names which she gives to the different kingdoms of Nature, celestial spirits, undoubtedly, regulate their combinations so ingenious, so varied, and so uniform; and Man, who could bestow nothing upon himself, is not the only being in the Universe who partakes of intelligence.

It is not to the illumination of Science that the DEITY communicates the most profound sentiment of his attributes, but to our ignorance. Night conveys to the mind a much grander idea of infinity than all the glare of day. In the daytime, I see but one Sun; during the night I discern

cern thousands. Are those very stars, so variously coloured, really Suns? Are those planets, which revolve around ours, actually inhabited, as ours is? From whence came the planet Cybele *, discovered but yesterday, by a German of the name of *Herschel?* It has been running it's race from the beginning of the Creation, and was, till of late, unknown to us. Whither go those uncertainly revolving comets, traversing the regions of unbounded space? Of what consists that milky way which divides the firmament of Heaven? What are those two dark clouds, placed toward the Antarctic Pole, near the cross of the South? Can there be stars which diffuse darkness, conformably to the belief of the Ancients? Are there places in the firmament which the light never reaches? The Sun discovers to me only a terrestrial infinity, and the night discloses an infinity altogether celestial. O, mysterious ignorance, draw thy hallowed curtains over those enchanting spectacles! Permit not human Science to apply to them it's cheerless compasses. Let not virtue be reduced, henceforth, to look for her reward from the justice and the sensibility of a Globe! Permit her to think that there are in the Universe, destinies far different from those which fill up the measure of woe upon this Earth.

* The English, in compliment to their Sovereign, *George* III. give it the name of *Georgium Sidus*.

Science

Science is continually ſhewing us the boundary of our reaſon, and ignorance is for ever removing it. I take care, in my ſolitary rambles, not to aſk information reſpecting the name and quality of the perſon who owns the caſtle which I perceive at a diſtance. The hiſtory of the maſter frequently disfigures that of the landſcape. It is not ſo with the Hiſtory of Nature; the more her Works are ſtudied, the more is our admiration excited. There is one caſe only in which the knowledge of the works of men is agreeable to us, it is when the monument which we contemplate has been the abode of goodneſs. What little ſpire is that which I perceive at Montmorency? It is that of Saint-Gratian, where *Catinat* lived the life of a ſage, and under which his aſhes are laid to reſt. My ſoul, circumſcribed within the precincts of a ſmall village, takes it's flight, and ranges over the capacious ſphere of the age of *Louis* XIV. and haſtens thence to expatiate through a ſphere more ſublime than that of the World, the ſphere of virtue. When I am incapable of procuring for myſelf ſuch perſpectives as theſe, ignorance of places anſwers my purpoſe much better than the knowledge of them could do. I have no occaſion to be informed that ſuch a foreſt belongs to an Abbey or to a Dutchy, in order to feel how majeſtic it is. It's ancient trees, it's profound glades, it's ſolemn, ſilent ſolitudes, are ſufficient for me. The moment I ceaſe

to behold Man there, that moment I feel a prefent Deity. Let me give ever fo little fcope to my fentiment, there is no landfcape but what I am able to ennoble. Thefe vaft meadows are metamorphofed into Oceans; thefe mift-clad hills are iflands emerging above the Horizon; that city below, is a city of Greece, dignified by the refidence of *Socrates* and of *Xenophon*. Thanks to my ignorance, I can give the reins to the inftinct of my foul. I plunge into infinity. I prolong the diftance of places by that of ages; and, to complete the illufion, I make that enchanted fpot the habitation of virtue.

OF THE SENTIMENT OF MELANCHOLY.

So beneficent is Nature, that fhe converts all her phenomena into fo many fources of pleafure to Man; and if we pay attention to her procedure, it will be found, that her moft common appearances are the moft agreeable.

I enjoy pleafure, for example, when the rain defcends in torrents, when I fee the old moffy walls dripping, and when I hear the whiftling of the wind, mingled with the clattering of the rain. Thefe melancholy founds, in the nighttime, throw me into a foft and profound fleep.

Neither

Neither am I the only perſon ſuſceptible of ſuch affections. *Pliny* tells us of a Roman Conſul, who, when it rained, had his couch ſpread under the thick foliage of a tree, in order to hear the drops clatter as they fell, and to be lulled to ſleep by the murmuring noiſe.

I cannot tell to what phyſical Law Philoſophers may refer the ſenſations of melancholy. For my own part, I conſider them as the moſt voluptuous affections of the ſoul. Melancholy, ſays *Michael Montaigne*, is dainty. It proceeds, if I am not miſtaken, from it's gratifying, at once, the two powers of which we are formed, the body and the ſoul; the ſentiment of our miſery, and that of our excellence.

Thus, for example, in bad weather, the ſentiment of my human miſery is tranquillized, by my ſeeing it rain, while I am under cover; by my hearing the wind blow violently, while I am comfortably in bed. I, in this caſe, enjoy a negative felicity. With this are afterwards blended ſome of thoſe attributes of the Divinity, the perceptions of which communicate ſuch exquiſite pleaſure to the ſoul; ſuch as infinity of extenſion, from the diſtant murmuring of the wind. This ſentiment may be heightened from reflection on the Laws of Nature, ſuggeſting to me that this rain, which comes, for the

the ſake of ſuppoſition, from the Weſt, has been raiſed out of the boſom of the Ocean, and, perhaps, from the coaſts of America; that it has been ſent to ſweep our great cities into cleanlineſs, to repleniſh the reſervoirs of our fountains; to render our rivers navigable; and whilſt the clouds, which pour it down, are advancing eaſtward, to convey fertility even to the vegetables of Tartary, the grains and the garbage, which it carries down our rivers, are hurling away weſtward, to precipitate themſelves into the Sea, to feed the fiſhes of the Atlantic Ocean. Theſe excurſions of my underſtanding convey to the ſoul an extenſion correſponding to it's nature, and appear to me ſo much the more pleaſing, that the body, which, for it's part loves repoſe, is more tranquil, and more completely protected.

If I am in a ſorrowful mood, and not diſpoſed to ſend my ſoul on an excurſion ſo extenſive, I ſtill feel much pleaſure in giving way to the melancholy which the bad weather inſpires. It looks as if Nature was then conforming to my ſituation, like a ſympathizing friend. She is, beſides, at all times ſo intereſting, under whatever aſpect ſhe exhibits herſelf, that when it rains, I think I ſee a beautiful woman in tears. She ſeems to me more beautiful, the more that ſhe wears the appearance of affliction. In order to be impreſſed with theſe

ſentiments,

ſentiments, which I venture to call voluptuous, I muſt have no project in hand of a pleaſant walk, of viſiting, of hunting, of journeying, which, in ſuch circumſtances, would put me into bad humour, from being contradicted. Much leſs ought our two component powers to croſs, or claſh againſt each other, that is, to let the ſentiment of infinity bear upon our miſery, by thinking that this rain will never have an end; and that of our miſery to dwell on the phenomena of Nature, by complaining that the ſeaſons are quite deranged, that order no longer reigns in the elements, and thus giving into all the peeviſh, inconcluſive reaſonings, adopted by a man who is wet to the ſkin. In order to the enjoyment of bad weather, our ſoul muſt be travelling abroad, and the body at reſt.

From the harmony of thoſe two powers of our conſtitution it is, that the moſt terrible revolutions of Nature frequently intereſt us more than her gayeſt ſcenery. The volcano near Naples attracts more travellers to that city, than the delicious gardens which adorn her ſhores; the plains of Greece and Italy, overſpread with ruins, more than the richly cultivated lawns of England; the picture of a tempeſt, more connoiſſeurs than that of a calm; and the fall of a tower, more ſpectators than it's conſtruction.

The

The Pleaſure of Ruin.

I was for ſome time impreſſed with the belief, that Man had a certain unaccountable taſte for deſtruction. If the populace can lay their hands upon a monument, they are ſure to deſtroy it. I have ſeen at Dreſden, in the gardens of the Count *de Bruhl*, beautiful ſtatues of females, which the Pruſſian ſoldiery had amuſed themſelves with mutilating by muſket-ſhot, when they got poſſeſſion of that city. Moſt of the common people have a turn for ſlander; they take pleaſure in levelling the reputation of all that is exalted. But this malevolent inſtinct is not the production of Nature. It is infuſed by the miſery of the individuals, whom education inſpires with an ambition which is interdicted by Society, and which throws them into a negative ambition. Incapable of raiſing any thing, they are impelled to lay every thing low. The taſte for ruin, in this caſe, is not natural, and is ſimply the exerciſe of the power of the miſerable. Man, in a ſavage ſtate, deſtroys the monuments only of his enemies; he preſerves, with the moſt aſſiduous care, thoſe of his own Nation; and, what proves him to be naturally much better than Man in a ſtate of Society, he never ſlanders his compatriots.

Be it as it may, the paſſive taſte for ruin is univerſal. Our voluptuaries embelliſh their gardens with artificial ruins; ſavages take delight in a melancholy repoſe by the brink of the Sea, eſpecially during a ſtorm, or in the vicinity of a caſcade ſurrounded by rocks. Magnificent deſtruction preſents new picturеſque effects; and it was the curioſity of ſeeing this produced, combined with cruelty, which impelled *Nero* to ſet Rome on fire, that he might enjoy the ſpectacle of a vaſt conflagration. The ſentiment of humanity out of the queſtion, thoſe long ſtreams of flame which, in the middle of the night, lick the Heavens, to make uſe of *Virgil's* expreſſion, thoſe torrents of red and black ſmoke, thoſe clouds of ſparks of all colours, thoſe ſcarlet reverberations in the ſtreets, on the ſummit of towers, along the ſurface of the waters, and on the diſtant mountains, give us pleaſure even in pictures and in deſcriptions.

This kind of affection, which is by no means connected with our phyſical wants, has induced certain Philoſophers to allege, that our ſoul, being in a ſtate of agitation, took pleaſure in all extraordinary emotions. This is the reaſon, ſay they, that ſuch crowds aſſemble in the Place de Grève to ſee the execution of criminals. In ſpectacles of this ſort, there is, in fact, no picturеſque effect whatever. But they have advanced their axiom as

ſlightly

ſlightly as ſo many others, with which their Works abound. Firſt, our ſoul takes pleaſure in reſt as much as in commotion. It is a harmony very gentle, and very eaſily diſturbed by violent emotions; and granting it to be, in it's own nature, a movement, I do not ſee that it ought to take pleaſure in thoſe which threaten it with it's own deſtruction. *Lucretius* has, in my opinion, come much nearer to the truth, when he ſays that taſtes of this ſort ariſe from the ſentiment of our own ſecurity, which is heightened by the ſight of danger to which we are not expoſed. It is a pleaſant thing, ſays he, to contemplate a ſtorm from the ſhore. It is, undoubtedly, from this reference to ſelf, that the common people take delight in relating, by the fire-ſide, collected in a family way, during the Winter evenings, frighsful ſtories of ghoſts, of men loſing themſelves by night in the woods, of highway robberies. From the ſame ſentiment, likewiſe, it is, that the better ſort take pleaſure in the repreſentation of tragedies, and in reading the deſcription of battles, of ſhipwrecks, and of the craſh of empire. The ſecurity of the ſnug tradeſman is increaſed by the danger to which the ſoldier, the mariner, the courtier is expoſed. Pleaſure of this kind ariſes from the ſentiment of our miſery, which is, as has been ſaid, one of the inſtincts of our melancholy.

But there is in us, besides, a sentiment more sublime, which derives pleasure from ruin, independantly of all picturesque effect, and of every idea of personal security; it is that of Deity, which ever blends itself with our melancholy affections, and which constitutes their principal charm. I shall attempt to unfold some of the characters of it, by following the impressions made upon us by ruins of different kinds. The subject is both rich and new; but I possess neither leisure nor ability to bestow upon it a profound investigation. I shall, however, drop a few words upon it, by the way, in the view of exculpating and exalting human nature with what ability I have.

The heart of man is so naturally disposed to benevolence, that the spectacle of a ruin, which brings to our recollection only the misery of our fellow men, inspires us with horror, whatever may be the picturesque effect which it presents. I happened to be at Dresden, in the year 1765, which was several years after it had been bombarded. That small, but very beautiful and commercial city, more than half composed of little palaces, charmingly arranged, the fronts of which were adorned externally with paintings, colonades, balconies, and pieces of sculpture, then presented a pile of ruins. A considerable part of the enemy's bombs had been directed against the Lutheran church,

church, called St. Peter's, built in form of a rotundo, and arched over with ſo much ſolidity, that a greater number of thoſe bombs ſtruck the cupola, without being able to injure it, but rebounded on the adjoining palaces, which they ſet on fire, and partly conſumed. Matters were ſtill in the ſame ſtate as at the concluſion of the war, at the time of my arrival. They had only piled up, along ſome of the ſtreets, the ſtones which encumbered them; ſo that they formed, on each ſide, long parapets of blackened ſtone. You might ſee halves of palaces ſtanding, laid open from the roof down to the cellars. It was eaſy to diſtinguiſh in them the extremity of ſtair-caſes, painted cielings, little cloſets lined with Chineſe papers, fragments of mirror glaſſes, of marble chimnies, of ſmoked gildings. Of others, nothing remained, except maſſy ſtacks of chimneys riſing amidſt the rubbiſh, like long black and white pyramids. More than a third part of the city was reduced to this deplorable condition. You ſaw the inhabitants moving backward and forward, with a ſettled gloom on their faces, formerly ſo gay, that they were called the Frenchmen of Germany. Thoſe ruins, which exhibited a multitude of accidents ſingularly remarkable, from their forms, their colours, and their grouping, threw the mind into a deep melancholy; for you ſaw nothing in them but the traces of the wrath of a King, who had not

levelled

levelled his vengeance againſt the ponderous ramparts of a warlike city, but againſt the pleaſant dwellings of an induſtrious people. I obſerved even more than one Pruſſian deeply affected at the ſight. I by no means felt, though a ſtranger, that reflection of ſelf-ſecurity which ariſes in us on ſeeing a danger againſt which we are ſheltered; but, on the contrary, a voice of affliction thrilled through my heart, ſaying to me, *if this were thy Country!*

It is not ſo with ruins which are the effect of time. Theſe give pleaſure, by launching us into infinity; they carry us ſeveral ages back, and intereſt us in proportion to their antiquity. This is the reaſon that the ruins of Italy affect us more than thoſe of our own country; the ruins of Greece more than thoſe of Italy; and the ruins of Egypt more than thoſe of Greece. The firſt antique monument which I had ever ſeen was in the vicinity of Orange. It was a triumphal arch, which *Marius* cauſed to be erected, to commemorate his victory over the Cimbri. It ſtands at a ſmall diſtance from the city, in the midſt of fields. It is an oblong maſs, conſiſting of three arcades, ſomewhat reſembling the gate of St. Denis. On getting near, I became all eyes to gaze at it. What! exclaimed I, a work of the ancient Romans! and imagination inſtantly hurried me away to Rome,

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and to the age of *Marius*. It would not be eaſy for me to deſcribe all the ſucceſſive emotions which were excited in my breaſt. In the firſt place, this monument, though erected over the ſufferings of Mankind, as all the triumphal arches in Europe are, gave me no pain, for I recollected that the Cimbri had come to invade Italy, like bands of Robbers. I remarked, that if this triumphal arch was a memorial of the victories of the Romans over the Cimbri, it was likewiſe a monument of the triumph of Time over the Romans. I could diſtinguiſh upon it, in the baſs-relief of the frize, which repreſents a battle, an enſign, containing theſe characters, clearly legible, S. P. Q. R. *Senatus Populus Que Romanus*; and another inſcribed with M. O..... the meaning of which I could not make out. As to the warriors, they were ſo completely effaced, that neither their arms nor their features were diſtinguiſhable. Even the limbs of ſome of them were worn out. The maſs of this monument was, in other reſpects, in excellent preſervation, excepting one of the ſquare pillars that ſupported the arch, which a vicar in the neighbourhood had demoliſhed, to repair his parſonage-houſe. This modern ruin ſuggeſted another train of reflection, reſpecting the exquiſite ſkill of the Ancients, in the conſtruction of their public monuments; for, though the pillar which ſupported one of the arches, on one ſide, had been demo-

liſhed

liſhed, as I have mentioned, nevertheleſs, that part of the arch which reſted upon it, hung unſupported in the air, as if the pieces of the vaulting had been glued to each other. Another idea likewiſe ſtruck me, namely, that the demoliſhing parſon might, perhaps, have been a deſcendant from the ancient Cimbri, as we modern French trace up our deſcent to the ancient Nations of the North, which invaded Italy. Thus, the demolition excepted, of which I by no means approve, from the reſpect I bear to antiquity, I muſed upon the viciſſitudes of all human affairs, which put the victors in the place of the vanquiſhed, and the vanquiſhed in that of the victors. I ſettled the matter thus, therefore, in my own mind, that as *Marius* had avenged the honour of the Romans, and levelled the glory of the Cimbri, one of the deſcendants of the Cimbri had, in his turn, levelled that of *Marius*; while the young people of the vicinity, who might come, perhaps, on their days of feſtivity, to dance under the ſhade of this triumphal arch, ſpent not a ſingle thought about either the perſon who conſtructed, or the perſon who demoliſhed it.

The ruins, in which Nature combats with human Art, inſpire a gentle melancholy. In theſe ſhe diſcovers to us the vanity of our labours, and the perpetuity of her own. As ſhe is always build-

ing up, even when ſhe deſtroys, ſhe calls forth from the clefts of our monuments, the yellow gillyflower, the chænopodium, graſſes of various ſorts, wild cherry-trees, garlands of bramble, ſtripes of moſs, and all the ſaxatile plants, which, by their flowers and their attitudes, form the moſt agreeable contraſts with the rocks.

I uſed to ſtop formerly, with a high degree of pleaſure, in the garden of the Luxembourg, at the extremity of the alley of the Carmelites, to contemplate a piece of architecture which ſtands there, and had been originally intended to form a fountain.* On one ſide of the pediment which crowns it, is ſtretched along an ancient River-god, on whoſe face time has imprinted wrinkles inexpreſſibly more venerable than thoſe which have been traced by the chiſel of the Sculptor: it has made one of the thighs to drop off, and has planted a maple tree in it's place. Of the Naïad who was oppoſite, on the other ſide of the pediment, nought remains except the lower part of the body. The head, the ſhoulders, the arms, have all diſappeared. The hands are ſtill ſupporting an urn, out of which iſſue, inſtead of fluviatic plants, ſome of thoſe which thrive in the drieſt ſituations, tufts of yellow gillyflowers, dandelions, and long ſheaves of ſaxatile graſſes.

A fine

A fine ſtyle of Architecture always produces beautiful ruins. The plans of Art, in this caſe, form an alliance with the majeſty of thoſe of Nature. I know no object which preſents a more impoſing aſpect than the antique and well-conſtructed towers, which our Anceſtors reared on the ſummit of mountains, to diſcover their enemies from afar, and out of the coping of which now ſhoot out tall trees, with their tops waving majeſtically in the wind. I have ſeen others, the parapets and battlements of which, murderous in former times, were embelliſhed with the lilach in flower, whoſe ſhades, of a bright and tender violet hue, formed enchanting oppoſitions with the cavernous and embrowned ſtone-work of the tower.

The intereſt of a ruin is greatly heightened, when ſome moral ſentiment is blended with it; for example, when thoſe degraded towers are conſidered as having been formerly the reſidence of rapine. Such has been, in the Païs de Caux, an ancient fortification, called the caſtle of Lillebonne. The lofty walls, which form it's precinct, are ruinous at the angles, and ſo overgrown with ivy, that there are very few ſpots where the layers of the ſtones are perceptible. From the middle of the courts, into which I believe it muſt have been no eaſy matter to penetrate, ariſe lofty towers with battlements, out of the ſummit of which ſpring up great trees, appearing

appearing in the air like a head-drefs of thick and bufhy locks. You perceive here and there, through the mantling of the ivy which clothes the fides of the caftle, Gothic windows, embrafures, and breaches, which give a glimpfe of ftair-cafes, and refemble the entrance into a cavern. No bird is feen flying around this habitation of defolation, except the buzzard hovering over it in filence; and if the voice of any of the feathered race makes itfelf fometimes heard there, it is that of fome folitary owl which has retired hither to build her neft. This caftle is fituated on a rifing ground, in the middle of a narrow valley, formed by mountains crowned with forefts. When I recollect, at fight of this manfion, that it was formerly the refidence of petty tyrants, who, before the royal authority was fufficiently eftablifhed over the kingdom, from thence exercifed their felf-created right of pillage, over their miferable vaffals, and even over inoffenfive paffengers who fell into their hands, I imagine to myfelf that I am contemplating the carcafe, or the fkeleton, of fome huge, ferocious beaft of prey.

The Pleafure of Tombs.

But there are no monuments more interefting than the tombs of men, and efpecially thofe of our own anceftors. It is remarkable, that every Nation,

tion, in a ſtate of Nature, and even the greateſt part of thoſe which are civilized, have made the tombs of their forefathers, the centre of their devotions, and an eſſential part of their religion. From theſe, however, muſt be excepted the people whoſe fathers rendered themſelves odious to their children by a gloomy and ſevere education, I mean, the weſtern and ſouthern Nations of Europe. This religious melancholy is diffuſed every where elſe. The tombs of progenitors are, all over China, among the principal embelliſhments of the ſuburbs of their cities, and of the hills in the country. They form the moſt powerful bonds of patriotic affection among ſavage Nations. When the Europeans have ſometimes propoſed to theſe a change of territory, this was their reply: "Shall "we ſay to the bones of our Fathers, ariſe, and "accompany us to a foreign land?" They always conſidered this objection as inſurmountable.

Tombs have furniſhed, to the poetical talents of *Young* and *Geſner*, imagery the moſt enchanting. Our voluptuaries, who ſometimes recur to the ſentiments of Nature, have factitious monuments erected in their gardens. Theſe are not, it muſt be confeſſed, the tombs of their parents. But whence could they have derived this ſentiment of funereal melancholy, in the very midſt of pleaſure? Muſt it not have been from the perſuaſion that

that something still subsists after we are gone? Did a tomb suggest to their imagination only the idea of what it is designed to contain, that is, a corpse merely, the sight of it would shock rather than please them. How afraid are most of them at the thought of death! To this physical idea, then, some moral sentiment must undoubtedly be united. The voluptuous melancholy resulting from it arises, like every other attractive sensation, from the harmony of the two opposite principles; from the sentiment of our fleeting existence, and of that of our immortality; which unite on beholding the last habitation of Mankind. A tomb is a monument erected on the confines of the two Worlds.

It first presents to us the end of the vain disquietudes of life, and the image of everlasting repose: it afterwards awakens in us the confused sentiment of a blessed immortality, the probabilities of which grow stronger and stronger, in proportion as the person whose memory is recalled was a virtuous character. It is there that our veneration fixes. And this is so unquestionably true, that though there be no difference between the dust of *Nero* and that of *Socrates*, no one would grant a place in his grove to the remains of the Roman Emperor, were they deposited even in a silver urn; whereas every one would exhibit those

of

of the Philoſopher in the moſt honourable place of his beſt apartment, were they contained in only a vaſe of clay.

It is from this intellectual inſtinct, therefore, in favour of virtue, that the tombs of great men inſpire us with a veneration ſo affecting. From the ſame ſentiment too it is, that thoſe which contain objects that have been lovely excite ſo much pleaſing regret; for, as we ſhall make appear preſently, the attractions of love ariſe entirely out of the appearances of virtue. Hence it is that we are moved at the ſight of the little hillock which covers the aſhes of an amiable infant, from the recollection of it's innocence; hence, again, it is, that we are melted into tenderneſs on contemplating the tomb in which is laid to repoſe a young female, the delight and the hope of her family, by reaſon of her virtues. In order to render ſuch monuments intereſting and reſpectable, there is no need of bronzes, marbles, and gildings. The more ſimple that they are, the more energy they communicate to the ſentiment of melancholy. They produce a more powerful effect, when poor rather than rich, antique rather than modern, with details of misfortune rather than with titles of honour, with the attributes of virtue rather than with thoſe of power. It is in the country, principally, that their impreſſion makes itſelf felt in a very lively manner.

A ſimple, unornamented grave there, cauſes more tears to flow than the gaudy ſplendor of a cathedral interment *. There it is that grief aſſumes ſublimity; it aſcends with the aged yews in the church-yard; it extends with the ſurrounding hills and plains; it allies itſelf with all the effects of Nature, with the dawning of the morning, the

* Our Artiſts ſet ſtatues of marble a-weeping round the tombs of the Great. It is very proper to make ſtatues weep, where men ſhed no tears. I have been many a time preſent at the funeral obſequies of the rich; but rarely have I ſeen any one ſhedding a tear on ſuch occaſions, unleſs it were, now and then, an aged domeſtic, who was, perhaps, left deſtitute. Some time ago, happening to paſs through a little-frequented ſtreet of the Fauxbourg Saint-Marceau, I perceived a coffin at the door of a houſe of but mean appearance. Cloſe by the coffin was a woman on her knees, in earneſt prayer to God, and who had all the appearance of being abſorbed in grief. The poor woman having caught with her eye, at the farther end of the ſtreet, the prieſts and their attendants coming to carry off the body, got upon her feet, and run off, putting her hands upon her eyes, and crying bitterly. The neighbours endeavoured to ſtop her, and to adminiſter ſome conſolation; but all to no purpoſe. As ſhe paſſed cloſe by me, I took the liberty to aſk if it was the loſs of a mother or of a daughter that ſhe lamented ſo piteouſly. "Alas! "Sir," ſaid ſhe to me, the tears guſhing down her cheeks, "I "am mourning the loſs of a good lady, who procured me the "means of earning my poor livelihood; ſhe kept me employed "from day to day." I informed myſelf in the neighbourhood reſpecting the condition of this beneficent lady: ſhe was the wife of a petty joiner. Ye people of wealth, what uſe then do you make of riches, during your life-time, ſeeing no tears are ſhed over your grave!

murmuring

murmuring of the winds, the ſetting of the Sun, and the darkneſs of the night.

Labour the moſt oppreſſive, and humiliation the moſt degrading, are incapable of extinguiſhing the impreſſion of this ſentiment in the breaſts of even the moſt miſerable of Mankind. "During the "ſpace of two years," ſays Father *du Tertre*, "our "negro *Dominick*, after the death of his wife, "never failed, for a ſingle day, as ſoon as he re-"turned from the place of his employment, to "take the little boy and girl which he had by her, "and to conduct them to the grave of the de-"ceaſed, over which he ſobbed and wept before "them, for more than half an hour together, "while the poor children frequently caught the "infection of his ſorrow *." What a funeral oration for a wife and a mother! This man, however, was nothing but a wretched ſlave.

There farther reſults, from the view of ruins, another ſentiment, independant of all reflection: it is that of heroiſm. Great Generals have oftener than once employed their ſublime effect, in order to exalt the courage of their ſoldiers. *Alexander* perſuaded his army, loaded with the ſpoils of Perſia, to burn their baggage; and the moment that

* Hiſtory of the Antilles; Tr. viii. chap. 1. ſect. 4.

the fire was applied, they are on tiptoe to follow him all over the World. *William*, Duke of Normandy, as ſoon as he had landed his troops on England, ſet fire to his own ſhips, and the conqueſt of the kingdom was effected.

But there are no ruins which excite in us ſentiments ſo ſublime, as the ruins of Nature produce. They repreſent to us this vaſt priſon of the Earth, in which we are immured, ſubject itſelf to deſtruction; and they detach us, at once, from our paſſions and prejudices, as from a momentary and frivolous theatrical exhibition. When Liſbon was deſtroyed by an earthquake, it's inhabitants, on making their eſcape from their houſes, embraced each other; high and low, friends and enemies, Jews and Inquiſitors, known and unknown; every one ſhared his clothing and proviſions with thoſe who had ſaved nothing. I have ſeen ſomething ſimilar to this take place on board a ſhip, on the point of periſhing in a ſtorm. The firſt effect of calamity, ſays a celebrated Writer, is to ſtrengthen the ſoul, and the ſecond is, to melt it down. It is becauſe the firſt emotion in Man, under the preſſure of calamity, is to riſe up toward the DEITY; and the ſecond, to fall back into phyſical wants. This laſt effect is that of reflection; but the moral and ſublime ſentiment, almoſt always, takes poſſeſſion of the heart, at ſight of a magnificent deſtruction.

Ruins

Ruins of Nature.

When the predictions of the approaching diffolution of the World fpread over Europe, fome ages ago, a very great number of perfons divefted themfelves of their property; and there is no reafon to doubt, that the very fame thing would happen at this day, fhould fimilar opinions be propagated with effect. But fuch fudden and total ruins are not to be apprehended in the infinitely fage plans of Nature: under them nothing is deftroyed, but what is by them repaired.

The apparent ruins of the Globe, fuch as the rocks which roughen it's furface in fo many places, have their utility. Rocks have the appearance of ruins in our eyes, only becaufe they are neither fquare nor polifhed, like the ftones of our monuments; but their anfractuofities are neceffary to the vegetables and animals which are deftined to find in them nourifhment and fhelter. It is only for beings vegetative and fenfitive, that Nature has created the foffil kingdom; and as foon as Man has raifed ufelefs maffes out of it, to thefe objects, on the furface of the Earth, fhe haftens to apply her chifel to them, in order to employ them in the general harmony.

If

If we attend to the origin and the end of her Works, thoſe of the moſt renowned Nations will appear perfectly frivolous. It was not neceſſary that mighty Potentates ſhould rear ſuch enormous maſſes of ſtone, in order, one day, to inſpire me with reſpect, from their antiquity. A little flinty pebble, in one of our brooks, is more ancient than the pyramids of Egypt. A multitude of cities have been deſtroyed ſince it was created. If I feel myſelf diſpoſed to blend ſome moral ſentiment with the monuments of Nature, I can ſay to myſelf, on ſeeing a rock: "It was on this place, perhaps, "that the good *Fenelon* repoſed, while meditating "the plan of his divine *Telemachus*; perhaps the "day will come, when there ſhall be engraved on "it, that he had produced a revolution in Europe, "by inſtructing Kings, that their glory conſiſted "in rendering Mankind happy; and that the "happineſs of Mankind depends on the labours "of agriculture: Poſterity will gaze with delight "on the very ſtone on which my eyes are at this "moment fixed." It is thus that I embrace, at once the paſt and the future, at ſight of an inſenſible rock, and which, by conſecrating it to virtue, by a ſimple inſcription, I render infinitely more venerable, than by decorating it with the five orders of Architecture.

Of the Pleaſure of Solitude.

Once more, it is melancholy which renders ſolitude ſo attractive. Solitude flatters our animal inſtinct, by inviting us to a retreat ſo much more tranquil, as the agitations of our life have been more reſtleſs; and it extends our divine inſtinct, by opening to us perſpectives, in which natural and moral beauties preſent themſelves with all the attraction of ſentiment. From the effect of theſe contraſts, and of this double harmony, it comes to paſs, that there is no ſolitude more ſoothing than that which is adjoining to a great city; and no popular feſtivity more agreeable than that which is enjoyed in the boſom of a ſolitude.

OF THE SENTIMENT OF LOVE.

Were love nothing ſuperior to a phyſical ſenſation, I would wiſh for nothing more than to leave two lovers to reaſon and to act, conformably to the phyſical laws of the motion of the blood, of the filtration of the chyle, and of the other humours of the body, were it my object to give the groſſeſt libertine a diſguſt for it. It's principal act itſelf is

is accompanied with the ſentiment of ſhame, in the men of all countries. No Nation permits public proſtitution; and though enlightened Navigators may have advanced, that the inhabitants of Taïti conformed to this infamous practice, obſervers more attentive have ſince adduced proof, that, as to the iſland in queſtion, it was chargeable only on young women in the loweſt rank of Society, but that the other claſſes there preſerved the ſenſe of modeſty common to all Mankind.

I am incapable of diſcovering, in Nature, any direct cauſe of ſhame. If it be alleged, that Man is aſhamed of the venereal act, becauſe it renders him ſimilar to the animal, the reaſon will be found inſufficient; for ſleep, drinking, and eating, bring him ſtill more frequently to the ſimilitude of the animal, and yet no ſhame attaches to theſe. There is, in truth, a cauſe of ſhame in the phyſical act: but whence proceeds that which occaſions the moral ſentiment of it? Not only is the act carefully kept out of ſight, but even the recollection of it. Woman conſiders it as a proof of her weakneſs: ſhe oppoſes long reſiſtance to the ſolicitations of Man. How comes it that Nature has planted this obſtacle in her heart, which, in many caſes, actually triumphs over the moſt powerful of propenſities, and the moſt headſtrong of paſſions?

Independantly

Independantly of the particular caufes of ſhame, which are unknown to me, I think I difcern one in the two powers of which Man is conftituted. The fenfe of love being, if I may fo exprefs myfelf, the centre toward which all the phyfical fenfations converge, as thofe of perfumes, of mufic, of agreeable colours, and forms, of the touch, of delicate temperatures and favours; there refults from thefe a very powerful oppofition to that other intellectual power, from which are derived the fentiments of divinity and immortality. Their contraft is fo much the more collifive, that the act of the firft is in itfelf animal and blind, and that the moral fentiment, which ufually accompanies love, is more expanfive and more fublime. The lover, accordingly, in order to render his miftrefs propitious, never fails to make this take the lead, and to employ every effort to amalgamate it with the other fenfation. Thus, ſhame arifes, in my opinion, from the combat of thefe two powers; and this is the reafon that children naturally have it not, becaufe the fenfe of love is not yet unfolded in them; that young perfons have a great deal of it, becaufe thofe two powers are acting in them with all their energy; and that moft old people have none at all, becaufe they are paft the fenfe of love, from a decay of Nature in them, or have loft it's moral fentiment, from the corruption of Society; or, which is a common cafe, from the effect

of both together, by the concurrence of these two causes.

As Nature has assigned to the province of this passion, which is designed to be the means of re-perpetuating human life, all the animal sensations, she has likewise united in it all the sentiments of the soul; so that love presents to two lovers, not only the sentiments which blend with our wants, and with the instinct of our misery, such as those of protection, of assistance, of confidence, of support, of repose, but all the sublime instincts, besides, which elevate Man above humanity. In this sense it is that *Plato* defined love to be, an interposition of the Gods in behalf of young people *.

Whoever

* It was by means of the sublime influence of this passion, that the Thebans formed a battalion of heroes, called the sacred band; they all fell together in the battle of Cheronea. They were found extended on the ground, all in the same straight line, transfixed with ghastly wounds before, and with their faces turned toward the enemy. This spectacle drew tears from the eyes of *Philip* himself, their conqueror. *Lycurgus* had likewise employed the power of love in the education of the Spartans, and rendered it one of the great props of his republic. But, as the animal counterpoise of this celestial sentiment was no longer found in the beloved object, it sometimes threw the Greeks into certain irregularities, which have justly been imputed to them as matter of reproach. Their Legislators considered women as the instruments merely of procreating children; they did not perceive that, by favouring love between men, they enfeebled that which

Whoever would wiſh to be acquainted with human nature, has only to ſtudy that of love; he would perceive ſpringing out of it, all the ſenti- ments

which ought to unite the ſexes, and that in attempting to ſtrengthen their political bands, they were burſting aſunder thoſe of Nature.

The Republic of *Lycurgus* had, beſides, other natural defects; I mention only one, the ſlavery of the Helots. Theſe two particulars, however, excepted, I conſider him as the moſt ſublime genius that ever exiſted: and even as to theſe he ſtands, in ſome meaſure, excuſeable, in conſideration of the obſtacles of every kind which he had to encounter in the eſtabliſhment of his Laws.

There are, in the harmonies of the different ages of human life, relations ſo delightful, of the weakneſs of children to the vigour of their parents; of the courage and the love between young perſons of the two ſexes to the virtue and the religion of unimpaſſioned old people, that I am aſtoniſhed no attempt has been made to preſent a picture, at leaſt, of a human ſociety thus in concord with all the wants of life, and with the Laws of Nature. There are, it is true, ſome ſketches of this ſort, in the *Telemachus*, among others, in the manners of the inhabitants of Bœtica; but they are indicated merely. I am perſuaded that ſuch a Society, thus cemented in all it's parts, would attain the higheſt degree of ſocial felicity, of which human nature is ſuſceptible in this World, and would be able to bid defiance to all the ſtorms of political agitation. So far from being expoſed to the fear of danger, on the part of neighbouring States, it might make an eaſy conqueſt of them, without the uſe of arms, as ancient China did, ſimply by the ſpectacle of it's felicity, and by the influence of it's virtues. I once entertained a deſign, on the ſuggeſtion of *J. J. Rouſſeau*, of extending this idea, by compoſing the

ments of which I have ſpoken, and a multitude of others, which I have neither time nor talents to unfold. We ſhall remark, firſt, that this natural affection diſcloſes, in every being, it's principal character, by giving it all the advantage of a complete extenſion. Thus, for example, it is in the ſeaſon when each plant re-perpetuates itſelf by it's flowers and it's fruit; that it acquires all it's perfection, and the characters which invariably determine it. It is in the ſeaſon of loves that the birds of ſong redouble their melody, and that thoſe which excel in the beauty of their colouring, array themſelves in their fineſt plumage, the various ſhades of which they delight to diſplay, by ſwelling their throats, by rounding their tail into the form of a wheel, or by extending their wings along the ground. It is then that the luſty bull preſents his forehead, and threatens with the horn; that the nimble courſer friſks along the plain; that the ferocious animals fill the foreſts with the dreadful noiſe of their roaring, and that the tigreſs, exhaling the odour of carnage, makes the ſolitudes of Africa to reſound with her hideous yells, and appears

the Hiſtory of a Nation of Greece, well known to the Poets, becauſe it lived conformably to Nature, and, for that very reaſon, almoſt altogether unknown to our political Writers; but time permitted me only to trace the outline of it, or, at moſt, to finiſh the firſt Book.

clothed

clothed with every horrid, attractive grace, in the eyes of her tremendous lover.

It is, likewiſe, in the ſeaſon of loving, that all the affections, natural to the heart of Man, unfold themſelves. Then it is that innocence, candour, ſincerity, modeſty, generoſity, heroiſm, holy faith, piety, expreſs themſelves, with grace ineffable, in the attitude and features of two young lovers. Love aſſumes, in their ſouls, all the characters of religion and virtue. They betake themſelves to flight, far from the tumultuous aſſemblies of the city, from the corruptive paths of ambition, in queſt of ſome ſequeſtered ſpot, where, upon the rural altar, they may be at liberty to mingle and exchange the tender vows of everlaſting affection. The fountains, the woods, the dawning *Aurora*, the conſtellations of the night, receive by turns the ſacred depoſit of the oath of Love. Loſt, at times, in a religious intoxication, they conſider each other as beings of a ſuperior order. The miſtreſs is a goddeſs, the lover becomes an idolater. The graſs under their feet, the air which they breathe, the ſhades under which they repoſe, all, all appear conſecrated in their eyes, from filling the ſame atmoſphere with them. In the widely extended Univerſe, they behold no other felicity but that of living and dying together, or, rather, they have loſt all ſight of death. Love tranſports

them into ages of infinite duration, and death ſeems to them only the tranſition to eternal union.

But ſhould cruel deſtiny ſeparate them from each other, neither the proſpects of fortune, nor the friendſhip of companions the moſt endeared, can afford conſolation under the loſs. They had reached Heaven, they languiſh on the earth, they are hurried, in their deſpair, into the retirement of the cloiſter, to employ the remaining dregs of life, in re-demanding of God the felicity of which they enjoyed but one tranſient glimpſe. Nay, many an irkſome year after their ſeparation, when the cold hand of age has frozen up the current of ſenſe; after having been diſtracted by a thouſand and a thouſand anxieties foreign to the heart, which ſo many times made them forget that they were human, the boſom ſtill palpitates at ſight of the tomb which contains the object once ſo tenderly beloved. They had parted with it in the World, they hope to ſee it again in Heaven. Unfortunate *Heloïſa*! what ſublime emotions were kindled in thy ſoul by the aſhes of thy *Abelard?*

Such celeſtial emotions cannot poſſibly be the effects of a mere animal act. Love is not a ſlight convulſion, as the divine *Marcus-Aurelius* calls it. It is to the charms of virtue, and to the ſentiment of her divine attributes, that love is indebted for

all

all that enthusiastic energy. Vice itself, in order to please, is under the necessity of borrowing it's looks and it's language. If theatrical female performers captivate so many lovers, the seduction is carried on by means of the illusions of innocence, of benevolence, and of magnanimity, displayed in the characters of the shepherdesses, of the heroines, and of the goddesses, which they are accustomed to represent. Their boasted graces are only the appearances of the virtues which they counterfeit. If sometimes, on the contrary, virtue becomes displeasing, it is because she exhibits herself in the disguise of harshness, caprice, peevishness, or some other repulsive bad quality.

Thus, beauty is the offspring of virtue, and ugliness that of vice; and these characters frequently impress themselves from the earliest infancy by means of education. It will be objected to me, that there are men handsome, yet vicious, and others homely, yet virtuous. *Socrates* and *Alcibiades* have been adduced as noted instances, in ancient times. But these very examples confirm my position. *Socrates* was unhappy and vicious at the time of life when the physionomy assumes it's principal characters, from infancy up to the age of seventeen years. He was born in a poor condition; his father had determined, notwithstanding his declared reluctance, to breed him to the art of sculp-

ture. Nothing leſs than the authority of an oracle could reſcue him from this parental tyranny. *Socrates* acknowledged, in conformity to the deciſion of a Phyſiognomiſt, that he was addicted to women and wine, the vices into which men are uſually thrown by the preſſure of calamity: at length, he became reformed, and nothing could be more beautiful than this Philoſopher, when he diſcourſed about the DEITY. As to the happy *Alcibiades*, born in the very lap of fortune, the leſſons of *Socrates*, and the love of his parents and fellow-citizens, expanded in him, at once, beauty of perſon and of ſoul; but having been, at laſt, betrayed into irregular courſes, through the influence of evil communications, nothing remained but the bare phyſionomy of virtue. Whatever ſeduction may be apparent in their firſt aſpect, the uglineſs of vice ſoon diſcovers itſelf on the faces of handſome men degraded into wickedneſs. You can perceive, even under their ſmiles, a certain marked trait of falſehood and perfidy. This diſſonance is communicated even to the voice. Every thing about them is maſked, like their face.

I beg leave, farther, to obſerve, that all the forms of organized beings expreſs intellectual ſentiments, not only to the eyes of Man, who ſtudies Nature, but to thoſe of animals, which are inſtructed, at once, by their inſtinct, in ſuch particulars of

knowledge,

knowledge, as are, in many refpects, fo obfcure to us. Thus, for example, every fpecies of animal has certain traits, which are expreffive of it's character. From the fparkling and reftlefs eyes of the tiger, you may difcover his ferocity and perfidy. The gluttony of the hog is announced by the vulgarity of his attitude, and the inclination of his head toward the ground. All animals are perfectly well acquainted with thofe characters, for the Laws of Nature are univerfal. For inftance, though there be in the eyes of a man, unlefs he is very attentive, an exceedingly flight exterior difference between a fox and a fpecies of dog which refembles him, the hen will never miftake the one for the other. She will take no alarm on the approach of the dog, but will be feized with horror the inftant that the fox appears.

It is, ftill farther, to be remarked, that every animal expreffes, in it's features, fome one ruling paffion, fuch as cruelty, fenfuality, cunning, ftupidity. But Man alone, unlefs he has been debafed by the vices of Society, bears upon his countenance the imprefs of a celeftial origin. There is no one trait of beauty but what may be referred to fome virtue: fuch an one belongs to innocence, fuch another to candour, thofe to generofity, to modefty, to heroifm. It is to their influence that Man is indebted, in every country, for the refpect and

and confidence with which he is honoured by the brute creation, unlefs they have been forced out of Nature by unrelenting perfecution on the part of Man.

Whatever charms may appear in the harmony of the colours and forms of the human figure, there is no vifible reafon why it's phyfical effect fhould exert an influence over animals, unlefs the imprefs of fome moral power were combined with it. The plumpnefs of form, or the frefhnefs of colouring, ought rather to excite the appetite of ferocious animals, than their refpect or their love. Finally, as we are able to diftinguifh their impaffioned character, they, in like manner, can diftinguifh ours, and are capable of forming a very accurate judgment as to our being cruel or pacific. The game-birds, which fly the fanguinary fowler, gather confidently around the harmlefs fhepherd.

It has been affirmed, that beauty is arbitrary in every Nation; but this opinion has been already refuted by an appeal to matter of fact. The mutilations of the Negroes, their incifions into the fkin, their flattened nofes, their compreffed foreheads; the flat, long, round, and pointed heads of the favages of North-America; the perforated lips of the Brafilians; the large ears of the people of Laos, in Afia, and of fome Nations of Guiana,

are the effects of superstition, or of a faulty education. The ferocious animals themselves are struck at sight of these deformities. All travellers unanimously concur in their testimony, that when lions or tygers are famished, which rarely happens, and thereby reduced to the necessity of attacking caravans in the night time, they fall first upon the beasts of burden, and next upon the Indians, or the black people. The European figure, with it's simplicity, has a much more imposing effect upon them, than when disfigured by African or Asiatic characters.

When it has not been degraded by the vices of Society, it's expression is sublime. A Neapolitan, of the name of *John-Baptiste Porta*, took it into his head to trace in it relations to the figures of the beasts. To this effect, he has composed a book, embellished with engravings, representing the human head under the forced resemblance of the head of a dog, of a horse, of a sheep, of a hog, and of an ox. His system is somewhat favourable to certain modern opinions, and forms a very tolerable alliance with the hideous changes which the passions produce in the human form. But I should be glad to know after what animal *Pigalle* has copied that charming *Mercury* which I have seen at Berlin; and after the passions of what brutes the Grecian Sculptors produced the *Jupiter* of the Capitol,

pitol, the *Venus pudica*, and the *Apollo* of the Vatican? In what animals have they ſtudied thoſe divine expreſſions?

I am thoroughly perſuaded, as I have ſaid already, that there is not a ſingle beautiful touch in a figure, but what may be allied to ſome moral ſentiment, relative to virtue and to Deity. The traits of uglineſs might be, in like manner, referred to ſome vicious affection, ſuch as jealouſy, avarice, gluttony, or rage. In order to demonſtrate to our Philoſophers, how far they are wide of the mark, when they attempt to make the paſſions the only moving principles of human life, I wiſh they could be preſented with the expreſſion of all the paſſions, collected in one ſingle head; for example, the wanton and obſcene leer of a courtezan, with the deceitful and haughty air of an ambitious courtier; and accompanied with an infuſion of ſome touches of hatred and envy, which are negative ambitions. A head which ſhould unite them all would be more horrid than that of *Meduſa*; it would be a likeneſs of *Nero*.

Every paſſion has an animal character, as *John-Baptiſte Porta* excellently obſerved. But every virtue, too, has it's animal character; and never is a phyſionomy more intereſting than when you diſtinguiſh in it a celeſtial affection conflicting with an

an animal paſſion. Nay, I do not know whether it be poſſible to expreſs a virtue otherwiſe than by a triumph of this kind. Hence it is that modeſty appears ſo lovely on the face of a young female, becauſe it is the conflict of the moſt powerful of animal paſſions with a ſublime ſentiment. The expreſſion of ſenſibility, likewiſe, renders a face extremely intereſting, becauſe the ſoul, in this caſe, ſhews itſelf in a ſtate of ſuffering, and becauſe the ſight of this excites a virtue in ourſelves, namely, the ſentiment of compaſſion. If the ſenſibility of the figure in queſtion is active, that is, if it ſprings, itſelf, out of the contemplation of the miſery of another, it ſtrikes us ſtill more, becauſe then it becomes the divine expreſſion of generoſity.

I have a conviction, that the moſt celebrated ſtatues and pictures of Antiquity owe much of their high reputation entirely to the expreſſion of this double character, that is, to the harmony ariſing out of the two oppoſite ſentiments of paſſion and virtue. This much is certain, that the moſt juſtly boaſted maſter-pieces, in ſculpture and painting, among the Ancients, all preſented this kind of contraſt. Of this abundance of examples might be adduced from their ſtatues, as the *Venus pudica*, and the dying Gladiator, who preſerves, even when fallen, reſpect for his own glory, at the moment he is ſinking into the arms of death. Such, likewiſe,

was

was that of *Cupid* hurling the thunder after the infant *Alcibiades*, which *Pliny* aſcribes to *Praxiteles*, or to *Scopas*. An amiable child, launching from his little hand the dread thunderbolt of *Jupiter*, muſt excite, at once, the ſentiment of innocence, and that of terror. With the character of the God was blended that of a man equally attractive and formidable.

I believe that the paintings of the Ancients expreſſed, ſtill better, thoſe harmonies of oppoſite ſentiments. *Pliny*, who has preſerved to us the memory of the moſt noted of them, quotes, among others, a picture by *Athenion* of Maronea, which repreſented the cautious and crafty *Ulyſſes* detecting *Achilles* under the diſguiſe of a young woman, by preſenting an aſſortment of female trinkets, among which he had careleſsly, and without appearance of art, introduced a ſword. The lively emotion with which *Achilles* lays hold of that ſword, muſt have exhibited a charming contraſt with the habit, and the compoſed deportment of his nymph character. There muſt have reſulted another, no leſs intereſting, in the character of *Ulyſſes*, with his air of reſerve, and the expreſſion of his ſatisfaction, under the reſtraint of prudence, fearful leſt, in diſcovering *Achilles*, he ſhould at the ſame time betray himſelf.

Another

Another piece, ſtill more affecting, from the pencil of *Ariſtides* of Thebes, repreſented *Biblis* languiſhing to death of the love which ſhe bare to her own brother. In it there muſt have been diſtinctly repreſented the ſentiment of virtue, repelling the idea of a criminal paſſion, and that of fraternal friendſhip, which recalled the heart to love, under the very appearances of virtue. Theſe cruel conſonances; deſpair at the thought of being betrayed by her own heart, the deſire of dying, in order to conceal her ſhame, the deſire of life to enjoy the ſight of the beloved object, health waſting away under the preſſure of conflicts ſo painful, muſt have expreſſed, amidſt the languors of death and of life, contraſts the moſt intereſting, on the countenance of that ill-fated maid.

In another picture, of the ſame *Ariſtides*, was repreſented to admiration, a mother wounded in the breaſt, during the ſiege of a city, giving ſuck to her infant. She ſeemed afraid, ſays *Pliny*, leſt it ſhould draw in her blood, together with her milk. *Alexander* prized it ſo highly, that he had it conveyed to Pella, the place of his birth. What emotions muſt have been excited, in contemplating a triumph ſo exalted as that of maternal affection abſorbing all ſenſe of perſonal ſuffering! *Pouſſin*, as we have ſeen, has borrowed, from this virtue, the principal expreſſion of his picture of the Deluge.

Rubens has employed it, in a moſt wonderful manner, in giving expreſſion to the face of his *Mary de Medicis*, in which you diſtinguiſh, at once, the anguiſh and the joy of child-bearing. He farther heightens the violence of the phyſical paſſion, by the careleſs attitude into which the Queen is thrown, in an eaſy-chair, and by her naked foot, which has ſhaken off the ſlipper; and, on the other hand, conveys the ſublimity of the moral ſentiment awakened in her, by the high deſtiny of her infant, who is preſented to her by a God, repoſed in a cradle of bunches of grapes and ears of corn, ſymbols of the felicity of his reign.

It is thus that the great Maſters, not ſatisfied with oppoſing mechanically groups of figures and vacuity, ſhades and lights, children and old men, feet and hands, purſue with unremitting care, thoſe contraſts of our internal powers which expreſs themſelves on "the human face divine," in touches ineffable, and which muſt conſtitute the eternal charm of their productions. The Works of *Le Sueur* abound in theſe contraſts of ſentiment, and he places them in ſuch perfect harmony with thoſe of the elementary nature, that the reſult from them is the ſweeteſt, and the moſt profound melancholy. But it has been much eaſier for his pencil to paint, than it is for my pen to deſcribe, them.

I ſhall

I ſhall adduce but one example more to my preſent purpoſe, taken from *Pouſſin*, an Artiſt moſt admirable for his ſkill in graphic compoſition, but whoſe colours have ſuffered conſiderably from the hand of time. The piece to which I refer is his picture of the rape of the Sabine women. While the Roman ſoldiery are carrying off by force, in their arms, the terrified young women of the Sabines, there is a Roman officer, who is deſirous of getting poſſeſſion of one extremely beautiful as well as young. She has taken refuge in the arms of her mother. He dares not preſume to offer violence to her, but ſeems to addreſs the mother with all the ardour of love, tempered with reſpect; his countenance thus ſpeaks: "She will be happy "with me! Let me be indebted for her to love, "and not to fear! I am leſs eager to rob you of "a daughter, than to give you a ſon." It is thus that, while he conforms himſelf, in dreſſing his characters, to the ſimplicity of the age, which rendered all conditions nearly ſimilar, he has diſtinguiſhed the officer from the ſoldier, not by his garb, but by his manners. He has caught, as he uſually does, the moral character of his ſubject, which produces a very different effect from that of mere *coſtume*.

I ſhould have been extremely happy had we been favoured, from the pencil of the ſame ingenious

Artiſt, with a repreſentation of theſe ſame female Sabines, after they had become wives and mothers, ruſhing in between the two contending armies of the Sabines and Romans, " Running," as *Plutarch* tells us, " ſome on this ſide, others " on that, in tears, ſhrieking, exclaiming; thruſting themſelves through the claſhing of arms, " and heaps of the dead ſtrewed along the ground, " like perſons frantic, or poſſeſſed with a ſpirit, " carrying their ſucking infants in their arms, " with hair diſhevelled, appealing now to Romans, " now to Sabines, by every tender adjuration that " can reach the heart of Man *."

The moſt powerful effects of love, as has been ſaid, ariſe out of contradictory feelings, melting into each other, juſt as thoſe of hatred, frequently, are produced from ſimilar ſentiments which happen to claſh. Hence it is that no feeling can be more agreeable than to find a friend in a man whom we conſidered as an enemy; and no mortification ſo poignant as meeting an enemy in the man whom we depended upon as a friend. Theſe harmonic effects frequently render a ſlight and tranſient kindneſs more eſtimable than a continued ſeries of good offices; and a momentary offence more outrageous than the declared enmity

* *Plutarch*'s Life of *Romulus*.

of

of a whole life-time; becauſe, in the firſt caſe, feelings diametrically oppoſite graciouſly unite; and, in the ſecond, congenial feelings violently claſh. Hence too it is, that a ſingle blemiſh, amidſt the valuable qualities of a man of worth, frequently appears more offenſive than all the vices of a libertine, who diſplays only a ſolitary virtue, becauſe, from the effect of contraſt, theſe two qualities become more prominent, and eclipſe the others in the two oppoſite characters. It proceeds, likewiſe, from the weakneſs of the human mind, which, attaching itſelf always to a ſingle point of the object which it contemplates, fixes on the moſt prominent quality, in framing it's deciſions. It is impoſſible to enumerate the errors into which we are every day falling, for want of ſtudying theſe elementary principles of Nature. It would be poſſible, undoubtedly, to extend them much farther; it is ſufficient for my purpoſe, if I have given a demonſtration of their exiſtence, and inſpired others with an inclination to apply them properly.

Theſe harmonies acquire greater energy from the adjoining contraſts which detach them, from the conſonances which repeat them, and from the other elementary Laws which have been indicated; but if with theſe are blended ſome one of the moral ſentiments of which I have been preſenting a faint

faint ſketch, in this caſe, the effect reſulting from the whole is inexpreſſibly delightful. Thus, for example, a harmony becomes, in ſome ſort, celeſtial, when it contains a myſtery, which always ſuppoſes ſomething marvellous and divine. I one day felt a moſt agreeable effect, as I was looking over a collection of old prints, which repreſented the hiſtory of *Adonis*. *Venus* had ſtolen the infant *Adonis* from *Diana*, and was educating him with her ſon *Cupid*. *Diana* was determined to recover him, as being the ſon of one of her nymphs. *Venus*, then, having, on a certain day, alighted from her chariot, drawn by doves, was walking with the two boys in a valley of Cythera. *Diana*, at the head of her armed retinue, places herſelf in ambuſh, in a foreſt through which *Venus* was to paſs. *Venus*, as ſoon as ſhe perceived her adverſary approaching, and incapable either to eſcape, or to prevent the re-capture of *Adonis*, was inſtantly ſtruck with the thought of clapping wings on his ſhoulders, and preſenting *Cupid* and him together to *Diana*, deſired her to take either of the children which ſhe believed to be her property. Both being equally beautiful, both of the ſame age, and both furniſhed with wings, the chaſte Goddeſs of the woods was deterred from chooſing either the one or the other, and refrained from taking *Adonis*, for fear of taking *Cupid*.

This fable contains ſeveral ſentimental beauties. I related it one day to *J. J. Rouſſeau*, who was highly delighted with it. " Nothing pleaſes me " ſo much," ſaid he, " as an agreeable image, " which conveys a moral ſentiment." We were at that time in the plain of Neuilly, near a park, in which we ſaw a group of Love and Friendſhip, under the forms of a young man and young woman, of fifteen or ſixteen years of age, embracing each other with mouth to mouth. Having looked at it, he ſaid to me, " Here is an obſcene image " preſented, after a charming idea. Nothing " could have been more agreeable, than a repre- " ſentation of the two figures in their natural ſtate: " Friendſhip, as a grown young woman careſſing " an infant *Cupid*." Being on that intereſting ſubject, I repeated to him the concluſion of that touching fable of *Philomela* and *Progné*.

Le déſert eſt-il fait pour des talens ſi beaux ?
Venez faire aux cités eclater leurs merveilles :
    Auſſi bien, en voyant les bois,
Sans ceſſe il vous ſouvient que Térée autrefois,
    Parmi des demeures pareilles,
Exerça ſa fureur ſur vos divins appas.—
Et c'eſt le ſouvenir d'un ſi cruel outrage,
Qui fait, reprit ſa ſœur, que je ne vous ſuis pas :
    En voyant les hommes, helas !
    Il m'en ſouvient bien davantage.

Why

Why waſte ſuch ſweetneſs on the deſert air!
  Come, charm the city with thy tuneful note.
Think too, in ſolitude, that form ſo fair
  Felt violation: flee the horrid thought.

Ah! ſiſter dear, ſad Philomel replies,
  'Tis this that makes me ſhun the haunts of men:
Terëus and Courts the anguiſh'd heart allies,
  And haſtes, for ſhelter, to the woods again.

"What a ſeries of ideas!" cried he, "how "tenderly affecting it is!" His voice was ſtifled, and the tears ruſhed to his eyes. I perceived that he was farther moved by the ſecret correſpondencies between the talents and the deſtiny of that bird, and his own ſituation.

It is obvious, then, in the two allegorical ſubjects of *Diana* and *Adonis*, and of Love and Friendſhip, that there are really within us, two diſtinct powers, the harmonies of which exalt the ſoul, when the phyſical image throws us into a moral ſentiment, as in the firſt example; and abaſe it, on the contrary, when a moral ſentiment recals us to a phyſical ſenſation, as in the example of Love and Friendſhip.

The ſuppreſſed circumſtances contribute farther to the moral expreſſions, becauſe they are conformable to the expanſive nature of the ſoul. They conduct

conduct it over a vast field of ideas. It is to these suppressions that the fable of the Nightingale is indebted for the powerful effect which it produces. Add to these a multitude of other oppositions, which I have not leisure to analyze.

The farther that the physical image is removed from us, the greater extension is given to the moral sentiment; and the more circumscribed the first is, the more energetic the sentiment is rendered. It is this, undoubtedly, which communicates so much force to our affections, when we regret the death of a friend. Grief, in this case, conveys the soul from one World to the other, and from an object full of charms to a tomb. Hence it is, that the following passage from *Jeremiah* contains a strain of sublime melancholy: *Vox in Ramâ audita est; ploratus & ululatus multus: Rachel plorans filios suos, & noluit consolari, quia non sunt.* "A "voice was heard in Ramah, lamentation and "bitter weeping; Rachel weeping for her chil-"dren, refused to be comforted for her children, "because they were not *." All the consolations which this World can administer, are dashed to pieces against this word of maternal anguish, *non sunt.*

* Jeremiah, chap. xxxi. ver. 15.

The ſingle *jet d'eau* of Saint-Cloud pleaſes me more than all it's caſcades. However, though the phyſical image ſhould not eſcape, and loſe itſelf in infinity, it may convey ſorrow thither, when it reflects the ſame ſentiment. I find, in *Plutarch*, a noble effect of this progreſſive conſonance. "*Brutus*," ſays he, "giving all up for loſt, and having reſolved to withdraw from Italy, paſſed by "land through Lucania, and came to Elea, which "is ſituated on the ſea-ſide. *Portia* being to return from thence to Rome, endeavoured to "conceal the grief which oppreſſed her, in the "proſpect of their approaching ſeparation; but, "with all her reſolution and magnanimity, ſhe "betrayed the ſorrow which was preying on her "heart, on ſeeing a picture which there accidentally caught her eye. The ſubject of the piece "was taken from the Iliad, and repreſented the "parting of *Hector* and *Andromache*, when he was "preparing to take the field, and at the inſtant "when he was delivering the infant *Aſtyanax* into "the arms of his mother, while her eyes remain "immoveably fixed on *Hector*. The reſemblance "which the picture bore to her own diſtreſs made "her burſt into tears; and ſeveral times a day ſhe "reſorted to the place where it hung, to gaze at "it, and to weep before it. This being obſerved "by *Acilius*, one of the friends of *Brutus*, he repeated

" peated the passage from *Homer*, in which *Andro-*
" *mache* expresses her inward emotion :

Εκτωρ ἀτὰρ σύ μοι 'εσσὶ πατὴρ καὶ πότνια μήτηρ,
Η δὲ κασίγνητος· σὺ δὲ μοι θαλερὸς παρακοίτης.

Yet while my *Hector* still survives, I see
My father, mother, kindred, all in thee,
My wedded Lord..........

" *Brutus* replied, with a smile, *But I must not an-*
" *swer Portia in the words of Hector to Andromache :*

Αλλ' εις οἶκον ἰοῦσα, τὰ σαυτῆς ἔργα κόμιζε,
Ιστον τ' ἠλακάτην τε, καὶ ἀμφιπόλοισι κέλευε.

............hasten to thy tasks at home,
There guide the spindle, and direct the loom.

" *For though the natural weakness of her body prevents*
" *her from acting what the strength of men only can*
" *perform, yet she has a mind as valiant, and as ac-*
" *tive for the good of her Country as we have.*"

This picture was, undoubtedly, placed under the peristyle of some temple, built on the shore of the Sea. *Brutus* was on the point of embarking without pomp, and without a retinue. His wife, the daughter of *Cato*, had accompanied him, perhaps on foot. The moment of separation approaches ; in order to soothe her anguish, she fixes her eyes on that painting, consecrated to the Gods. She

She beholds in it the laſt, long farewel of *Hector* and *Andromache*; ſhe is overwhelmed; and to reanimate her fortitude, turns her eyes upon her huſband. The compariſon is completed, her courage forſakes her, tears guſh out, conjugal affection triumphs over love of Country. Two virtues in oppoſition! Add to theſe the characters of a wild nature, which blend ſo well with human grief: profound ſolitude, the columns and the cupola of that antique temple, corroded by the keen air of the Sea, and marbled over with moſſes, which give them the appearance of green bronze; a ſetting Sun, which gilds the ſummit of it; the hollow murmurs of the Sea, at a diſtance, breaking along the coaſt of Lucania; the towers of Elea perceptible, in the boſom of a valley, between two ſteep mountains, and that ſorrow of *Portia*, which hurries us back to the age of *Andromache*. What a picture, ſuggeſted by the contemplation of a picture! O, ye Artiſts, could you but produce it, *Portia* would, in her turn, call forth many a tear.

I could multiply, without end, proofs of the two powers by which we are governed. Enough has been ſaid on the ſubject of a paſſion, the inſtinct of which is ſo blind, to evince that we are attracted to it, and actuated by it, from Laws widely different from thoſe of digeſtion. Our affections demonſtrate the immortality of the ſoul,

becauſe

because they expand in all the circumstances, in which they feel the attributes of Deity, such as that of infinity, and never dwell with delight on the Earth, except on the attractions of virtue and innocence.

OF SOME OTHER SENTIMENTS OF DEITY, AND AMONG OTHERS, OF THAT OF VIRTUE.

There are, besides these, a great number of sentimental Laws, which it has not been in my power, at present, to unfold: such are those which suggest pre-sentiments, omens, dreams, the reference of events, fortunate and unfortunate, to the same epochs, and the like. Their effects are attested among Nations, polished and savage, by Writers profane and sacred, and by every man who pays attention to the Laws of Nature. These communications of the soul, with an order of things invisible, are rejected by the learned of modern times, because they come not within the province of their systems and of their almanacs; but how many things exist, which are not reducible to the plans of our reason, and which have not been so much as perceived by it!

There are particular laws which demonstrate the immediate action of Providence on the Human Race,

Race, and which are oppofite to the general Laws of Phyfics. For example, the principles of reafon, of paffion, and of fentiment, as well as the organs of fpeech and of hearing, are the fame in men of all countries; neverthelefs, the language of Nations differs all the world over. How comes it that the art of fpeech is fo various among beings who all have the fame wants, and that it fhould be conftantly changing in the tranfmiffion from father to fon, to fuch a degree, that we modern French no longer underftand the language of the Gauls, and that the day is coming, when our pofterity will be unable to comprehend ours? The ox of Benga bellows like that of the Ukraine, and the nightingale pours out the fame melodious ftrains to this day, in our climates, as thofe which charmed the ear of the Bard of Mantua, by the banks of the Po.

It is impoffible to maintain, though it has been alleged by certain Writers of high reputation, that languages are characterized by climates; for, if they were fubjected to influence of this kind, they would never vary in any country, in which the climate is invariable. The language of the Romans was at firft barbarous, afterwards majeftic, and is become, at laft, foft and effeminate. They are not rough to the North, and foft to the South, as *J. J. Rouffeau* pretends, who, in treating this point, has given far too great extenfion to phyfical Laws.

The

The language of the Ruſſias, in the North of Europe, is very ſoft, being a dialect of the Greek; and the jargon of the ſouthern provinces of France is harſh and coarſe. The Laplanders, who inhabit the ſhores of the Frozen Ocean, ſpeak a language that is very grateful to the ear; and the Hottentots, who inhabit the very temperate climate of the Cape of Good-Hope, cluck like India cocks. The language of the Indians of Peru is loaded with ſtrong aſpirations, and conſonants of difficult pronunciation. Any one, without going out of his cloſet, may diſtinguiſh the different characters of the language of each Nation, by the names preſented on the geographical charts of the Country, and may ſatisfy himſelf that their harſhneſs, or ſoftneſs, has no relation whatever to thoſe of Latitude.

Other obſervers have aſſerted, that the languages of Nations have been determined and fixed by their great Writers. But the great Writers of the age of *Auguſtus* did not ſecure the Latin language from corruption, previouſly to the reign of *Marcus Aurelius*. Thoſe of the age of *Louis* XIV. already begin to be antiquated among ourſelves. If poſterity fixes the character of a language to the age which was productive of great Writers, it is becauſe, as they allege, it is then at it's greateſt purity; for you find in them as many of thoſe inver-

ſions

ſions of phraſeology, of thoſe decompoſitions of words, and of thoſe embarraſſed ſyntaxes, which render the metaphyſical ſtudy of all Grammar tireſome and barbarous; but it is becauſe the Writings of thoſe great men ſparkle with maxims of virtue, and preſent us with a thouſand perſpectives of the DEITY. I have no doubt that the ſublime ſentiments which inſpire them, illuminate them ſtill in the order and diſpoſition of their Works, ſeeing they are the ſources of all harmony. From this, if I am not miſtaken, reſults the unalterable charm which renders the peruſal of them ſo delicious, at all times, and to the men of all Nations. Hence it is that *Plutarch* has eclipſed moſt of the Writers of Greece, though he was of the age neither of *Pericles*, nor of *Alexander*; and that the tranſlation of his Works into old French, by the good *Amyot*, will be more generally read by poſterity than moſt of the original Works produced even in the age of *Louis* XIV. It is the moral goodneſs of a period which characterizes a language, and which tranſmits it unaltered to the generation following. This is the reaſon that the languages, the cuſtoms, and even the form of dreſſes are, in Aſia, tranſmitted inviolably from generation to generation, becauſe fathers, all over that Continent, make themſelves beloved by their children. But theſe reaſons do not explain the diverſity of language which ſubſiſts between one Nation and another. It muſt ever appear

appear to me altogether ſupernatural, that men who enjoy the ſame elements, and are ſubjected to the ſame wants, ſhould not employ the ſame words in expreſſing them. There is but one Sun to illuminate the whole Earth, and he bears a different name in every different land.

I beg leave to ſuggeſt a farther effect of a Law to which little attention has been paid; it is this, that there never ariſes any one man eminently diſtinguiſhed, in whatever line, but there appears, at the ſame time, either in his own Country, or in ſome neighbouring Nation, an antagoniſt, poſſeſſing talents, and a reputation, in complete oppoſition: ſuch were *Democritus* and *Heraclitus*, *Alexander* and *Diogenes*, *Deſcartes* and *Newton*, *Corneille* and *Racine*, *Boſſuet* and *Fenelon*, *Voltaire* and *J. J. Rouſſeau*. I had collected, on the ſubject of the two extraordinary men laſt mentioned, who were contemporaries, and who died the ſame year, a great number of ſtrictures, which demonſtrate that, through the whole courſe of life, they preſented a ſtriking contraſt in reſpect of talents, of manners, and of fortune: but I have relinquiſhed this parallel, in order to devote my attention to a purſuit which I deemed much more uſeful.

This balancing of illuſtrious characters will not appear extraordinary, if we conſider that it is a

conſequence

consequence from the general Law of contraries, which governs the World, and from which all the harmonies of Nature result: it must, therefore, particularly manifest itself in the Human Race, which is the centre of the whole; and it actually does discover itself, in the wonderful equilibrium, conformably to which the two sexes are born in equal numbers. It does not fix on individuals, in particular, for we see families consisting wholly of daughters, and others all sons; but it embraces the aggregate of a whole city, and of a Nation, the male and female children of which are always produced very nearly equal in number. Whatever inequality of sex there may exist in the variety of births in families, the equality is constantly restored in the aggregate of a people.

But there is another equilibrium no less wonderful, which has not, I believe, become an object of attention. As there are a great many men who perish in War, in sea-voyages, and by painful and dangerous employments, it would thence follow, that, at the long run, the number of women would daily go on in an increasing proportion. On the supposition, that there perishes annually one tenth part more of men than of women, the balancing of the sexes must become more and more unequal. Social ruin must increase from the very regularity of the natural order. This, however, does

does not take place; the two ſexes are always, very nearly, equally numerous: their occupations are different; but their deſtiny is the ſame. The women, who frequently impel men to engage in hazardous enterprizes to ſupport their luxury, or who foment animoſities, and even kindle wars among them, to gratify their vanity, are carried off, in the ſecurity of pleaſure and indulgence, by maladies to which men are not ſubject; but which frequently reſult from the moral, phyſical, and political pains which the men undergo in conſequence of them. Thus the equilibrium of birth between the ſexes, is re-eſtabliſhed by the equilibrium of death.

Nature has multiplied thoſe harmonic contraſts in all her Works, relatively to Man; for the fruits which miniſter to our neceſſities, frequently poſſeſs, in themſelves, oppoſite qualities, which ſerve as a mutual compenſation.

Theſe effects, as has been elſewhere demonſtrated, are not the mechanical reſults of climate, to the qualities of which they are frequently in oppoſition. All the Works of Nature have the wants of Man for their end; as all the ſentiments of Man have Deity for their principle. The final intentions of Nature have given to Man the knowledge of all her Works, as it is the inſtinct of

Deity which has rendered Man ſuperior to the Laws of Nature. It is this inſtinct which, differently modified by the paſſions, engages the inhabitants of Ruſſia to bathe in the ices of the Neva, during the ſevereſt cold of Winter, as well as the Nations of Bengal in the waters of the Ganges; which, under the ſame Latitudes, has rendered women ſlaves in the Philippine Iſlands, and deſpots in the Iſland of Formoſa; which makes men effeminate in the Moluccas, and intrepid in Macaſſar; and which forms, in the inhabitants of one and the ſame city, tyrants, citizens, and ſlaves.

The ſentiment of Deity is the firſt mover of the human heart. Examine a man in thoſe unforeſeen moments, when the ſecret plans of attack and defence, with which ſocial man continually encloſes himſelf, are ſuppreſſed, not on the ſight of a vaſt ruin, which totally ſubverts them, but ſimply on ſeeing an extraordinary plant or animal: "Ah, "my God!" exclaims he, "how wonderful this "is!" and he invites the firſt perſon who happens to paſs by, to partake of his aſtoniſhment. His firſt emotion is a tranſport of delight which raiſes him to God; and the ſecond, a benevolent diſpoſition to communicate his diſcovery to men; but the ſocial reaſon quickly recals him to perſonal intereſt. As ſoon as he ſees a certain number of ſpectators aſſembled round the object of his curioſity,

ofity, "It was I," fays he, "who obferved it "firft." Then, if he happens to be a Scholar, he fails not to apply his fyftem to it. By and by he begins to calculate how much this difcovery will bring him in; he throws in fome additional circumftances, in order to heighten the appearance of the marvellous, and he employs the whole credit of his junto to puff it off, and to perfecute every one who prefumes to differ from him in opinion. Thus, every natural fentiment elevates us to God, till the weight of our paffions, and of human inftitutions, brings us back again to felf. *J. J. Rouffeau* was, accordingly, in the right, when he faid that Man was good, but that men were wicked.

It was the inftinct of Deity which firft affembled men together, and which became the bafis of the Religion and of the Laws whereby their union was to be cemented. On this it was that virtue found a fupport, in propofing to herfelf the imitation of the Divinity, not only by the exercife of the Arts and Sciences, which the ancient Greeks, for this effect, denominated the petty virtues; but in the refult of the divine power and intelligence, which is beneficence. It confifted in efforts made upon ourfelves, for the good of Mankind, in the view of pleafing God only. It gave to Man the fentiment

of his own excellence, by inspiring him with the contempt of terrestrial and transient enjoyments, and with a desire after things celestial and immortal. It was this sublime attraction which exalted courage to the rank of a virtue, and which made Man advance intrepidly to meet death, amidst so many anxieties to preserve life. Gallant *d'Assas*, what had you to hope for on the Earth, when you poured out your blood in the night, without a witness, in the plains of Klosterkam, for the salvation of the French army? And you, generous *Eustace de St. Pierre*, what recompence did you expect from your Country, when you appeared before her tyrants, with the halter about your neck, ready to meet an infamous death, in saving your fellow-citizens? Of what avail, to your insensible ashes, were the statues and the elogiums which posterity was one day to consecrate to your memory? Could you so much as hope for this reward, in return for sacrifices either unknown, or loaded with opprobriousness? Could you be flattered, in ages to come, with the empty homage of a world separated from you by eternal barriers? And you, more glorious still in the sight of God, obscure citizens, who sink ingloriously into the grave; you, whose virtues draw down upon your heads shame, calumny, persecution, poverty, contempt, even on the part of those who dispense the honours

honours of a preſent ſtate, could you have forced your way through paths ſo dreary and ſo rude, had not a light from Heaven illuminated your eyes * ? It

* It is impoſſible for virtue to ſubſiſt independantly of Religion. I do not mean the theatrical virtues, which attract public admiration, and that, many a time, by means ſo contemptible, that they may be rather conſidered as ſo many vices. The very Pagans have turned them into ridicule. See what *Marcus Aurelius* has ſaid on the ſubject. By virtue I underſtand the good which we do to men, without expectation of reward on their part, and, frequently, at the expence of fortune, nay, even of reputation. Analyze all thoſe whoſe traits have appeared to you the moſt ſtriking; there is no one of them but what points out Deity, nearer or more remote. I ſhall quote one not generally known, and ſingularly intereſting from it's very obſcurity.

In the laſt war in Germany, a Captain of cavalry was ordered out on a foraging party. He put himſelf at the head of his troop, and marched to the quarter aſſigned him. It was a ſolitary valley, in which hardly any thing but woods could be ſeen. In the midſt of it ſtood a little cottage; on perceiving it, he went up, and knocked at the door; out comes an ancient Hernouten, with a beard ſilvered by age. "Father," ſays the officer, "ſhew me a field where I can ſet my troopers a-foraging"....... "Preſently," replied the Hernouten. The good old man walked before, and conducted them out of the valley. After a quarter of an hour's march, they found a fine field of barley: "There "is the very thing we want," ſays the Captain........"Have pa"tience for a few minutes," replies his guide, "you ſhall be "ſatisfied" They went on, and, at the diſtance of about a quarter of a league farther, they arrive at another field of barley. The troop immediately diſmounted, cut down the grain, truſſed it up, and remounted. The officer, upon this, ſays to his conductor,

This reſpect for virtue, is the ſource of that which we pay to ancient Nobility, and which has introduced, in proceſs of time, unjuſt and odious

ductor, "Father, you have given yourſelf and us unneceſſary "trouble; the firſt field was much better than this"........"Very "true, Sir," replied the good old man, "but it was not mine."

This ſtroke goes directly to the heart. I defy an atheiſt to produce me any thing once to be compared with it. It may be proper to obſerve, that the Hernoutens are a ſpecies of Quakers, ſcattered over ſome cantons of Germany. Certain Theologians have maintained, that heretics were incapable of virtue, and that their good actions were utterly deſtitute of merit. As I am no Theologian, I ſhall not engage in this metaphyſical diſcuſſion, though I might oppoſe to their opinion the ſentiments of St. *Jerome*, and even thoſe of St. *Peter*, with reſpect to Pagans, when he ſays to *Cornelius* the centurion: "Of a truth, I perceive that "God is no reſpecter of perſons; but in every Nation, he that "feareth Him, and worketh righteouſneſs, is accepted with "Him †." But I ſhould be glad to know what thoſe Theologians think of the charity of the good Samaritan, who was a ſchiſmatic. Surely they will not venture to ſtart objections againſt a deciſion pronounced by Jesus Christ himſelf. As the ſimplicity and depth of his divine reſponſes, form an admirable contraſt with the diſhoneſty and ſubtilty of modern doctors, I ſhall tranſcribe the whole paſſage from the Goſpel, word for word.

"And behold, a certain lawyer ſtood up, and tempted him, "ſaying, Maſter, what ſhall I do to inherit eternal life?

"He ſaid unto him, What is written in the law? how readeſt "thou?

† Acts of the Apoſtles, chap. x. ver. 34, 35.

"And

odious differences among men, whereas, originally, it was designed to establish among them, respectable distinctions alone. The Asiatics, more equitable,

"And he answering, said, Thou shalt love the Lord thy God "with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy "strength, and with all thy mind; and thy neighbour as thy "self.

"And he said unto him, Thou hast answered right: this do, "and thou shalt live.

"But he willing to justify himself, said unto Jesus, And who "is my neighbour?

"And Jesus answering, said, A certain *man* went down "from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell among thieves, which "stripped him of his raiment, and wounded *him*, and departed, "leaving *him* half-dead.

"And by chance there came down a certain priest that way; "and when he saw him, he passed by on the other side.

"And likewise a Levite, when he was at the place, came and "looked *on him*, and passed by on the other side.

"But a certain Samaritan, as he journeyed, came where he "was; and when he saw him, he had compassion *on him*.

"And went to him, and bound up his wounds, pouring in oil "and wine, and set him on his own beast, and brought him to "an inn, and took care of him.

"And on the morrow, when he departed, he took out two "pence, and gave *them* to the host, and said unto him, Take "care of him: and whatsoever thou spendest more, when I come "again, I will repay thee.

"Which now of these three, thinkest thou, was neighbour "unto him that fell among the thieves?

"And he said, He that shewed mercy on him. Then said "Jesus unto him, Go, and do thou likewise ‡."

‡ Luke, chap. x. ver. 25—37.

equitable, attached nobility only to places rendered illuſtrious by virtue. An aged tree, a well, a rock, objects of ſtability, appeared to them as alone adapted to perpetuate the memory of what was worthy of being remembered. There is not, all over Aſia, an acre of land, but what is dignified by a monument. The Greeks and Romans who iſſued out of it, as did all the other Nations of the World, and who did not remove far from it, imitated, in part, the cuſtoms of our firſt Fathers. But the other Nations which ſcattered themſelves over the reſt of Europe, where they

I ſhall be carefully on my guard againſt adding any reflections of my own on this ſubject, except this ſimple obſervation, that the action of the Samaritan is far ſuperior to that of the Hernouten; for, though the ſecond makes a great ſacrifice, he is in ſome ſort determined to it by force: a field muſt of neceſſity have been ſubjected to forage. But the Samaritan entirely obeys the impulſe of humanity. His action is free, and his charity ſpontaneous. This ſtricture, like all thoſe of the Goſpel, contains, in a few words, a multitude of clear and forcible inſtructions, reſpecting the duties inculcated in the ſecond table of the Law. It would be impoſſible to replace them by others, were imagination itſelf permitted to dictate them. Weigh all the circumſtances of the reſtleſs and perſevering charity of the Samaritan. He dreſſes the wounds of an unfortunate wretch, and places him on his own horſe; he expoſes his own life to danger, by ſtopping, and walking on foot, in a place frequented by thieves. He afterwards makes proviſion, in the inn, for the future, as well as for the preſent, neceſſities of the unhappy man, and continues his journey, without expecting any recompenſe whatever from the gratitude of the perſon whom he had ſuccoured.

were long in an erratic ſtate, and who withdrew from thoſe ancient monuments of virtue, choſe rather to look for them in the poſterity of their great men, and to ſee the living images of them in their children. This is the reaſon, in my opinion, that the Aſiatics have no Nobleſſe, and the Europeans no monuments.

This inſtinct of Deity conſtitutes the charm of the performances which we peruſe with moſt delight. The Writers to whom we always return with pleaſure, are not the moſt ſprightly, that is, thoſe who abound the moſt in the ſocial reaſon which endures but for a moment, but thoſe who render the action of Providence continually preſent to us. Hence it is that *Homer*, *Virgil*, *Xenophon*, *Plutarch*, *Fenelon*, and moſt of the ancient Writers, are immortal, and pleaſe the men of all Nations. For the ſame reaſon it is, that books of travels, though, for the moſt part, written very artleſsly, and though decried by multitudes, of various orders in Society, who diſcern in them an indirect cenſure of their own conduct, are, nevertheleſs, the moſt intereſting part of modern reading; not only becauſe they diſcloſe to us ſome new benefits of Nature, in the fruits and the animals of foreign countries, but becauſe of the dangers by land and by water which their authors have eſcaped, frequently beyond all reaſonable expectation.

tion. Finally, it is becaufe the greateſt part of our very learned productions ſtudiouſly ſteer clear of this natural ſentiment, that the peruſal of them is ſo very dry and diſguſting, and that poſterity will prefer *Herodotus* to *David Hume*, and the Mythology of the Greeks to all our treatiſes on Phyſics; becauſe we love ſtill more to hear the fictions of Deity blended with the Hiſtory of men, than to ſee the reaſon of men in the Hiſtory of Deity.

This ſublime ſentiment inſpires Man with a taſte for the marvellous, who, from his natural weakneſs, muſt have ever been crawling on the ground, of which he is formed. It balances in him the ſentiment of his miſery, which attaches him to the pleaſures of habit; and it exalts his ſoul, by infuſing into him continually the deſire of novelty. It is the harmony of human life, and the ſource of every thing delicious and enchanting that we meet with in the progreſs of it. With this it is that the illuſions of love ever veil themſelves, ever repreſenting the beloved object as ſomething divine. It is this which opens to ambition perſpectives without end. A peaſant appears deſirous of nothing in the World, but to become the church-warden of his village. Be not deceived in the man! open to him a career without any impediment in his way; he is groom, he becomes

becomes highwayman, captain of the gang, a commander in chief of armies, a king, and never refts till he is worfhipped as a God. He fhall be a *Tamerlane* or a *Mahomet*.

An old rich tradefman, nailed to his eafy-chair by the gout, tells us, that he has no higher ambition than to die in peace. But he fees himfelf eternally renovating in his pofterity. He enjoys a fecret delight in beholding them mount, by the dint of his money, along all the afcending fteps of dignity and honour. He himfelf reflects not that the moment approaches when he fhall have nothing in common with that pofterity, and that while he is congratulating himfelf on being the fource of their future glory, they are already employing the upftart glory which they have acquired, in drawing a veil over the meannefs of their original. The atheift himfelf, with his negative wifdom, is carried along by the fame impulfe. To no purpofe does he demonftrate to himfelf the nothingnefs, and the fluctuation of all things: his reafon is at variance with his heart. He flatters himfelf inwardly with the hope, that his book, or his monument, will one day attract the homage of pofterity; or, perhaps, that the book, or the tomb, of his adverfary will ceafe to be honoured. He miftakes the DEITY, merely becaufe he puts himfelf in his place.

With the ſentiment of Deity, every thing is great, noble, beautiful, invincible, in the moſt contracted ſphere of human life; without it, all is feeble, diſpleaſing, and bitter, in the very lap of greatneſs. This it was which conferred empire on Rome and Sparta, by ſhewing to their poor and virtuous inhabitants the Gods as their protectors and fellow-citizens. It was the deſtruction of this ſentiment which gave them up, when rich and vicious, to ſlavery; when they no longer ſaw, in the Univerſe, any other Gods except gold and pleaſure. To no purpoſe does a man make a bulwark around himſelf of the gifts of fortune; the moment this ſentiment is excluded from his heart, languor takes poſſeſſion of it. If it's abſence is prolonged, he ſinks into ſadneſs, afterwards into profound and ſettled melancholy, and finally into deſpair. If this ſtate of anxiety becomes permanent, he lays violent hands on himſelf. Man is the only ſenſible being which deſtroys itſelf in a ſtate of liberty. Human life, with all it's pomp, and all it's delights, ceaſes, to him, to have the appearance of life, when it ceaſes to appear to him immortal and divine *.

* *Plutarch* remarks, that *Alexander* did not abandon himſelf to thoſe exceſſes, which ſullied the concluſion of his glorious career, till he believed himſelf to be forſaken of the Gods. Not only does this ſentiment become a ſource of miſery, when it ſeparates itſelf from our pleaſures; but when, from the effect of

our

Whatever be the diſorders of Society, this celeſtial inſtinct is ever amuſing itſelf with the children of men. It inſpires the man of genius, by diſcloſing itſelf to him under eternal attributes. It preſents to the Geometrician, the ineffable progreſſions of infinity; to the Muſician, rapturous harmonies; to the Hiſtorian, the immortal ſhades

our paſſions, or of our inſtitutions, which pervert the Laws of Nature, it preſſes upon our miſeries themſelves. Thus, for example, when after having given mechanical Laws to the operations of the ſoul, we come to make the ſentiment of infinity to bear upon our phyſical and tranſient evils; in this caſe, by a juſt re-action, our miſery becomes inſupportable. I have preſented only a faint ſketch of the two principles in Man; but to whatever ſenſation of pain, or of pleaſure, they may be applied, the difference of their nature, and their perpetual re-action, will be felt.

On the ſubject of *Alexander* forſaken of the Gods, it is matter of ſurprize to me, that the expreſſion of this ſituation ſhould not have inſpired the genius of ſome Grecian Artiſt. Here is what I find on this ſubject in *Addiſon:* "There is in the ſame gallery, "(at Florence) a fine buſt of *Alexander* the Great, with the face "turned toward Heaven, and impreſſed with a certain dignified "air of chagrin and diſſatisfaction. I have ſeen two or three "ancient buſts of *Alexander*, with the ſame air, and in the ſame "attitude; and I am diſpoſed to believe, that the Sculptor purſued the idea of the Conqueror ſighing after new worlds, or "ſome ſimilar circumſtance of his Hiſtory." (*Addiſon*'s Voyage to Italy.) I imagine that the circumſtance of *Alexander*'s Hiſtory, to which thoſe buſts ought to be referred, is that which repreſents him complaining of being abandoned of the Gods. I have no doubt that it would have fixed the exquiſite judgment of *Addiſon*, had he recollected the obſervation made by *Plutarch*.

of

of virtuous men. It raiſes a Parnaſſus for the Poet, and an Olympus for the Hero. It ſheds a luſtre on the unfortunate days of the labouring poor. Amidſt the luxury of Paris, it extracts a ſigh from the breaſt of the humble native of Savoy, after the ſacred covering of the ſnows upon his mountains. It expatiates along the vaſt Ocean, and recals, from the gentle climates of India, the European mariner, to the ſtormy ſhores of the Weſt. It beſtows a country on the wretched, and fills with regret thoſe who have loſt nothing. It covers our cradles with the charms of innocence, and the tombs of our forefathers with the hopes of immortality. It repoſes in the midſt of tumultuous cities, on the palaces of mighty Kings, and on the auguſt temples of Religion. It frequently fixes it's reſidence in the deſert, and attracts the attention of the Univerſe to a rock. Thus it is that you are clothed with majeſty, venerable ruins of Greece and Rome; and you, too, myſterious pyramids of Egypt! This is the object which we are invariably purſuing, amidſt all our reſtleſs occupations; but the moment it diſcovers itſelf to us, in ſome unexpected act of virtue, or in ſome one of thoſe events which may be denominated ſtrokes of Heaven, or in ſome of thoſe indeſcribably ſublime emotions, which are called ſentimental touches, by way of excellence, it's firſt effect is to kindle in the breaſt a very ardent movement of joy, and the ſecond is

to

to melt us into tears. The ſoul, ſtruck with this divine light, exults, at once, in enjoying a glimpſe of the heavenly Country, and ſinks at the thought of being exiled from it.

........Oculis errantibus alto
Quæſivit cœlo lucem, ingemuitque repertâ.

ÆNEID, BOOK IV.

With wandering eyes explor'd the heavenly light,
Then ſigh'd, and ſunk into the ſhades of night.

STUDY THIRTEENTH.

APPLICATION OF THE LAWS OF NATURE TO THE DISORDERS OF SOCIETY.

I HAVE expofed, in this Work, the errors of human opinion, and the mifchief which has refulted from them, as affecting morals, and focial felicity. I have refuted thofe opinions, and have ventured to call in queftion even the methods of human Science; I have inveftigated certain Laws of Nature, and have made, I am bold to affirm, a happy application of them to the vegetable order: but all this mighty exertion would, in my own opinion, prove to be vain and unprofitable, unlefs I employed it in attempting to difcover fome remedies for the diforders of Society.

A Pruffian Author, who has lately favoured the World with various productions, carefully avoids faying a word refpecting the adminiftration of the government of his own Country, becaufe, being only a paffenger, as he alleges, in the veffel of the State, he does not confider himfelf as warranted to

intermeddle with the pilot's province. This thought, like ſo many others borrowed from books, is a mere effuſion of wit. It reſembles that of the man, who, ſeeing a houſe on the point of being ſeized with the flames, ſcampered off, without making any attempt to ſave it, becauſe, forſooth, the houſe was not his. For my own part, I think myſelf ſo much the more obliged to take an intereſt in the veſſel of the State, that I am a paſſenger on board, and thereby bound to contribute my efforts toward her proſperous navigation. Nay, I ought to employ my very leiſure, as a paſſenger, to admoniſh the ſteerſman of any irregularity, or neglect, which I may have perceived in conducting the buſineſs of the ſhip. Such, to my apprehenſion, are the examples ſet us by a *Monteſquieu*, a *Fenelon*, and ſo many other names to be held in everlaſting reſpect, who have, in every country, conſecrated their labours to the good of their compatriots. The only thing that can be, with juſtice, objected to me, is my inſufficiency. But I have ſeen much injuſtice committed; I myſelf have been the victim of it. Images of diſorder have ſuggeſted to me ideas of order. Beſides, my errors may, perhaps, ſerve as a foil to the wiſdom of thoſe who ſhall detect them. Were I but to preſent one ſingle, uſeful idea to my Sovereign, whoſe bounty has hitherto ſupported me, though my ſervices remain unrewarded, I ſhall have received the moſt precious re-

compenſe

compenſe that my heart can deſire: if I am encouraged to flatter myſelf with the thought that I have wiped away the tears from the eyes of but one unfortunate fellow-creature; ſuch a reflection would wipe away mine own in my dying moments.

The men who can turn the diſtreſſes of their Country to their own private emolument, will reproach me with being it's enemy, in the hacknied obſervation, that things have always been ſo, and that all goes on very well, becauſe all goes on well for them. But the perſons who diſcover, and who unveil the evils under which their Country labours, they are not the enemies which ſhe has to fear; the perſons who flatter her, they are her real enemies. The Writers aſſuredly, ſuch as *Horace* and *Juvenal*, who predicted to Rome her downfal, when at the very height of her elevation, were much more ſincerely attached to her proſperity, than thoſe who offered incenſe to her tyrants, and made a gain of her calamities. How long did the Roman Empire ſurvive the ſalutary warnings of the firſt? Even the good Princes, who afterwards aſſumed the government of it, were incapable of replacing it on a ſolid foundation, becauſe they were impoſed upon by their contemporary Writers, who never had the courage to attack the moral and political cauſes of the general corruption. They ſatisfied themſelves with their own perſonal

 reformation,

reformation, without daring to extend it ſo much as to their families. Thus it was that a *Titus* and a *Marcus Aurelius* reigned. They were only great Philoſophers on the throne. As far as I am concerned, I ſhould believe that I had already deſerved well of my Country, had I only announced in her ear this awful truth: That ſhe contains, in her boſom more than ſeven millions of poor, and that their number has been proceeding in an increaſing proportion, from year to year, ever ſince the age of *Louis* XIV.

God forbid that I ſhould wiſh or attempt to diſturb, much leſs deſtroy, the different orders of the State. I would only wiſh to bring them back to the ſpirit of their natural Inſtitution. Would to God that the Clergy would endeavour to merit, by their virtues, the firſt place, which has been granted to the ſacredneſs of their functions; that the Nobility would give their protection to the citizens, and render themſelves formidable only to the enemies of the people; that the adminiſtrators of finance, directing the treaſures of the Public to flow in the channels of agriculture and commerce, would lay open to merit the road which leads to all uſeful and honourable employment; that every woman, exempted, by the feebleneſs of her conſtitution, from moſt of the burthens of Society, would occupy herſelf in fulfilling the duties of her gentle

gentle deſtination, thoſe of wife and mother, and thus cementing the felicity of one family; that, inveſted with grace and beauty, ſhe would conſider herſelf as one flower in that wreath of delight, by which Nature has attached Man to life; and while ſhe proved a joy and a crown to her huſband in particular, the complete chain of her ſex might indiſſolubly compact all the other bonds of national felicity!

It is not my aim to attract the applauſe of the million; they will not read my Book; beſides, they are already ſold to the rich and the powerful. They are continually, I grant, maligning their purchaſers, and even frequently applaud the perſons who treat them with ſome degree of firmneſs; but they give ſuch perſons up, the moment they are diſcovered to be objects of hatred to the rich; for they tremble at the frown of the great, or crawl among their feet, on receiving the ſlighteſt token of benevolence. By the million, I underſtand not only the loweſt order in Society, but a great number of others, who conſider themſelves as very far above it.

The people is no idol of mine. If the powers which govern them are corrupted, they themſelves are the cauſe of it. We exclaim againſt the reigns of *Nero* and *Caligula*; but theſe deteſtable Princes

were the fruit of the age in which they lived, juſt as bad vegetable fruits are produced by bad trees: they would not have been tyrants, had they not found among the Romans, informers, ſpies, paraſites, poiſoners, proſtitutes, hangmen, and flatterers, who told them that every thing went on very well. I do not believe virtue to be the allotment of the people, but I conſider it as portioned out among all conditions in life, and in very ſmall quantities, among the little, among the middling, and among the great; and ſo neceſſary to the ſupport of all the orders of Society, that were it entirely deſtroyed, Country would crumble to pieces, like a temple whoſe pillars had been undermined.

But I am not particularly intereſted in the people, either from the hope of their applauſe, or reſpect to their virtues, but from the labours in which they are employed. From the people it is that the greateſt part of my pleaſures, and of my diſtreſſes, proceed; by the people I am fed, clothed, lodged, and they are frequently employed in procuring ſuperfluities for me, while neceſſaries are ſometimes wanting to themſelves; from them, likewiſe, iſſue epidemic diſeaſes, robberies, ſeditions; and did they preſent nothing to me, but ſimply the ſpectacle of their happineſs or miſery, I could not remain in a ſtate of indifference. Their joy involuntarily inſpires me with joy, and their miſery wrings

wrings my heart. I do not reckon my obligation to them acquitted, when I have paid them a pecuniary consideration for their services. It is a maxim of the hard-hearted rich man, "that artisan and "I are quit," says he, "I have paid him." The money which I give to a poor fellow for a service which he has rendered me, creates nothing new for his use; that money would equally circulate, and perhaps more advantageously for him, had I never existed. The people supports, therefore, without any return on my part, the weight of my existence: it is still much worse when they are loaded with the additional burthen of my irregularities. To them I stand accountable for my vices and my virtues, more than to the magistrate. If I deprive a poor workman of part of his subsistence, I force him, in order to make up the deficiency, to become a beggar or a thief; if I seduce a plebeian young woman, I rob that order of a virtuous matron; if I manifest, in their eyes, a disregard to Religion, I enfeeble the hope which sustains them under the pressure of their labours. Besides, Religion lays me under an express injunction to love them. When she commands me to love men, it is the People she recommends to me, and not the Great: to them she attaches all the powers of Society, which exist only by them, and for them. Of a far different spirit from that of modern politics, which present Nations to Kings as

as their domains, ſhe preſents Kings to Nations, as their fathers and defenders. The people were not made for Kings, but Kings for the people. I am bound, therefore, I who am nothing, and who can do nothing, to contribute my warmeſt wiſhes, at leaſt, toward their felicity.

Farther, I feel myſelf conſtrained, in juſtice to the commonalty of our own Country, to declare, that I know none in Europe ſuperior to them in point of generoſity, though, liberty excepted, they are the moſt miſerable of all with whom I have had an opportunity to be acquainted. Did time permit, I could produce inſtances innumerable of their beneficence. Our wits frequently trace caricatures of our fiſh-women, and of our peaſantry, becauſe their only object is to amuſe the rich; but they might receive ſublime leſſons of virtue, did they know how to ſtudy the virtues of the common people: for my own part, I have, oftener than once, found ingots of gold on a dunghill.

I have remarked, for example, that many of our inferior ſhop-keepers ſell their wares at a lower price to the poor man than to the rich; and when I aſked the reaſon, the reply was, "Sir, every body "muſt live." I have likewiſe obſerved, that a great many of the lower order never haggle, when they are buying from poor people like themſelves:

"Every

"Every one," ſay they, "muſt live by his trade." I ſaw a little child, one day, buying greens from the herb-woman: ſhe filled a large apron with the articles which he wanted, and took a penny: on my expreſſing ſurprize at the quantity which ſhe had given him, ſhe ſaid to me, "I would not, "Sir, have given ſo much to a grown perſon; but "I would not for the world take advantage of a "child." I knew a man of the name of *Chriſtal*, in the *rue de la Magdelaine*, whoſe trade was to go about ſelling Auvergne-waters, and who ſupported for five months, *gratis*, an upholſterer, of whom he had no knowledge, and whom a law-ſuit had brought to Paris, becauſe, as he told me, that poor upholſterer, the whole length of the road, in a public carriage, had, from time to time, given an arm to his ſick wife. That ſame man had a ſon eighteen years old, a paralytic and changeling from the womb, whom he maintained with the tendereſt attachment, without once conſenting to his admiſſion into the Hoſpital of Incurables, though frequently ſolicited to that effect, by perſons who had intereſt ſufficient to procure it: "GOD," ſaid he to me, "has given me the poor "youth: it is my duty to take care of him." I have no doubt that he ſtill continues to ſupport him, though he is under the neceſſity of feeding him with his own hands, and has the farther charge of a frequently ailing wife.

I once

I once ſtopped, with admiration, to contemplate a poor mendicant ſeated on a poſt, in the *rue Bergere*, near the Boulevards. A great many well-dreſſed people paſſed by, without giving him any thing; but there were very few ſervant-girls, or women loaded with baſkets, who did not ſtop to beſtow their charity. He wore a well-powdered peruque, with his hat under his arm, was dreſſed in a ſurtout, his linen white and clean, and every article ſo trim, that you would have thought theſe poor people were receiving alms from him, and not giving them. It is impoſſible, aſſuredly, to refer this ſentiment of generoſity in the common people to any ſecret ſuggeſtion of ſelf-intereſt, as the enemies of mankind allege, in taking upon them to explain the cauſes of compaſſion. No one of thoſe poor benefactreſſes thought of putting herſelf in the place of the unfortunate mendicant, who, it was ſaid, had been a watchmaker, and had loſt his eye-ſight; but they were moved by that ſublime inſtinct which intereſts us more in the diſtreſſes of the Great, than in thoſe of other men; becauſe we eſtimate the magnitude of their ſufferings by the ſtandard of their elevation, and of the fall from it. A blind watchmaker was a *Beliſarius* in the eyes of ſervant-maids.

I ſhould never have done, were I to indulge myſelf in detailing anecdotes of this ſort. They would

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be found worthy of the admiration of the rich, were they extracted from the Hiſtory of Savages, or from that of the Roman Emperors; were they two thouſand years old, or had they taken place two thouſand leagues off. They would amuſe their imagination, and tranquillize their avarice. Our own commonalty, undoubtedly, well deſerves to be loved. I am able to demonſtrate, that their moral goodneſs is the firmeſt ſupport of Government, and that, notwithſtanding their own neceſſities, to them our ſoldiery is indebted for the ſupplement to their miſerable pittance of pay, and that to them the innumerable poor with whom the kingdom ſwarms, owe a ſubſiſtence wrung from penury itſelf.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX ESTO, ſaid the Ancients: let the ſafety of the People be the paramount Law, becauſe their miſery is the general miſery. This axiom ought to be ſo much the more ſacred in the eyes of Legiſlators and Reformers, that no Law can be of long duration, and no plan of reform reduced into effect, unleſs the happineſs of the people is previouſly ſecured. Out of their miſeries abuſes ſpring, are kept up, and are renewed. It is from want of having reared the fabrick on this ſure foundation, that ſo many illuſtrious Reformers have ſeen their political edifice crumble into ruins. If *Agis* and *Cleomenes* failed

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in their attempts to reform Sparta, it was becauſe the wretched Helots obſerved with indifference a ſyſtem of happineſs which extended not to them. If China has been conquered by the Tartars, it was becauſe the diſcontented Chineſe were groaning under the tyranny of their Mandarins, while the Sovereign knew nothing of the matter. If Poland has, in our own days, been parcelled out by her neighbours, it was becauſe her enſlaved peaſantry, and her reduced gentry, did not ſtand up in her defence. If ſo many efforts toward reform, on the ſubject of the clergy, of the army, of finance, of our courts of juſtice, of commerce, of concubinage, have proved abortive with us, it is becauſe the miſery of the people is continually reproducing the ſame abuſes.

I have not ſeen, in the whole courſe of my travels, a country more flouriſhing than Holland. The capital is computed to contain, at leaſt, a hundred and four-ſcore thouſand inhabitants. An immenſe commerce preſents, in that city, a thouſand objects of temptation, yet you never hear of a robbery committed. They do not even employ ſoldiers for mounting guard. I was there in 1762, and for eleven years previous to that period, no perſon had been puniſhed capitally. The Laws, however, are very ſevere in that Country; but the people, who poſſeſs the means of eaſily earning a livelihood,

livelihood, are under no temptation to infringe them. It is farther worthy of remark, that though they have gained millions by printing all our extravagances in morals, in politics, and in religion, neither their opinions nor their moral conduct have been affected by it, because the people are contented with their condition. Crimes spring up only from the extremes of indigence and opulence.

When I was at Moscow, an aged Genevois, who had lived in that city from the days of *Peter* I. informed me, that from the time they had opened to the people various channels of subsistence, by the establishments of manufactures and commerce, seditions, assassinations, robberies, and wilful fires, had become much less frequent than they used to be. Had there not been at Rome multitudes of miserable wretches, no *Catiline* would have started up there. The police, I admit, prevents at Paris very alarming irregularities. Nay, it may be with truth affirmed, that fewer crimes are committed in that capital, than in the other cities of the kingdom, in proportion to their population; but the tranquillity of the common people in Paris is to be accounted for, from their finding there readier means of subsistence, than in the other cities of the kingdom, because the rich of all the provinces fix their residence in the metropolis. After all, the expense of our police, in guards,

guards, in ſpies, in houſes of correction, and in gaols, are a burthen to that very people, and becomes an expenſe of puniſhments, when they might be transformed into benefits. Beſides, theſe methods are repercuſſions merely, whereby the people are thrown into concealed irregularities, which are not the leaſt dangerous.

The firſt ſtep toward relieving the indigence of the commonalty, is to diminiſh the exceſſive opulence of the rich. It is not by them that the people live, as modern politicians pretend. To no purpoſe do they inſtitute calculations of the riches of a State, the maſs of them is undoubtedly limited; and if it is entirely in the poſſeſſion of a ſmall number of the citizens, it is no longer in the ſervice of the multitude. As they always ſee in detail men, for whom they care very little, and in overgrown capitals money, which they love very much, they infer, that it is more advantageous for the kingdom, that a revenue of a hundred thouſand crowns ſhould be in the poſſeſſion of a ſingle perſon, rather than portioned out among a hundred families, becauſe, ſay they, the proprietors of large capitals engage in great enterprizes; but here they fall into a moſt pernicious error. The financier who poſſeſſes them, only maintains a few footmen more, and extends the reſt of his ſuperfluity to objects of luxury and corruption: moreover,

over, every one being at liberty to enjoy in his own way, if he happens to be a miſer, this money is altogether loſt to Society. But a hundred families of reſpectable citizens could live comfortably on the ſame revenue. They will rear a numerous progeny, and will furniſh the means of living to a multitude of other families of the commonalty, by arts that are really uſeful, and favourable to good morals.

It would be neceſſary, therefore, in order to check unbounded opulence, without, however, doing injuſtice to the rich, to put an end to the venality of employments, which confers them all on that portion of Society which needs them the leaſt, as the means of ſubſiſtence, for it gives them to thoſe who have got money. It would be neceſſary to aboliſh pluralities, by which two, three, four, or more offices, are accumulated on the head of one perſon; as well as reverſions, which perpetuate them in the ſame families. This abolition would, undoubtedly, deſtroy that monied ariſtocracy, which is extending farther and farther in the boſom of the the monarchy, and which, by interpoſing an inſurmountable barrier between the Prince and his ſubjects, becomes, in proceſs of time, the moſt dangerous of all governments. The dignity of employments would thereby be greatly enhanced, as they muſt, in this caſe, riſe in eſtimation, being

conſidered

confidered as the reward of merit, and not the purchafe of money: that refpect for gold, which has corrupted every moral principle, would be diminifhed, and that which is due to virtue would be heightened: the career of public honour would be laid open to all the orders of the State, which, for more than a century paft, has been the patrimony of from four to five thoufand families, which have tranfmitted all the great offices from hand to hand, without communicating any fhare of them to the reft of the citizens, except in proportion as they ceafe to be fuch, that is, in proportion as they fell to them their liberty, their honour, and their confcience.

Our Princes have been taught to believe, that it was fafer for them to truft to the purfes, than to the probity of their fubjects. Here we have the origin of venality in the civil ftate; but this fophifm falls to the ground, the moment we reflect that it fubfifts not in either the ecclefiaftical or military order; and that thefe great bodies ftill are, as to the individuals which compofe them, the beft ordered of any in the State, at leaft with relation to their police, and to their particular interefts.

The Court employs frequent change of fafhions, in order to enable the poor to live on the fuperfluity of the rich. This palliative is fo far good, though

though ſubject to dangerous abuſe: it ought, at leaſt, to be converted, to it's full extent, to the profit of the poor, by a prohibition of the introduction of every article of foreign luxury into France; for it would be very inhuman in the rich, who engroſs all the money in the Nation, to ſend out of it immenſe ſums annually, to the Indies and to China, for the purchaſe of muſlins, ſilks, and porcelains, which are all to be had within the kingdom. The trade to India and China is neceſſary only to Nations which have neither mulberry-trees nor ſilk worms, as the Engliſh and Dutch. They, too, may indulge themſelves in the uſe of tea, becauſe their country produces no wine. But every piece of callico we import from Bengal, prevents an inhabitant of our own iſlands from cultivating the plant which would have furniſhed the raw material, and a family in France from ſpinning and weaving it into cloth. There is another political and moral obligation which ough to be enforced, that of giving back to the female ſex the occupations which properly belong to them, ſuch as midwifery, millinery, the employments of the needle, linen-drapery, trimming, and the like, which require only taſte and addreſs, and are adapted to a ſedentary way of life; in order to reſcue great numbers of them from idleneſs, and from proſtitution, in which ſo many ſeek the means of ſupporting a miſerable exiſtence.

 Again,

Again, a vaſt channel of ſubſiſtence to the people might be opened, by ſuppreſſing the excluſive privileges of commercial and manufacturing companies. Theſe companies, we are told, provide a livelihood for a whole country. Their eſtabliſhments, I admit, on the firſt glance, preſent an impoſing appearance, eſpecially in rural ſituations. They diſplay great avenues of trees, vaſt edifices, courts within courts, palaces; but while the undertakers are riding in their coaches, the reſt of the village are walking in wooden ſhoes. I never beheld a peaſantry more wretched than in villages where privileged manufactures are eſtabliſhed. Such excluſive privileges contribute more than is generally imagined, to check the induſtry of a country. I ſhall quote, on this occaſion, the remark of an anonymous Engliſh Author, highly reſpectable for the ſoundneſs of his judgment, and for the ſtrictneſs of his impartiality. "I paſſed," ſays he, "through Montreuil, Abbeville, Pe-"quigni......The ſecond of theſe cities has, like-"wiſe, it's caſtle: it's indigent inhabitants greatly "cry up their broad-cloth manufacture: but it is "leſs conſiderable than thoſe of many villages of "the county of York *."

* Voyage to France, Italy, and the Iſlands of the Archipelago, in 1750. Four ſmall volumes in 12mo.

I could,

I could likewiſe oppoſe to the woollen manufactures of the villages of the County of York, thoſe of handkerchiefs, cotton-ſtuffs, woollens, of the villages of the Pays de Caux, which are there in a very flouriſhing ſtate, and where the peaſantry are very rich, becauſe there are no excluſive privileges in that part of the country. The privileged undertaker having no competitor in a country, ſettles the workman's wages at his own pleaſure. They have a thouſand devices beſides, to reduce the price of labour as low as it can go. They give them, for example, a trifle of money in advance, and having thereby inveigled them into a ſtate of inſolvency, which may be done by a loan of a few crowns, they have them thenceforward at their mercy. I know a conſiderable branch of the ſalt-water fiſhery, almoſt totally deſtroyed, in one of our ſea ports, by means of this underhand ſpecies of monopoly. The tradeſmen of that town, at firſt, bought the fiſh of the fiſhermen, to cure it for ſale. They afterwards were at the expenſe of building veſſels proper for the trade: they proceeded next to advance money to the fiſhermens' wives, during the abſence of their huſbands. Theſe were reduced, on their return, to the neceſſity of becoming hired ſervants to the merchant, in order to diſcharge the debt. The merchant having thus become maſter of the boats, of the fiſherman, and of the commodity, regulated the conditions of the

trade juſt as he pleaſed. Moſt of the fiſhermen, diſheartened by the ſmallneſs of their profits, quitted the employment; and the fiſhery, which was formerly a mine of wealth to the place, is now dwindled to almoſt nothing.

On the other hand, if I object to a monoply, which would engroſs the means of ſubſiſtence beſtowed by Nature on every order of Society, and on both ſexes, much leſs would I conſent to a monopoly that ſhould graſp at thoſe which ſhe has aſſigned to every man in particular. For example, the Author of a book, of a machine, or of any invention, whether uſeful or agreeable, to which a man has devoted his time, his attention, in a word, his genius, ought to be, at leaſt, as well ſecured in a perpetual right over thoſe who ſell his book, or avail themſelves of his invention, as a feudal Lord is to exact the rights of fines of alienation, from perſons who build on his grounds, and even from thoſe who re-ſell the property of ſuch houſes. This claim would appear to me ſtill better founded, on the natural right, than that of fines of alienation. If the Public ſuddenly lays hold of a uſeful invention, the State becomes bound to indemnify the Author of it, to prevent the glory of his diſcovery from proving a pecuniary detriment to him. Did a Law ſo equitable exiſt, we ſhould not ſee a ſcore of bookſellers wallowing in affluence at the expenſe

penſe of an Author who did not know, ſometimes, where to find a dinner. We ſhould not have ſeen, for inſtance, in our own days, the poſterity of *Corneille* and of *La Fontaine* reduced to ſubſiſt on alms, while the bookſellers of Paris have been building palaces out of the ſale of their Works.

Immenſe landed property is ſtill more injurious than that of money and of employments, becauſe it deprives the other citizens, at once, of the ſocial and of the natural patriotiſm. Beſides, it comes, in proceſs of time, into the poſſeſſion of thoſe who have the employments and the money; it reduces all the ſubjects of the State to dependance upon them, and leaves them no reſource for ſubſiſtence but the cruel alternative, of degrading themſelves by a baſe flattery of the paſſions of thoſe who have got all the power and wealth in their hands, or of going into exile. Theſe three cauſes combined, the laſt eſpecially, precipitated the ruin of the Roman Empire, from the reign of *Trajan*, as *Pliny* has very juſtly remarked. They have already baniſhed from France more ſubjects than the revocation of the Edict of Nantes did. When I was in Pruſſia, in the year 1765, of the hundred and fifty thouſand regular troops which the King then maintained, a full third was computed to conſiſt of French deſerters. I by no means conſider that

number as exaggerated, for I myſelf remarked, that all the ſoldiers on guard, wherever I paſſed, were compoſed, to a third at leaſt, of Frenchmen; and ſuch guards are to be found at the gates of all the cities, and in all the villages on the great road, eſpecially toward the frontier.

When I was in the Ruſſian ſervice, they reckoned near three thouſand teachers of language of our nation in the city of Moſcow, among whom I knew a great many perſons of reſpectable families, advocates, young eccleſiaſtics, gentlemen, and even officers. Germany is filled with our wretched compatriots. In the Courts of the South and of the North, what is to be ſeen but French dancers and comedians? This we have in common, at this day, with the Italians, and this we had in common with the Greeks of the lower empire. In order to find the means of ſubſiſtence, we hunt after a country different from that to which we owe our birth. We do not find the other nations of Europe in this erratic ſtate, except the Swiſs, who trade in the human ſpecies, but who all return home, after having made their fortune. Our compatriots never return; becauſe the precarious employments which they purſue do not admit of their amaſſing the means of a reputable ſubſiſtence, one day, in their native country.

Men

Men of letters, who were never out of their country, or who reflect ſuperficially, are conſtantly exclaiming againſt the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. But if they imagine that the reſtoration of that Edict would bring back to France the poſterity of the French Refugees, they are greatly miſtaken. Thoſe, ſurely, who are rich, and comfortably ſettled in foreign countries, will never think of reſigning their eſtabliſhments, and of returning to the country of their fathers: none but *poor* Proteſtants, therefore, would come back. But what ſhould they do there, when ſo many national Catholics are under the neceſſity of emigrating for want of ſubſiſtence? I have been oftener than once aſtoniſhed at hearing our pretended politicians loudly re-demanding ſo many citizens to religion, while, by their ſilence, they abandon ſuch numbers of them to the inſatiable avidity of our great proprietors. The truth ought to be told: they have written rather out of hatred to prieſts, than from love to men. The ſpirit of tolerance which they wiſh to eſtabliſh, is a vain pretext, with which they conceal their real aim; for the Proteſtants whom they are diſpoſed to recal, are juſt as intolerant as they accuſe the Catholics of being; of which we had an inſtance, a few years ago, in the very Land of Liberty, in England, where a Roman-Catholic Chapel was burnt down to the ground. Intolerance is a vice of European edu-

cation, and which manifests itself in literature, in systems, and in puppet-shows. There is a farther reason to be assigned for these clamours: it is the same reason which sets them a-talking for the aggrandizement of commerce, and silences them on the subject of agriculture, which is, from it's very nature, the most noble of all occupations. It is, since we must speak out, because rich merchants, and great proprietors, give splendid suppers, which are attended by fine women, who build up and destroy reputations at their pleasure, whereas the tillers of the ground, and persons starved into exile, give none. The table is now-a-days the main-spring of the aristocracy of the opulent. By means of this engine it is, that an opinion, which may sometimes involve the ruin of a State, acquires preponderancy. There, too, it is, that the honour of a soldier, of a bishop, of a magistrate, of a man of letters, is frequently blasted by a woman who has forfeited her own.

Modern politics have advanced another very gross error, in alleging that riches always find their level in a state. When the indigent are once multiplied in it to a certain point, a wretched emulation is produced among those poor people, who shall give himself away the cheapest. Whilst, on the one hand, the rich man, teized by his famished compatriots for employment, over-rates the value

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of his money, the poor, in order to obtain a preference, let down the price of their labour, till, at length, it becomes inadequate to their ſubſiſtence. And then we behold, in the beſt countries; agriculture, manufactures, and commerce, all expire. Conſult, for this purpoſe, the accounts given us, of different diſtricts of Italy, and, among others, what Mr. *Brydone* has advanced, in his very ſenſible Tour *, notwithſtanding the ſevere ſtrictures of a canon of Palermo, reſpecting the luxury and extreme opulence of the Sicilian nobility and clergy, and the abject miſery of the peaſantry; and you will perceive whether money has found it's level in that iſland or not.

I have been in Malta, which is in no reſpect comparable, as to fertility of ſoil, with Sicily; for

* I quote a great many books of travels, becauſe, of all literary productions, I love and eſteem them the moſt. I myſelf have travelled a great deal, and I can affirm, with truth, that I have almoſt always found them agreed, reſpecting the productions and the manners of every country, unleſs when warped by national or party ſpirit. We muſt, however, except a ſmall number, whoſe romantic tone ſtrikes at firſt ſight. They are run down by every body, yet every body conſults them. They afford a conſtant ſupply of information to Geographers, Naturaliſts, Navigators, Traders, Political-Writers, Philoſophers, Compilers on all ſubjects, Hiſtorians of foreign Nations, and even thoſe of our own Country, when they are deſirous of knowing the truth.

it

it consists entirely of one white rock; but that rock is extremely rich in foreign wealth, from the perpetual revenue of the commanderies of the Order of St. John, the capitals of which are deposited in all the Catholic States of Europe, and from the reversions, or spoils, of the Knights who die in foreign countries, and which find their way thither every year. It might be rendered still more opulent by the commodiousness of it's harbour, which is situated the most advantageously of any in the Mediterranean: the peasant is there, nevertheless, in a most miserable condition. His whole clothing consists of drawers, which descend no lower than his knees, and of a shirt without sleeves. He sometimes takes his stand in the great square, his breast, legs, and arms, quite naked, and scorched with the heat of the Sun, waiting for a fare, at the rate of one shilling a day, with a carriage capable of holding four persons, drawn by a horse, from day-break till midnight; and, thus equipped, to attend travellers to any part of the island they think proper, without any obligation on their part, to give either him or his beast so much as a draught of water. He conducts his calash, running always bare-footed over the rocks before his horse, which he leads by the bridle, and before the lazy Knight, who hardly ever deigns to speak to him, unless it be to regale him with the appellation of scoundrel; whereas the guide never presumes to make a reply

but

but with cap in hand, and with the addreſs of, Your Moſt Illuſtrious Lordſhip. The treaſury of the Republic is filled with gold and ſilver, and the common people are never paid but in a ſort of copper coin, called a piece of four tarins, equivalent, in ideal value, to about eightpence of our mony, and intrinſically worth little more than two farthings. It is ſtamped with this device, *non æs, ſed fides*; "not value, but confidence." What a difference do excluſive poſſeſſions, and gold, introduce between man and man! A grave porter, in Holland demands of you in *gout gueldt*, that is, good money, for carrying your portmanteau the length of a ſtreet, as much as the humble Malteſe Baſtaze receives for carrying you and three of your friends, a whole day together, around the iſland. The Dutchman is well clothed, and has his pockets lined with good pieces of gold and ſilver. His coin preſents a very different inſcription from that of a Malta: you read theſe words on it: *Concordia res parvæ creſcunt*; "through concord ſmall things increaſe." There is, in truth, as great a difference between the power and the felicity of one State and another, as between the inſcriptions and the ſubſtances of their coin.

In Nature it is that we are to look for the ſubſiſtence of a people, and in their liberty, the channel in which it is to flow. The ſpirit of monopoly

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has deſtroyed many of the branches of it among us, which are pouring in tides of wealth upon our neighbours; ſuch are, among others, the whale, cod, and herring fiſheries. I admit, at the ſame time, on the preſent occaſion, that there are enterprizes which require the concurrence of a great number of hands, as well for their preſervation and protection, as in order to accelerate their operations, ſuch as the ſalt-water fiſheries: but it is the buſineſs of the State to ſee to the adminiſtration of them. No one of our companies has ever been actuated by the patriotic ſpirit; they have been aſſociated, if I may be allowed the expreſſion, only for the purpoſe of forming ſmall particular States. It is not ſo with the Dutch. For example, as they carry on the herring fiſhery to the northward of Scotland, for this fiſh is always better the farther North you go in queſt of it, they have ſhips of war to protect the fiſhery. They have others of very large burthen, called buſſes, employed night and day in catching them with the net: and others contrived to ſail remarkably faſt, which take them on board, and carry them quite freſh to Holland. Beſides all this, they have premiums propoſed to the veſſel which firſt brings her cargo of fiſh to market at Amſterdam. The fiſh of the firſt barrel is paid at the Stadt-Houſe, at the rate of a golden ducat, or about nine ſhillings and ſixpence a-piece, and thoſe of the reſt of

of the cargo, at the rate of a florin, or one ſhilling and tenpence each.

This is a powerful inducement to the proprietors of the fiſhing veſſels, to ſtretch out to the North as far as poſſible, in order to meet the fiſh, which are there of a ſize, and of a delicacy of flavour far ſuperior to thoſe which are caught in the vicinity of our coaſts. The Dutch erected a ſtatue to the man who firſt diſcovered the method of ſmoking them, and of making what they call red-herring. They thought, and they thought juſtly, that the citizen who procures for his country a new ſource of ſubſiſtence, and a new branch of commerce, deſerves to rank with thoſe who enlighten, or who defend it. From ſuch attentions as theſe, we ſee with what vigilance they watch over every thing capable of contributing to public abundance. It is inconceivable to what good account they turn an infinite number of productions, which we ſuffer to run to waſte, and from a ſoil ſandy, marſhy, and naturally poor and ungrateful.

I never knew a country in which there was ſuch plenty of every thing. They have no vines in the country, and there are more wines in their cellars than in thoſe of Bordeaux: they have no foreſts, and there is more ſhip-building timber in their dock-yards than at the ſources of the Meuſe and of

of the Rhine, from which their oaks are tranſmitted. Holland contains little or no arable ground, and her granaries contain more Poliſh corn than that great kingdom reſerves for the ſupport of it's own inhabitants. The ſame thing holds true as to articles of luxury; for, though they obſerve extreme ſimplicity in dreſs, furniture, and domeſtic economy, there is more marble on ſale in their magazines than lies cut in the quarries of Italy and of the Archipelago; more diamonds and pearls in their caſkets than in thoſe of the jewellers of Portugal; and more roſe-wood, Acajou, Sandal, and India canes than there are in all Europe beſides, though their own country produces nothing but willows and linden-trees.

The felicity of the inhabitants preſents a ſpectacle ſtill more intereſting. I never ſaw, all over the country, ſo much as one beggar, nor a houſe in which there was a ſingle brick, or a ſingle pane of glaſs, deficient. But the 'Change of Amſterdam is the great object of admiration. It is a very large pile of building, of an architecture abundantly ſimple, the quadrangular court of which is ſurrounded by a colonade. Each of it's pillars, and they are very numerous, has it's chapiter inſcribed with the name of ſome one of the principal cities of the World, as Conſtantinople, Leghorn, Canton, Peterſburg, Batavia, and ſo on;

and is, in propriety of speech, the centre of it's commerce in Europe. Of theſe are very few but what every day witneſſes tranſactions to the amount of millions. Moſt of the good people who there aſſemble are dreſſed in brown, and without ruffles. This contraſt appeared to me ſo much the more ſtriking, that only five days before, I happened to be upon the Palais Royal at Paris, at the ſame hour of the day, which was then crowded with people dreſſed in brilliant colours, with gold and ſilver laces, and prating about nothings, the opera, literature, kept miſtreſſes, and ſuch contemptible trifles, and who had not, the greateſt part of them at leaſt, a ſingle crown in their pocket which they could call their own.

We had with us a young tradeſman of Nantes, whoſe affairs had been unfortunately deranged, and who had come to ſeek an aſylum in Holland, where he did not know a ſingle perſon. He diſcloſed his ſituation to my travelling companion, a gentleman of the name of *Le Breton.* This Mr. *Le Breton* was a Swiſs officer, in the Dutch ſervice, half ſoldier, half merchant, one of the beſt men living, who firſt gave him encouragement, and recommended him, immediately on his arrival, to his own elder brother, a reſpectable trader, who boarded in the ſame houſe where we had fixed. Mr. *Le Breton* the elder carried this unfortunate refugee

refugee to the Exchange, and recommended him without ceremony, and without humiliation, to a commercial agent, who ſimply aſked of the young Frenchman a ſpecimen of his hand-writing; he then took down his name and addreſs in his pocket-book, and deſired him to return next day to the ſame place at the ſame hour. I did not fail to obſerve the aſſignation in company with him and Mr. *Le Breton.* The agent appeared, and preſented my compatriot with a liſt of ſeven or eight ſituations of clerk, in different counting-houſes, ſome of which were worth better than thirty guineas a year, beſide board and lodging; others, about ſixty pounds without board. He was, accordingly, ſettled at once, without farther ſolicitation. I aſked the elder Mr. *Le Breton* whence came the active vigilance of this agent in favour of a ſtranger, and one entirely unknown to him: He replied: "It is his trade; he receives, as an "acknowledgment, one month's ſalary of the per-"ſon for whom he provides. Do not be ſurprized "at this," added he, "every thing here is turned "to a commercial account, from an odd old ſhoe "up to a ſquadron of ſhips."

We muſt not ſuffer ourſelves to be dazzled, however, by the illuſions of a prodigious commerce; and here it is that our politics have frequently miſled us. Trade and manufactures, we

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are told, introduce millions into a State; but the fine wools, the dye-ſtuffs, the gold and ſilver, and the other preparatives imported from foreign countries, are tributes which muſt be paid back.. The people would not have manufactured the leſs of the wools of the country on their own account; and if it's cloths had been of the loweſt quality, they would have been, at leaſt, converted to their uſe. The unlimited commerce of a country is adapted only to a people poſſeſſing an ungracious and contracted territory, ſuch as the Dutch; they export, not their own ſuperfluity, but that of other nations; and they run no riſk of wanting neceſſaries, an evil which frequently befals many territorial powers. What does it avail a people to clothe all Europe with their woollens, if they themſelves go naked; to collect the beſt wines in the World, if they drink nothing but water; and to export the fineſt of flour, if they eat only bread made of bran? Examples of ſuch abuſes might eaſily be adduced from Poland, from Spain, and from other countries, which paſs for the moſt regularly governed.

It is in agriculture chiefly that France ought to look for the principal means of ſubſiſtence for her inhabitants. Beſides, agriculture is the great ſupport of morals and religion. It renders marriages eaſy, neceſſary, and happy. It contributes toward

raiſing a numerous progeny, which it employs, almoſt as ſoon as they are able to crawl, in collecting the fruits of the earth, or in tending the flocks and herds; but it beſtows theſe advantages only on ſmall landed properties. We have already ſaid, and it cannot be repeated too frequently, that ſmall poſſeſſions double and quadruple in a country both crops, and the hands which gather them. Great eſtates, on the contrary, in the hand of one man, transform a country into vaſt ſolitudes. They inſpire the wealthy farmers with a reliſh for city pride and luxury, and with a diſlike of country employments. Hence they place their daughters in convents, that they may be bred as ladies, and ſend their ſons to academies, to prepare them for becoming advocates or abbés. They rob the children of the trades-people of their reſources; for if the inhabitants of the country are always preſſing toward an eſtabliſhment in town, thoſe of the great towns never look toward the plains, becauſe they are blighted by tallages and impoſts.

Great landed properties expoſe the State to another dangerous inconvenience, to which I do not believe that much attention has hitherto been paid. The lands thus cultivated lie in fallow one year, at leaſt, in three, and, in many caſes, once every other year. It muſt happen, accordingly, as in every thing left to chance, that ſometimes great

quantities

quantities of ſuch land lie fallow at once, and at other times very little. In thoſe years, undoubtedly, when the greateſt part of thoſe lands is lying fallow, much leſs corn muſt be reaped, over the kingdom at large, than in other years. This ſource of diſtreſs, which has never, as far as I know, as yet engaged the attention of Government, is one of the cauſes of that dearth, or unforeſeen ſcarcity of grain, which, from time to time, fall heavy not on France only, but on the different Nations of Europe.

Nature has parcelled out the adminiſtration of agriculture between Man and herſelf. To herſelf ſhe has reſerved the management of the winds, the rain, the Sun, the expanſion of the plants; and ſhe is wonderfully exact in adapting the elements conformably to the ſeaſons: but ſhe has left to Man, the adaptation of vegetables, of ſoils, the proportions which their culture ought to have to the ſocieties to be maintained by them, and all the other cares and occupations which their preſervation, their diſtribution, and their police demand. I conſider this remark as of ſufficient importance to evince the neceſſity of appointing a particular Miniſter of agriculture *. If it ſhould be found impoſſible for

* There are many other reaſons which militate in favour of the appointment of a Miniſter of Agriculture. The watering canals abſorbed by the luxury of the great Lords, or by the com-

him to prevent chance-combinations in the lands which might be in fallow all at once, he would have it, at least, in his power to prohibit the transportation of the grain of the country, in those years when the greatest part of the land was in full crop, for it is clear, almost to a demonstration, that the following year, the general produce will be so much less, as a considerable proportion of the lands will then, of course, be in fallow.

Small farms are not subjected to such vicissitudes; they are every year productive, and almost at all seasons. Compare, as I have already suggested, the quantity of fruits, of roots, of pot-herbs, of grass, and of grain annually reaped, and without intermission, on a track of ground in the vicinity of Paris, called the *Pré Saint-Gervais*, the extent of which is but moderate, situated besides on a declivity, and exposed to the North, with the

merce of the great Towns; the puddles and laystalls which poison the villages, and feed perpetual focuses of epidemic disease; the safety of the great roads, and the regulation of the inns upon them; the militia-draughts and imposts of the peasantry; the injustice to which they are in many cases subjected, without daring so much as to complain, these would present to him a multitude of useful establishments which might be made, or of abuses which might be corrected. I am aware that most of these functions are apportioned into divers departments; but it is impossible they should harmonize, and effectually co-operate, till the responsibility attaches to a single individual.

productions

productions of an equal portion of ground, taken in the plains of the neighbourhood, and managed on the great ſcale of agriculture; and you will be ſenſible of a prodigious difference. There is, likewiſe, a difference equally ſtriking in the number, and in the moral character of the labouring poor who cultivate them. I have heard a reſpectable Eccleſiaſtic declare, that the former claſs went regularly to confeſſion once a month, and that frequently their confeſſions contained nothing which called for abſolution.

I ſay nothing of the endleſs variety of delight which reſults from their labours; from their beds of pinks, of violets, of larks-heel; their fields of corn, of peaſe, of pulſe; their edgings of lilach, of vines, by which the ſmall poſſeſſions are ſubdivided: their ſtripes of meadow-ground diſplaying alternately, opening glades, clumps of willows and poplars diſcovering through their moving umbrage, at the diſtance of ſeveral leagues, either the mountains melting away into the Horizon, or unknown caſtles, or the village-ſpires in the plain, whoſe rural chimes, from time to time, catch the ear. Here and there you fall in with a fountain of limpid water, the ſource of which is covered with an arch encloſed, on every ſide, with large ſlabs of ſtone, which give it the appearance of an antique monument. I have, ſometimes, read the following

innocent inſcriptions traced on the ſtones with a bit of charcoal:

COLIN *and* COLETTE, *this 8th of March.*
ANTOINETTE *and* SEBASTIAN, *this 6th of May.*

And I have been infinitely more delighted with ſuch inſcriptions than with thoſe of the Academy of Sciences. When the families which cultivate this enchanted ſpot are ſcattered about, parents and children, through it's glens, and along it's ridges, while the ear is ſtruck with the diſtant voice of a country laſs ſinging unperceived, or while the eye is caught by the figure of a luſty young ſwain, mounted on an apple-tree, with his baſket and ladder, looking this way and that way, and liſtening to the ſong, like another *Vertumnus:* Where is the park with it's ſtatues, it's marbles, and it's bronzes, once to be compared with it?

O ye rich! who wiſh to encompaſs yourſelves with elyſian ſcenery, let your park-walls encloſe villages bleſt with rural felicity. What deſerted tracks of land, over the whole kingdom, might preſent the ſame ſpectacle! I have ſeen Brittany, and other provinces, covered, as far as the eye could reach, with heath, and where nothing grew but a ſpecies of prickly furze, black and yellowiſh. Our agricultural companies, which there, to no purpoſe,

purpofe, employ their large ploughs of new conftruction, have pronounced thofe regions to be fmitten with perpetual fterility; but thefe heaths difcover, by the ancient divifions of the fields, and by the ruins of old huts and fences, that they have been formerly in a ftate of cultivation. They are, at this day, furrounded by farms in a thriving condition, on the felf-fame foil. How many others would be ftill more fruitful, fuch as thofe of Bordeaux, which are covered over with great pines! A foil which produces a tall tree, is, furely, capable of bearing an ear of corn.

In fpeaking of the vegetable order, we have indicated the means of diftinguifhing the natural analogies of plants, with each latitude and each foil. There is actually no foil whatever, were it mere fand, or mud, on which, through a particular kindnefs of Providence, fome one or other of our domeftic plants may not thrive. But the firft ftep to be taken, is to re-fow the woods which formerly fheltered thofe places, now expofed to the action of the winds, whereby the germ of every fmaller plant is cankered as it fhoots. Thefe means, however, and many others of a fimilar nature, belong not to the jurifdiction of infatiable companies, with their delineations on the great fcale, neither are they confiftent with provincial impofts and oppreffion; they depend on the local and pa-

tient aſſiduity of families enjoying liberty, poſſeſſing property which they can call their own, not ſubjected to petty tyrants, but holding immediately of the Sovereign. By ſuch patriotic means as theſe, the Dutch have forced oaks to grow at Schevelling, a village in the neighbourhood of the Hague, in pure ſea-ſand, of which I have had the evidence from my own eyes. I repeat an aſſertion already hazarded: It is not on the face of vaſt domains, but into the baſket of the vintager, and the apron of the reaper, that GOD pours down from Heaven the precious fruits of the Earth.

Theſe extenſive diſtricts of land in the kingdom, lying totally uſeleſs, have attracted the attention of ſordid cupidity; but there is a ſtill greater quantity which has eſcaped it, from the impoſſibility of forming ſuch tracks into marquiſates or ſeignories; and becauſe, too, the great plough is not at all applicable to them. Theſe are, among others, the ſtripes by the high-way ſide, which are innumerable. Our great roads are, I admit, for the moſt part rendered productive, being ſkirted with elms. The elm is undoubtedly a very uſeful tree: it's wood is proper for cartwright's work. But we have a tree which is far preferable to it, becauſe it's wood is never attacked by the inſect; it is excellent for wainſcotting, and it produces abundance of very nutrimental food:

food: it is the cheſtnut-tree I mean. A judgment may be formed of the duration and of the beauty of it's wood, from the ancient wainſcotting of the market St. Germain, before it was burnt down. The joiſts were of a prodigious length and thickneſs, and perfectly ſound, though more than four hundred years old. The durable quality of this wood may ſtill be aſcertained, by examining the wainſcotting of the ancient caſtle of Marcouſſi, built in the time of *Charles* VI. about five leagues from Paris. We have, of late, entirely neglected this valuable tree, which is now allowed to grow only as coppice wood in our foreſts. It's port, however, is very majeſtic, it's foliage beautiful, and it bears ſuch a quantity of fruit, in tiers multiplied one a-top of the other, that no ſpot, of the ſame extent, ſown with corn, could produce a crop of ſubſiſtence ſo plentiful.

It muſt be admitted, as we have ſeen, in diſcuſſing the characters of vegetables, that this tree takes pleaſure only in dry and elevated ſituations; but we have another, adapted to the vallies and humid places, of not much inferior utility, whether we attend to the wood or to the fruit, and whoſe port is equally majeſtic: it is the walnut-tree. Theſe beautiful trees would magnificently decorate our great roads. With them might, likewiſe, be intermixed other trees, peculiar to each diſtrict. They

They would announce to travellers the various provinces of the kingdom: the vine, Burgundy; the apple-tree, Normandy; the mulbery-tree, Dauphiny; the olive-tree, Provence. Their ftems loaded with produce, would determine much better than ftakes furnifhed with iron collars, and than the tremendous gibbets of criminal juftice, the limits of each province, and the gently diverfified feignories of Nature.

It may be objected, that the crops would be gathered by paffengers; but they hardly ever touch the grapes in the vineyards which fometimes fkirt the highway. Befides, if they were to pick the fruit, what great harm would be done? When the King of Pruffia ordered the fides of many of the great roads through Pomerania to be planted with fruit-trees, it was infinuated to him that the fruit would be ftolen: "The people," replied he, "at "leaft, will profit by it." Our crofs-roads prefent, perhaps, ftill more loft ground than the great highways. If it is confidered, that by means of them the communication is kept up between the fmaller cities, towns, villages, hamlets, abbeys, caftles, and even fingle country-houfes; that feveral of them iffue in the fame place, and that every one muft have, at leaft, the breadth of a chariot; we fhall find the whole fpace which they occupy to be of incredible magnitude. It would be proper

to begin with applying the line to them; for moſt of them proceed in a ſerpentine direction, which, in many caſes, adds a full third to their length, beyond what is neceſſary. I acknowledge, at the ſame time, that theſe ſinuoſities are highly agreeable, eſpecially along the declivity of a hill, over the ridge of a mountain, in rural ſituations, or through the midſt of foreſts. But they might be rendered ſuſceptible of another kind of beauty, by ſkirting them with fruit-trees, which do not riſe to a great height, and which, flying off in perſpective, would give a greater apparent extenſion to the landſcape. Theſe trees would likewiſe afford a ſhade to travellers. The huſbandmen, I know, allege, that the ſhade, ſo grateful to paſſengers, is injurious to their ſtanding corn. They are undoubtedly in the right, as to ſeveral ſorts of grain; but there are ſome which thrive better in places ſomewhat ſhaded than any where elſe, as may be ſeen in the *Pré Saint-Gervais*. Beſides, the farmer would be amply indemnified by the wood of the fruit-trees, and by the crops of fruit. The intereſts even of the huſbandman and of the traveller, might farther be rendered compatible, by planting only the roads which go from North to South, and the South ſide of thoſe which run Eaſt and Weſt, ſo that the ſhade of their trees ſhould ſcarcely fall on the arable lands.

It would be, moreover, neceſſary, in order to increaſe the national ſubſiſtence, to reſtore to the plough great quantities of land now in paſture. There is hardly ſuch a thing as a meadow in all China, a country ſo extremely populous. The Chineſe ſow every where corn and rice, and feed their cattle with the ſtraw. They ſay it is better that the beaſts ſhould live with Man than Man with the beaſts. Their cattle are not the leſs fat for this. The German horſes, the moſt vigorous of animals, feed entirely on ſtraw cut ſhort, with a ſmall mixture of barley or oats. Our farmers are every day adopting practices the direct contrary of this economy. They turn, as I have obſerved in many provinces, a great deal of land which formerly produced corn, into ſmall graſs-farms, to ſave the expence of cultivation, and eſpecially to eſcape the tithe, which their clergy do not receive from paſture-lands. I have ſeen, in Lower-Normandy, immenſe quantities of land, thus forced out of their natural ſtate, greatly to the public detriment. The following anecdote was told me, on my taking notice of an ancient track of corn-land, which had undergone a metamorphoſis of this ſort. The rector, vexed at loſing part of his revenue, without having it in his power to complain, ſaid to the owner of the land, by way of advice: "Maſter *Peter*, in my opinion, if you

"would

"would remove the ftones from that ground, dung "it well, plough it thoroughly, and fow it with "corn, you might ftill raife very excellent crops." The farmer, an arch, fhrewd fellow, perceiving the drift of his tithing-man, replied: "You are in the "right, good Mr. Rector; if you will take the "ground, and do all this to it, I fhall afk no more "of you than the tithe of the crop."

Our agriculture will never attain all the activity of which it is fufceptible, unlefs it is reftored to it's native dignity. Means ought, therefore, to be employed to induce a multitude of eafy and idle burghers, who vegetate in our fmall cities, to go and live in the country. In order to determine them to this, hufbandmen ought to be exempted from the humiliating impofitions of tallage, of feignorial exactions, and even of thofe of the militia-fervice, to which they are at prefent fubjected. The ftate muft undoubtedly be ferved, when neceffity requires; but wherefore affix characters of humiliation to the fervices which fhe impofes? Why not accept a commutation in money? It would require a great deal, our Politicians tell us. Yes, undoubtedly. But do not our Burgeffes, likewife, pay many impofts in our towns, in lieu of thofe very fervices? Befides, the more inhabitants that there are fcattered over the country, the lighter will fall the burthen on thofe who are affef-

fable.

ſable. A man properly brought up would much rather be touched in his purſe, than ſuffer in his ſelf-love.

By what fatal contradiction have we ſubjected the greateſt part of the lands of France to ſoccage-tenures, while we have ennobled thoſe of the New World? The ſame huſbandman who, in France, muſt pay tallage, and go, with the pick-axe in his hand, to labour on the high-road, may introduce his children into the King's Houſhold, provided he is an inhabitant of one of the Weſt-India Iſlands. This injudicious diſpenſation of nobility has proved no leſs fatal to thoſe foreign poſſeſſions, into which it has introduced ſlavery, than to the lands of the Mother-Country, the labourers of which it has drained of many of their reſources. Nature invited, into the wilderneſſes of America, the overflowings of the European Nations: ſhe had there diſpoſed every thing, with an attention truly maternal, to indemnify the Europeans for the loſs of their country. There is no neceſſity, in thoſe regions, for a man to ſcorch himſelf in the Sun, while he reaps his grain, nor to be benumbed with cold in tending his flocks as they feed, nor to cleave the ſtubborn earth with the clumſy plough, to make it produce aliment for him, nor to rake into it's bowels to extract from thence iron, ſtone, clay, and the firſt materials of his houſe and furni-

ture.

ture. Kind Nature has there placed on trees, in the ſhade, and within the reach of the hand, all that is neceſſary and agreeable to human life. She has there depoſited milk and butter in the nuts of the cocoa-tree; perfumed creams in the apples of the *atte*; table-linen and proviſion in the large ſattiny leaves, and in the delicious figs of the banana; loaves ready for the fire in the potatoes, and the roots of the manioc; down finer than the wool of the fleecy ſheep in the ſhell of the cotton-plant; diſhes of every form in the gourds of the calabaſſe. She had there contrived habitations, impenetrable by the rain and by the rays of the Sun, under the thick branches of the Indian fig-tree, which, riſing toward Heaven, and afterwards deſcending down to the ground where they take root, form, by their continued arcades, palaces of verdure. She had ſcattered about, for the purpoſes at once of delight and of commerce, along the rivers, in the boſom of the rocks, and in the very bed of torrents, the maize, the ſugar-cane, the chocolate-nut, the tobacco plant, with a multitude of other uſeful vegetables, and, from the reſemblance of the Latitudes of this New World to that of the different countries of the Old, ſhe promiſed it's future inhabitants to adopt, in their favour, the coffee-plant, the indigo, and the other moſt valuable vegetable productions of Africa and of Aſia. Wherefore has the ambition of Europe inundated thoſe

thoſe happy climates with the tears and blood of the human race? Ah! had liberty and virtue collected and united their firſt planters, how many charms would French induſtry have added to the natural fecundity of the ſoil, and to the happy temperature of the tropical regions!

No fogs or exceſſive heats are there to be dreaded; and though the Sun paſſes twice a year over their Zenith, he every day brings with him, as he riſes above the Horizon, along the ſurface of the Sea, a cooling breeze, which all day long refreſhes the mountains, the foreſts, and the valleys. What delicious retreats might our poor ſoldiers, and poſſeſſionleſs peaſants, find, in thoſe fortunate iſlands! What expenſe in garriſons might there have been ſpared! What petty ſeigniories might there have become the recompenſe either of gallant officers, or of virtuous citizens! What nurſeries of excellent ſeamen might be formed by the turtle-fiſhery, ſo abundant on the ſhallows ſurrounding the iſlands, or by the ſtill more extenſive and profitable cod-fiſhery of the banks of Newfoundland! It would not have coſt Europe much more than the expenſe of the ſettlement of the firſt families. With what facility might they have been ſucceſſively extended to the moſt remote diſtances, by forming them, after the manner of the Caraïbs themſelves, one after another, and at the expenſe of the community!

nity! Undoubtedly, had this natural progreſſion been adopted, our power would at this day have extended to the very centre of the American Continent, and could have bidden defiance to every attack.

Government has been taught to believe, that the independence of our colonies would be a neceſſary conſequence of their proſperity, and the caſe of the Anglo-American colonies has been adduced in proof of this. But theſe colonies were not loſt to Great-Britain becauſe ſhe had rendered them too happy; it was, on the contrary, becauſe ſhe oppreſſed them. Britain was, beſides, guilty of a great error, by introducing too great a mixture of ſtrangers among her coloniſts. There is, farther, a remarkable difference between the genius of the Engliſh and ours. The Engliſhman carries his country with him wherever he goes: if he is making a fortune abroad, he embelliſhes his habitation in the place where he has ſettled, introduces the manufactures of his own Nation into it, there he lives, and there he dies; or, if he returns to his country, he fixes his reſidence near the place of his birth. The Frenchman does not feel in the ſame manner: all thoſe whom I have ſeen in the Weſt-Indies, always conſider themſelves as ſtrangers there. During a twenty years reſidence in one habitation, they will not plant a ſingle tree before the door of the

 houſe,

houſe, for the benefit of enjoying it's ſhade; to hear them talk, they are all on the wing to depart, next year at fartheſt. If they actually happen to acquire a fortune, away they go, nay, frequently, without having made any thing, and, on their return home, ſettle, not in their native province or village, but at Paris.

This is not the place to unfold the cauſe of that national averſion to the place of birth, and of that predilection in favour of the Capital; it is an effect of ſeveral moral cauſes, and, among others, of education. Be it as it may, this turn of mind is alone ſufficient to prevent for ever the independence of our colonies. The enormous expence of preſerving them, and the facility with which they are captured, ought to have cured us of this prejudice. They are all in ſuch a ſtate of weakneſs, that if their commerce with the Metropolis were to be interrupted but for a few years, they would preſently be diſtreſſed for want of many articles eſſentially neceſſary. It is even ſingularly remarkable, that they do not manufacture there a ſingle production of the country. They raiſe cotton of the very fineſt quality, but make no cloth of it as in Europe; they do not ſo much as practiſe the art of ſpinning it, as the Savages do; nor do they, like them, turn to any account the threads of *pitte*, of thoſe of the banana, or of the leaves of the

the palmiſt. The cocoa-tree, which is a treaſure to the Eaſt-Indies, comes to great perfection in our iſlands, and ſcarcely any uſe is made of the fruit, or of the threaden huſk that covers it. They cultivate indigo, but employ it in no proceſs whatever of dying. Sugar, then, is the only article of produce which is there purſued through the ſeveral neceſſary proceſſes, becauſe it cannot be turned to commercial account till it is manufactured; and, after all, it muſt be refined in Europe, before it attains a ſtate of full perfection.

We have had, it muſt be admitted, ſome ſeditious inſurrections in our Colonies; but theſe have been much more frequent in their ſtate of weakneſs than in that of their opulence. It is the injudicious choice of the perſons ſent thither, which has, at all times, rendered them the ſeat of diſcord. How could it be expected that citizens, who had diſturbed the tranquility of a long eſtabliſhed ſtate of Society, ſhould concur in promoting the peace and proſperity of a riſing community? The Greeks and Romans employed the flower of their youth, and their moſt virtuous citizens, in the plantation of their colonies: and they became themſelves, kingdoms and empires. Far different is the caſe with us: bachelor-ſoldiers, ſeamen, gownmen, and of every rank; officers of the higher orders, ſo numerous and ſo uſeleſs, have filled ours with

the paſſions of Europe, with a rage for faſhion, with unprofitable luxury, with corruptive maxims, and licentious manners. Nothing of this kind was to be apprehended from our undebauched peaſantry. Bodily labour ſoothes to reſt the ſolicitudes of the mind; fixes it's natural reſtleſſneſs; and promotes among the people health, patriotiſm, religion, and happineſs. But admitting that, in proceſs of time, theſe Colonies ſhould be ſeparated from France: Did Greece waſte herſelf in tears, when her flouriſhing Colonies carried her laws and her renown over the coaſts of Aſia, and along the ſhores of the Euxine Sea, and of the Mediterranean? Did ſhe take the alarm, when they became the ſtems out of which ſprung powerful kingdoms and illuſtrious republics? Becauſe they ſeparated from her, were they transformed into her enemies; and was ſhe not, on the contrary, frequently protected by them? What harm would have enſued, had ſhoots from the tree of France borne lilies in America, and ſhaded the New World with their majeſtic branches?

Let the truth be frankly acknowledged, Few men, admitted to the councils of Princes, take a lively intereſt in the felicity of Mankind. When ſight of this great object is loſt, national proſperity, and the glory of the Sovereign, quickly diſappear. Our Politicians, by keeping the Colonies

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in a perpetual ſtate of dependance, of agitation and penury, have diſcovered ignorance of the nature of Man, who attaches himſelf to the place which he inhabits, only by the ties of the felicity which he enjoys. By introducing into them the ſlavery of the Negroes, they have formed a connection between them and Africa, and have broken aſunder that which ought to have united them to their poor fellow-citizens. They have, farther, diſcovered ignorance of the European character, which is continually apprehenſive, under a warm climate, of ſeeing it's blood degraded, like that of it's ſlaves; and which ſighs inceſſantly after new alliances with it's compatriots, for keeping up, in the veins of thoſe little ones, the circulation of the clear and lively colour of the European blood, and the ſentiments of country, ſtill more intereſting. By giving them perpetually new civil and military rulers, magiſtrates entire ſtrangers to them, who keep them under a ſevere yoke; men, in a word, eager to accumulate a fortune, they have betrayed ignorance of the French character, which had no need of ſuch barriers to reſtrain it to the love of country, ſeeing it is univerſally regretting it's productions, it's honours, nay, it's very diſorders. They have, accordingly, ſucceeded, neither in forming coloniſts for America, nor patriots for France; and they have miſtaken, at once, the in-

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terefts of their Nation, and of their Sovereigns, whom they meant to ferve.

I have dwelt the longer on the fubject of thefe abufes, that they are not yet beyond the power of remedy in various refpects, and that there are ftill lands in the New Worlds, on which a change may be attempted in the nature of our eftablifhments. But this is neither the time nor the place for unfolding the means of thefe. After having propofed fome remedies for the phyfical diforders of the Nation, let us now proceed to the moral irregularity which is the fource of them. The principal caufe is the fpirit of divifion which prevails between the different orders of the State. There are only two methods of cure; the firft, to extinguifh the motives to divifion; the fecond, to multiply and increafe the motives to union.

The greateft part of our Writers make a boaft of our national fpirit of fociety; and foreigners, in reality, look upon it as the moft fociable in Europe. Foreigners are in the right, for the truth is, we receive and carefs them with ardor; but our Writers are under a miftake. Shall I venture to expofe it? We are thus fond of ftrangers, becaufe we do not love our compatriots. For my own part, I have never met with this fpirit of union,

union, either in families, or in aſſociations, or in natives of the ſame province; I except only the inhabitants of a ſingle province, which I muſt not name; who, as ſoon as they are got a little from home, expreſs the greateſt ardor of affection for each other. But, as all the truth muſt out, it is rather from antipathy to the other inhabitants of the kingdom, than from love to their compatriots, for, from time immemorial, that province has been celebrated for inteſtine diviſions. In general, the real ſpirit of patriotiſm, which is the firſt ſentiment of humanity, is very rare in Europe, and particularly among ourſelves.

Without carrying this reaſoning any farther, let us look for the proofs of the fact, which are level to every capacity. When we read certain relations of the cuſtoms and manners of the Nations of Aſia, we are touched with the ſentiment of humanity, which, among them, attracts men to each other, notwithſtanding the phlegmatic taciturnity which reigns in their aſſemblies. If, for example, an Aſiatic, on a journey, ſtops to enjoy his repaſt, his ſervants and camel-driver collect around him, and place themſelves at his table. If a ſtranger happens to paſs by, he too ſits down with him, and, after having made an inclination of the head to the maſter of the family, and given God thanks, he riſes, and goes on his way, without

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being interrogated by any one, who he is, whence he comes, or whither he goes. This hoſpitable practice is common to the Armenians, to the Georgians, to the Turks, to the Perſians, to the Siameſe, to the Blacks of Madagaſcar, and to different Nations of Africa and of America. In thoſe countries Man is ſtill dear to Man.

At Paris, on the contrary, if you go into the dining-room of a Tavern, where there are a dozen tables ſpread, ſhould twelve perſons arrive, one after another, you ſee each of them take his place apart, at a ſeparate table, without uttering a ſyllable. If new gueſts did not ſucceſſively come in, each of the firſt twelve would eat his morſel alone, like a Carthuſian monk. For ſome time, a profound ſilence prevails, till ſome thoughtleſs fellow, put into good humour by his dinner, and preſſed by an inclination to talk, takes upon him to ſet the converſation a-going. Upon this, the eyes of the whole company are drawn toward the orator, and he is meaſured, in a twinkling, from head to foot. If he has the air of a perſon of conſequence, that is, rich, they give him the hearing. Nay, he finds perſons diſpoſed to flatter him, by confirming his intelligence, and applauding his literary opinion, or his looſe maxim. But if his appearance diſplays no mark of extraordinary diſtinction, had he delivered ſentiments worthy of a *Socrates*, ſcarce has he

he proceeded to the opening of his thesis, when some one interrupts him with a flat contradiction. His opponents are contradicted in their turn, by other wits who think proper to enter the lists; then the conversation becomes general and noisy. Sarcasms, harsh names, perfidious insinuations, gross abuse, usually conclude the sitting; and each of the guests retires, perfectly well-pleased with himself, and with a hearty contempt for the rest.

You find the same scenes acted in our coffee-houses, and on our public walks. Men go thither expressly to hunt for admiration, and to play the critic. It is not the spirit of Society which allures us toward each other, but the spirit of division. In what is called good company matters are still worse managed. If you mean to be well received, you must pay for your dinner at the expense of the family with whom you supped the night before. Nay, you may think yourself very well off, if it costs you only a few scandalous anecdotes; and if, in order to be well with the husband, you are not obliged to bubble him, by making love to his wife!

The original source of these divisions is to be traced up to our mode of education. We are taught, from earliest infancy, to prefer ourselves to another, by continued suggestions to be the

the first among our school-companions. As this unprofitable emulation presents not, to far the greatest part of the citizens, any career to be performed on the theatre of the World, each of them assumes a preference from his province, his birth, his rank, his figure, his dress, nay, the tutelary saint of his parish. Hence proceed our social animosities; and all the insulting nicknames given by the Norman to the Gascogn, by the Parisian to the Champenois, by the man of family to the man of no family, by the Lawyer to the Ecclesiastic, by the Jansenist to the Molinist, and so on. The man asserts his pre-eminence, especially, by opposing his own good qualities to the faults of his neighbour. This is the reason that slander is so easy, so agreeable, and that it is, in general, the master-spring of our conversations.

A man of high quality one day said to me, that there did not exist a man, however wretched, whom he did not find superior to himself, in respect of some advantage whereby he surpasses persons of our conditon, whether it be as to youth, health, talents, figure, or, in short, some one good quality or another, whatever our superiority in other respects may be. This is literally true; but this manner of viewing the members of a Society belongs to the province of virtue, and that is not ours. The contrary maxim being equally true,

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our pride lays hold of that, and finds a determination to it from the manners of the World, and from our very education, which from infancy suggests the neceſſity of this perſonal preference.

Our public ſpectacles farther concur toward the increaſe of the ſpirit of diviſion among us. Our moſt celebrated comedies uſually repreſent tutors cozened by their pupils, fathers by their children, huſbands by their wives, maſters by their ſervants. The ſhows of the populace exhibit nearly the ſame pictures; and, as if they were not already ſufficiently diſpoſed to irregularity, they are preſented with ſcenes of intoxication, of lewdneſs, of robbery, of conſtables drubbed: theſe inſtruct them to undervalue, at once, morals and magiſtrates. Spectacles draw together the bodies of the citizens, and alienate their minds.

Comedy, we are told, cures vice by the power of ridicule; *caſtigat ridendo mores.* This adage is equally falſe with many others, which are made the baſis of our morality. Comedy teaches us to laugh at another, and nothing more. No one ſays, when the repreſentation is over, the portrait of this miſer has a ſtrong reſemblance of myſelf; but every one, inſtantly diſcerns in it the image and likeneſs of his neighbour. It is long ſince *Horace* made this remark. But, on the ſuppoſition, that a man ſhould

ſhould perceive himſelf in the dramatic repreſentation, I do not perceive how the reformation of vice would enſue. How could it be imagined, that the way for a phyſician to cure his patient, would be to clap a mirror before his face, and then laugh at him? If my vice is held up as an object of ridicule, the laugh, ſo far from giving me a diſguſt at it, plunges me in the deeper. I employ every effort to conceal it; I become a hypocrite: without taking into the account, that the laugh is much more frequently levelled againſt virtue than againſt vice. It is not the faithleſs wife, or profligate ſon who are held up to ſcorn, but the good-natured huſband, or the indulgent father. In juſtification of our own taſte, we refer to that of the Greeks; but we forget that their idle ſpectacles directed the public attention to the moſt frivolous objects; that their ſtage frequently turned into ridicule the virtue of the moſt illuſtrious citizens; and that their ſcenic exhibitions multiplied among them the averſions and the jealouſies which accelerated their ruin.

Not that I would repreſent laughing as a crime, or that I believe, with *Hobbes*, it muſt proceed from pride. Children laugh, but moſt aſſuredly not from pride. They laugh at ſight of a flower, at the ſound of a rattle. There is a laugh of joy, of ſatisfaction, of compoſure. But ridicule differs widely

widely from the ſmile of Nature. It is not, like this laſt, the effect of ſome agreeable harmony in our ſenſations, or in our ſentiments: but it is the reſult of a harſh contraſt between two objects, of which the one is great, the other little; of which the one is powerful, and the other feeble. It is remarkably ſingular, that ridicule is produced by the very ſame oppoſitions which produce terror; with this difference, that in ridicule, the mind makes a tranſition from an object that is formidable, to one that is frivolous, and, in terror, from an object that is frivolous to one that is formidable. The aſpic of *Cleopatra*, in a baſket of fruit; the fingers of the hand which wrote, amidſt the madneſs of a feſtivity, the doom of *Belſhazzar*; the ſound of the bell which announces the death of *Clariſſa*; the foot of a ſavage imprinted, in a deſert iſland, upon the ſand, ſcare the imagination infinitely more than all the horrid apparatus of battles, executions, maſſacres and death. Accordingly, in order to impreſs an awful terror, a frivolous and unimportant object ought to be firſt exhibited; and in order to excite exceſſive mirth, you ought to begin with a ſolemn idea. To this may be farther added ſome other contraſt, ſuch as that of ſurpize, and ſome one of thoſe ſentiments which plunge us into infinity, ſuch as that of myſtery; in this caſe, the ſoul, having loſt it's equilibrium, precipitates itſelf into terror, or into mirth, according to the arrangement which has been made for it.

We

We frequently ſee theſe contrary effects produced by the ſame means. For example, if the nurſe wants her child to laugh, ſhe ſhrowds her head in her apron; upon this the infant becomes ſerious; then, all at once, ſhe ſhews her face, and he burſts into a fit of laughter. If ſhe means to terrify him, which is but too frequently the caſe, ſhe firſt ſmiles upon the child, and he returns it: then, all at once, ſhe aſſumes a ſerious air, or conceals her face, and the child falls a-crying.

I ſhall not ſay a word more reſpecting theſe violent oppoſitions; but ſhall only deduce this conſequence from them, that it is the moſt wretched part of Mankind which has the greateſt propenſity to ridicule. Terrified by political and moral phantoms, they endeavour, firſt of all, to drown reſpect for them; and it is no difficult matter to ſucceed in this; for Nature, always at hand, to ſuccour oppreſſed humanity, has blended, in moſt things of human inſtitution, the effuſions of ridicule with thoſe of terror. The only thing requiſite is to invert the objects of their compariſon. It was thus that *Ariſtophanes*, by his comedy of *The Clouds*, ſubverted the religion of his country. Attend to the behaviour of lads at college; the preſence of the maſter at firſt ſets them a-trembling: what contrivance do they employ to familiarize themſelves to his idea? They try to turn him into ridicule,

ridicule, an effort in which they commonly ſucceed to admiration. The love of ridicule in a people, is by no means, therefore, a proof of their happineſs, but, on the contrary, of their miſery. This accounts for the gravity of the ancient Romans; they were ſerious, becauſe they were happy: but their deſcendants, who are, at this day, very miſerable, are likewiſe famous for their paſquinades, and ſupply all Europe with harlequins and buffoons.

I do not deny that ſpectacles, ſuch as tragedies, may have a tendency to unite the citizens. The Greeks frequently employed them to this effect. But by adopting their dramas, we deviate from their intention. Their theatrical repreſentations did not exhibit the calamities of other Nations, but thoſe which they themſelves had endured, and events borrowed from the Hiſtory of their own country. Our tragedies excite a compaſſion whoſe object is foreign to us. We lament the diſtreſſes of the family of *Agamemnon*, and we behold, without ſhedding one tear, thoſe who are in the depth of miſery at our very door. We do not ſo much as perceive their diſtreſſes, becauſe they are not exhibited on a ſtage. Our own heroes, nevertheleſs, well repreſented in the theatre, would be ſufficient to carry the patriotiſm of the people to the very height of enthuſiaſm. What crowds of ſpec-

tators

tators have been attracted, and what burfts of applaufe excited, by the heroifm of *Euftace Saint-Pierre*, in the Siege of Calais! The death of *Joan of Arc* would produce effects ftill more powerful, if a man of genius had the courage to efface the ridicule which has been lavifhed on that refpectable and unfortunate young woman, to whofe name Greece would have confecrated altar upon altar.

I will deliver my thoughts on the fubject, in a few words, if, perhaps, it may incite fome virtuous man to undertake it. I could wifh, then, without departing from the truth of Hiftory, to have her reprefented, at the moment when fhe is honoured with the favour of her Sovereign, the acclamations of the army, and at the very pinnacle of glory, deliberating on her return to an obfcure hamlet, there to refume the employments of a fimple fhepherdefs, unnoticed and unknown. Solicited afterwards by *Dunois*, fhe determines to brave new dangers in the fervice of her country. At laft, made prifoner in an engagement, fhe falls into the hands of the Englifh. Interrogated by inhuman judges, among whom are the Bifhops of her own Nation, the fimplicity and innocence of her replies render her triumphant over the infidious queftions of her enemies. She is adjudged by them to perpetual imprifonment. I would have a reprefentation of the dungeon in which fhe is doomed to pafs the

the remainder of her miſerable days, with it's long ſpiracles, it's iron grates, it's maſſy arches, the wretched truckle-bed provided for her repoſe, the cruiſe of water and the black bread, which are to ſerve her for food. I would draw from her own lips the touchingly plaintive reflections, ſuggeſted by her condition, on the nothingneſs of human grandeur, her innocent expreſſions of regret for the loſs of rural felicity: and then the gleams of hope, of being relieved by her Prince, extinguiſhed by deſpair, at ſight of the fearful abyſs which has cloſed over her head.

I would then diſplay the ſnare laid for her, by her perfidious enemies, while ſhe was aſleep, in placing by her ſide the arms with which ſhe had combatted them. She perceives, on awakening, theſe monuments of her glory. Hurried away by the paſſion at once of a woman and of a hero, ſhe covers her head with the helmet, the plume of which had ſhewn the diſpirited French army the road to victory; ſhe graſps with her feeble hands that ſword ſo formidable to the Engliſh; and, at the inſtant when the ſentiment of her own glory is making her eyes to overflow with tears of exultation, her daſtardly foes ſuddenly preſent themſelves, and unanimouſly condemn her to the moſt horrible of deaths. Then it is we ſhould behold a ſpectacle worthy the attention of Heaven itſelf,

virtue conflicting with extreme misery; we should hear her bitter complaints of the indifference of her Sovereign, whom she had so nobly served; we should see her perturbation, at the idea of the horrid punishment prepared for her, and still more, at the apprehension of the calumny which is for ever to sully her reputation; we should hear her, amidst conflicts so tremendous, calling in question the existence of a Providence, the protector of the innocent.

To death at last, however, walk out she must. At that moment it is, I could wish to see all her courage re-kindle. I would have her represented on the funeral-pile, where she is going to terminate her days, looking down on the empty hopes with which the World amuses those who serve it; exulting at the thought of the everlasting infamy with which her death will clothe her enemies, and of the immortal glory which will for ever crown the place of her birth, and even that of her execution. I could wish that her last words, animated by Religion, might be more sublime than those of *Dido*, when she exclaims, on the fatal pile:— *Exoriare aliquis nostris ex ossibus ultor.* "Start up "some dire avenger from these bones."

I could wish, in a word, that this subject, treated by a man of genius, after the manner of *Shakespear*,

Shakeſpear *, which, undoubtedly, he would not have failed to do, had *Joan of Arc* been an Engliſh-woman, might be wrought up into a patriotic Drama;

* The compliment here paid to *Shakeſpear* is juſtly merited; and how well he could have managed the ſtory of the Maid of Orleans, had he taken the incidents as *St.-Pierre* has ſtated them, and written with the partiality of a Frenchman, may be aſcertained by the maſterly touches which he actually has beſtowed on this diſtinguiſhed character, in his Firſt Part of *Henry* VI. It may afford ſome amuſement, to compare the above proſe ſketch, by our Author, with the poetical painting of our own immortal Bard, in the Drama now mentioned. I take the liberty to tranſcribe only the ſcene in which the audience is prepared for her entrance, and that in which ſhe actually makes her appearance. For the reſt, the Reader is referred to the Play itſelf.

H. H.

Enter the BASTARD OF ORLEANS *to the* DAUPHIN, ALENÇON, *and* REIGNIER.

Baſt. Where's the Prince Dauphin? I have news for him.

Dau. Baſtard of Orleans, thrice welcome to us.

Baſt. Methinks your looks are ſad, your cheer appall'd;
Hath the late overthrow wrought this offence?
Be not diſmay'd, for ſuccour is at hand:
A holy maid hither with me I bring,
Which, by a viſion ſent to her from Heaven,
Ordained is to raiſe this tedious ſiege,
And drive the Engliſh forth the bounds of France.
The ſpirit of deep prophecy ſhe hath,
Exceeding the nine Sibyls of old Rome;
What's paſt, and what's to come, ſhe can deſcry.
Speak, ſhall I call her in? Believe my words,
For they are certain and infallible.

Drama; in order that this illustrious shepherdess may become, with us, the patroness of War, as Saint *Genevieve* is that of Peace; I would have the representation

Dau. Go, call her in: But first, to try her skill,
Reignier, stand thou as Dauphin in my place:
Question her proudly, let thy looks be stern;
By this means shall we sound what skill she hath.

Enter JOAN LA PUCELLE.

Reig. Fair maid, is't thou will do these wond'rous feats?
Pucel. Reignier, is't thou that thinkest to beguile me?
Where is the Dauphin?—Come, come from behind;
I know thee well, though never seen before.
Be not amazed, there's nothing hid from me:
In private will I talk with thee apart;—
Stand back, you Lords, and give us leave awhile.
Reig. She takes upon her bravely at first dash.
Pucel. Dauphin, I am by birth a shepherd's daughter,
My wit untrain'd in any kind of art.
Heaven, and our Lady gracious, hath it pleas'd
To shine on my contemptible estate:
Lo, whilst I waited on my tender lambs,
And to Sun's parching heat display'd my cheeks,
GOD's Mother deigned to appear to me;
And, in a vision full of majesty,
Will'd me to leave my base vocation,
And free my country from calamity:
Her aid she promis'd, and assur'd success:
In complete glory she reveal'd herself;
And, whereas I was black and swart before,
With those clear rays which she infus'd on me,
That beauty am I blest with, which you see.

Ask

representation of her tragedy reserved for the perilous situations in which the State might happen to be involved, and then exhibited to the people, as they display, in similar cases, to the people of Constantinople, the standard of *Mahomet*; and I have no doubt that, at sight of her innocence, of her services, of her misfortunes, of the cruelty of her enemies, and of the horrors of her execution, our people, in a transport of fury, would exclaim: "War, war with the English * !"

Ask me what question thou canst possible,
And I will answer unpremeditated:
My courage try by combat, if thou dar'st,
And thou shalt find that I exceed my sex.
Resolve on this: Thou shalt be fortunate
If thou receive me for thy warlike mate.

—— —— —— —— ——

—Assign'd I am to be the English scourge.
This night the siege assuredly I'll raise:
Expect Saint Martin's Summer, halcyon days,
Since I have enter'd thus into these wars.
Glory is like a circle in the water,
Which never ceases to enlarge itself,
'Till by broad spreading it disperse to nought.
With *Henry*'s death, the English circle ends;
Dispersed are the glories it included.
Now am I like that proud insulting ship,
Which *Cæsar* and his fortune bare at once.

* God forbid I should mean to rouse a spirit of animosity in our people against the English, now so worthy of all our esteem. But as their Writers, and even their Government, have, in more instances

Such means as theſe, though more powerful than draughts for the militia, and than either preſſing or tricking men into the ſervice, are ſtill inſufficient to form real citizens. We are accuſtomed by them to love virtue and our country, only when our heroes are applauded on the theatre. Hence it comes to paſs, that the greateſt part even of perſons of the better ſort, are incapable of appraiſing an action, till they ſee it detailed in ſome journal, or moulded into a drama. They do not form a judgment of it after their own heart, but after the opinion of another; not as it is in reality, and in it's own place, but as clothed with imagery, and fitted to a frame. They delight in heroes when they are applauded, powdered and perfumed; but were they to meet with one pouring out his blood in ſome obſcure corner, and periſhing in unmerited ignominy, they would not acknowledge him to be a hero. Every one would wiſh to be the *Alexander* of the opera, but no one the *Alexander* in the city of the Mallians *.

inſtances than one, deſcended to exhibit odious repreſentations of us, on their ſtage, I was willing to ſhew them, how eaſily we could make repriſals. Rather, may the genius of *Fenelon*, which they prize ſo highly, that one of their moſt amiable fine writers, Lord *Littleton*, exalts it above that of *Plato*, one day unite our hearts and minds!

* See *Plutarch*'s Life of *Alexander*.

Patriotiſm

Patriotiſm ought not to be made too frequently the ſubject of ſcenic repreſentation. A heroiſm ſhould be ſuppoſed to exiſt, which braves death, but which is never talked of. In order, therefore, to replace the people, in this reſpect, in the road of Nature and Virtue, they ſhould be made to ſerve as a ſpectacle to themſelves. They ought to be preſented with realities, and not fictions; with ſoldiers, and not comedians; and if it be impoſſible to exhibit to them the terrible ſpectacle of a real engagement, let them ſee, at leaſt, a repreſentation of the evolutions and the viciſſitudes of one, in military feſtivals.

The ſoldiery ought to be united more intimately with the Nation, and their condition rendered more happy. They are but too frequently the ſubjects of contention in the provinces through which they paſs. The ſpirit of corps animates them to ſuch a degree, that when two regiments happen to meet in the ſame city, an infinite number of duels is generally the conſequence. Such ferocious animoſities are entirely unknown in Pruſſian and Ruſſian regiments, which I conſider as, in many reſpects, the beſt troops in Europe. The King of Pruſſia has contrived to inſpire his ſoldiers, not with the ſpirit of corps, which divides them, but with the ſpirit of country which unites them. This

he has been enabled to accomplish, by conferring on them most of the civil employments in his kingdom, as the recompense of military services. Such are the political ties by which he attaches them to their country. The Russians employ only one, but it is still more powerful; I mean Religion. A Russian soldier believes, that to serve his Sovereign is to serve GOD. He marches into the field of battle, like a neophyte to martyrdom, in the full persuasion, that, if he falls in it, he goes directly to Paradise.

I have heard M. *de Villebois*, Grand Master of the Russian artillery, relate, that the soldiers of his corps who served a battery, in the affair of Zornedorff, having been mostly cut off, the few who remained seeing the Prussians advance, with bayonets fixed, unable to make any farther resistance, but determined not to fly, embraced their guns, and suffered themselves to be all massacred, in order to preserve inviolate the oath which they are called upon to take, when received into the artillery, namely, never to abandon their cannon. A resistance so pertinacious stripped the Prussians of the victory which they had gained, and made the King of Prussia acknowledge, that it was easier to kill the Russians than to conquer them. This heroic intrepidity is the fruit of Religion.

It would be a very difficult matter to reſtore this power to it's proper elaſticity among the French ſoldiery, who are formed, in part, of the diſſolute youth of our great towns. The Ruſſian and Pruſſian ſoldiers are draughted from the claſs of the peaſantry, and value themſelves upon their condition. With us, on the contrary, a peaſant is terrified leſt his ſon ſhould be obliged to go for a ſoldier. Adminiſtration, on it's part, contributes toward the increaſe of this apprehenſion. If there be a ſingle blackguard in a village, the deputy takes care that the black ball ſhall fall upon him, as if a regiment were a galley for criminals.

I once compoſed, on this ſubject, a memorial which ſuggeſted propoſals of a remedy for theſe diſorders, and for the prevention of deſertion among our ſoldiers; but, like many other things of the ſame ſort, it came to nothing. The principal means of reform which I propoſed, were a melioration of the condition of the ſoldiery, as in Pruſſia, by holding up the proſpect of civil employments, which, with us, are infinite in number; and, in order to prevent the irregularities into which they are thrown by a life of celibacy, I propoſed to grant them permiſſion to marry, as moſt of the Ruſſian and Pruſſian ſoldiers do *. This

* I could likewiſe wiſh that the wives of ſailors might be permitted to go to ſea with their huſbands; they would prevent, on ſhip-

method, ſo much adapted to the reformation of manners, would farther contribute toward conciliating our provinces to each other, by the marriages which regiments would contract, in their continual progreſs from place to place. They would ſtrengthen the bands of national affection from North to South; and our peaſantry would ceaſe to be afraid of them, if they ſaw them marching through the country as huſbands and fathers. If the ſoldiery are ſometimes guilty of irregularities, to our military inſtitutions the blame muſt be imputed. I have ſeen others under better diſcipline, but I know of none more generous.

ſhip-board, more than one ſpecies of irregularity. Beſides, they might be uſefully engaged in a variety of employments ſuitable to their ſex, ſuch as dreſſing the victuals, waſhing the linen, mending the ſails, and the like......They might, in many caſes, co-operate in the labours of the ſhip's crew. They are much leſs liable to be affected by the ſcurvy, and by various other diſorders, than men are.

The project of embarking women will, no doubt, appear extravagant to perſons who do not know that there are, at leaſt, ten thouſand women who navigate the coaſting veſſels of Holland; who aſſiſt, on deck, in working the ſhip, and manage the helm as dextrouſly as any man. A handſome woman would, undoubtedly, prove the occaſion of much miſchief on board a French ſhip; but women, ſuch as I have been deſcribing, hardy and laborious, are exceedingly proper, on the contrary, to prevent, or remedy, many kinds of miſchief, which are already but too prevalent in a ſea life.

I was

I was witneſs to a diſplay of humanity on their part, of which I doubt whether any other ſoldiery in Europe would have been capable. It was in the year 1760, in a detachment of our army, then in Germany, and an enemy's country, encamped hard by an inconſiderable city, called Stadberg. I lodged in a miſerable village, occupied by the head-quarters. There were in the poor cottage, where I and two of my comrades had our lodgings, five or ſix women, and as many children, who had taken refuge there, and who had nothing to eat, for our army had foraged their corn, and cut down their fruit-trees. We gave them ſome of our proviſions; but what we could ſpare was a ſmall matter indeed, conſidering both their numbers and their neceſſities. One of them was a young woman big with child, who had three or four children beſide. I obſerved her go out every morning, and return ſome hours after, with her apron full of ſlices of brown bread. She ſtrung them on packthreads, and dried them in the chimney like muſhrooms. I had her queſtioned one day by a ſervant of ours, who ſpoke German and French, where ſhe found that proviſion, and why ſhe put it through that proceſs. She replied, that ſhe went into the camp to ſolicit alms among the ſoldiers; that each of them gave her a piece of his ammunition-bread, and that ſhe dried the ſlices in order to preſerve them; for ſhe did not know where to look for a ſupply

ſupply, after we were gone, the country being utterly deſolated.

A ſoldier's profeſſion is a perpetual exerciſe of virtue, from the neceſſity to which it conſtantly ſubjects the man, to ſubmit to privations innumerable, and frequently to expoſe his life. It has Religion, therefore, for it's principal ſupport. The Ruſſians keep up the ſpirit of it, in their national troops, by admitting among them not ſo much as one foreign ſoldier. The King of Pruſſia, on the contrary, has accompliſhed the ſame purpoſe, by receiving into his, ſoldiers of every religion; but he obliges every one of them exactly to obſerve that which he has adopted. I have ſeen, both at Berlin and at Potſdam, every Sunday morning, the officers muſtering their men on the parade, about eleven o'clock, and then filing off with them in ſeparate detachments, Calviniſts, Lutherans, Catholics, every one to his own church, to worſhip God in his own way.

I could wiſh to have aboliſhed among us the other cauſes of diviſion, which lay one citizen under the temptation, that he may live himſelf, to wiſh the hurt or the death of another. Our politicians have multiplied, without end, theſe ſources of hatred, nay, have rendered the State an accomplice in ſuch ungracious ſentiments, by the eſta-

bliſhment

blishment of lotteries, of tontines, and of annuities. "So many persons," say they, "have died this "year; the State has gained so much." Should a pestilence come, and sweep off one half of the people, the State would be wonderfully enriched! Man is nothing in their eyes; gold is all in all. Their art consists in reforming the vices of Society, by violences offered to Nature: and, what is passing strange, they pretend to act after her example. "It is her intention, they gravely tell you, that "every species of being should subsist only by the "ruin of other species. Particular evil is general "good." By such barbarous and erroneous maxims are Princes misled. These Laws have no existence in Nature, except between species which are opposite and inimical. They exist not in the same species of animals, which live together in a state of Society. The death of a bee, most assuredly, never tended to promote the prosperity of the hive. Much less still can the calamity and death of a man be of advantage to his Nation, and to Mankind, the perfect happiness of which must consist in a perfect harmony between it's members. We have demonstrated in another place, that it is impossible the slightest evil should befal a simple individual, without communicating the impression of it to the whole body politic.

Our rich people entertain no doubt that the good things of the lower orders will reach them, as they enjoy the productions of the arts which the poor cultivate; but they participate equally in the ills which the poor suffer, let them take what precautions they will to secure themselves. Not only do they become the victims of their epidemical maladies, and of their pillage, but of their moral opinions, which are ever in a progress of depravation in the breasts of the wretched. They start up, like the plagues which issued from the box of *Pandora*, and, in defiance of armed guards, force their way through fortresses and castle-walls, and fix their residence in the heart of tyrants. In vain do they dream of personal exemption, from the ills of the vulgar; their neighbours catch the infection, their servants, their children, their wives, and impose the necessity of abstinence from every thing, in the very midst of their enjoyments.

But when, in a Society, particular bodies are constantly converting to their own profit the distresses of others, they perpetuate these very distresses, and multiply them to infinity. It is a fact easily ascertained, that wherever advocates and physicians peculiarly abound, law-suits and diseases there likewise are found in uncommon abundance. Though there be among them men of the best dispositions

pofitions, and of the foundeft intellect, they do not fet their face againft irregularities which are beneficial to their corps.

Thefe inconveniencies are by no means defperate; I am able to quote inftances to this effect, which no fophiftry can invalidate. On my entering into the fervice of Ruffia, the firft month's revenue of my place was ftopped, as a complete indemnification for the expenfe attending the treatment of every kind of malady with which I might be attacked; and this included, together with myfelf, my fervants, and my family, if I fhould happen to marry; and extended to every poffible expenfe of Phyfician, Surgeon, and Apothecary. There was farther ftopped, for the fame object, a fmall fum, amounting to one, or one and a half, per cent. of my appointments: this was to have been paid annually; and every ftep higher I might have rifen, I was to have given an additional month's pay of that fuperior rank. This is the complete amount of the tax upon officers, in confideration of which they and their families are entitled to every kind of medical advice and affiftance, under whatever indifpofition.

The Phyficians and Surgeons of every corps have, at the fame time, a fufficiently ample revenue arifing from thefe payments. I recollect that the

the Physician of the corps in which I ſerved, had an annual income of a thouſand roubles, or five thouſand livres (about two hundred guineas), and little or nothing to do for it; for, as our maladies brought him nothing, they were of very ſhort duration. As to the ſoldiers, if my recollection is accurate, they are medically treated, without any defalcation of their pay. The grand Diſpenſary belongs to the Emperor. It is in the city of Moſcow, and conſiſts of a magnificent pile of building. The medicines are depoſited in vaſes of porcelain, and are always of the very beſt quality. They are thence diſtributed over the reſt of the Empire, at a moderate price, and the profit goes to the Crown. There is not the ſlighteſt ground to apprehend impoſition in the conduct of this buſineſs. The perſons employed, in the preparation and diſtribution, are men of ability, who have no kind of intereſt in adulterating them, and who, as they riſe in a regular progreſſion of rank and ſalary, are actuated with no emulation but that of diſcharging their duty with fidelity *.

* The inſatiable thirſt of gold and luxury might be allayed in the greateſt part of our citizens, by preſenting them with a great number of theſe political perſpectives. They conſtitute the charm of petty conditions, by diſplaying to them the attractions of infinity, the ſentiment of which, as we have ſeen, is ſo natural to the heart of Man. It is by means of theſe, that mechanics and ſmall ſhopkeepers are much more powerfully attached, by moderate profits, to their contracted ſpheres, enlivened by hope, than

The example of *Peter* the Great challenges imitation; and the order which he has eſtabliſhed among his troops, with reſpect to Phyſicians and Apothecaries, might be extended all over the kingdom, not only in the line of the medical profeſſion, though even this would bring an immenſe increaſe of revenue to the State, but might alſo be uſefully applied to the profeſſion of the Law. It is greatly to be wiſhed that Attorneys, Advocates, and Judges, were paid by the State, and ſcattered over the whole kingdom, not for the purpoſe of arguing cauſes, but of ſettling them by reference. Theſe arrangements might be extended to all deſcriptions of profeſſion, which ſubſiſt on the diſtreſs of the Public: then the whole body of the citizens, finding their repoſe and their fortune in the happineſs

than the rich and great are to lofty ſituations, the term of which is before them. The proceſs which paſſes in the head of the little, is ſomething ſimilar to the milk-maid's train of thought, in the fable. With the price of this milk I will buy eggs; eggs will give me chicks; thoſe chicks will grow up to hens; I will ſell my poultry, and buy a lamb, and ſo on. The pleaſure which they enjoy, in purſuing thoſe endleſs progreſſions, is the ſweet illuſion that carries them through their labours; and it is ſo real, that, when they happen to accumulate a fortune, and are able to live in eaſe and affluence, their health gradually declines, and moſt of them terminate their days in languor and melancholy. Modern Politicians, revert then to Nature! The ſweeteſt muſic is not emitted from flutes made of gold and ſilver, but from thoſe which are conſtructed of ſimple reeds.

of the State, would exert themſelves, to the uttermoſt, to maintain it.

Theſe cauſes, and many others, divide, among us, all the different claſſes of the Nation. There is not a ſingle province, city, village, but what diſtinguiſhes the province, city, village, next to it, by ſome injurious and inſulting epithet. The ſame remark applies to the various ranks and conditions of Society. *Divide & impera*, Divide and govern, ſay our modern Politicians. This maxim has ruined Italy, the country from whence it came. The oppoſite maxim contains much more truth. The more united citizens are, the more powerful and happy is the Nation which they compoſe. At Rome, at Sparta, at Athens, a citizen was at once advocate, ſenator, pontiff, edile, huſbandman, warrior, and even ſeaman. Obſerve to what a height of power thoſe republics advanced. Their citizens were, however, far inferior to us in reſpect of general knowledge, but they were inſtructed in two great Sciences, of which we are ignorant, namely, the love of the Gods, and of their Country. With theſe ſublime ſentiments, they were prepared for every thing. Where they are wanting, Man is good for nothing. With all our encyclopedic literature, a great man with us, even in point of talents, would be but the fourth part, at moſt, of a Greek or a Roman.. He would diſtinguiſh himſelf much

much more in ſupporting the honour of his particular profeſſion, but very little in maintaining the honour of his country.

It is our wretched political conſtitution which produces in the State ſo many different centres. There was a time when we talked of our being republicans. Verily, if we had not a King, we ſhould live in perpetual diſcord. Nay, how many Sovereigns do we make of one ſingle and lawful Monarch! Every corps has it's own, who is not the Sovereign of the Nation. How many projects are formed, and defeated, in the King's name! The King of the waters, and of the foreſts, is at variance with the King of the bridges and highways. The King of the colonies ſanctions a plan of improvement, the King of the finances refuſes to advance the money. Amidſt theſe various conflicts, of paramount authority, nothing is executed. The real King, the King of the People, is not ſerved.

The ſame ſpirit of diviſion prevails in the Religion of Europe. What miſchief has not been practiſed in the name of God! All acknowledge the One Supreme Being, who created the Heavens, and the Earth, and Man; but each kingdom has it's own, who muſt be worſhipped according to a certain ritual. To this God it is that each Nation, in particular, offers thankſgiving, on occaſion

 of

of every battle. In his name it was that the poor Americans were exterminated. The God of Europe is clothed with terror, and devoutly adored. But where are the altars of the God of Peace, of the Father of Mankind, of Him who proclaims the glad tidings of the Gofpel? Let our modern Politicians trumpet their own applaufe, on the happy fruits of thofe divifions, and of an education dictated by ambition. Human life, fo fleeting and fo wretched, paffes away in this unremitting ftrife; and while the Hiftorians of every Nation, well paid for their trouble, are extolling to Heaven the victories of their Kings and of their Pontiffs, the People are addreffing themfelves, in tears, to the God of the Human Race, and afking of Him the way in which they ought to walk, in order to reach his habitation at length, and to live a life of virtue and happinefs upon the earth.

The caufe of the ills which we endure, I repeat it, is to be found in our vain-glorious Education; and in the wretchednefs of the commonalty, which communicates a powerful influence to every new opinion, becaufe they are ever expecting from novelty fome mitigation of the preffure of inveterate woes. But as foon as they perceive that their opinions become tyrannical, in their turn, they prefently renounce them: and this is the origin of their levity. Whenever they can find the means of

of living in eaſe and abundance, they will be no longer ſubject to theſe viciſſitudes, as we have ſeen in the inſtance of the Dutch, who print and ſell the theological, political, and literary controverſies of all Europe, without being themſelves, in the leaſt, affected, as to their civil and religious opinions; and when our public education ſhall be reformed, the people will enjoy the happy and uninterrupted tranquility of the Nations of Aſia.

Before I proceed to ſuggeſt my ideas on this ſubject, I take the liberty to propoſe ſome other means of general union. I ſhall conſider myſelf as amply recompenſed for the labour which my reſearches have coſt me, if ſo much as a ſingle one of my hints of reform ſhall be adopted.

OF PARIS.

It has already been obſerved, that few Frenchmen are attached to the place of their birth. The greateſt part of thoſe who acquire fortune in foreign countries, on their return, ſettle at Paris. This, upon the whole, is no great injury to the State. The ſlighter their attachment to their Country, the eaſier it is to fix them at Paris, One ſingle point of union is neceſſary to a great Nation. Every country which has acquired celebrity by it's

 patriotiſm,

patriotifm, has likewife fixed the centre of it in their Capital, and frequently in fome particular monument of that Capital; the Jews had theirs at Jerufalem, and it's Temple; the Romans, theirs at Rome, and the Capitol; the Lacedemonians, theirs at Sparta, and in citizenfhip.

I am fond of Paris. Next to a rural fituation, and a rural fituation fuch as I like, I give Paris the preference to any thing I have ever feen in the World. I love that city, not only on account of it's happy fituation, becaufe all the accommodations of human life are there collected, from it's being the centre of all the powers of the kingdom, and for the other reafons, which made *Michael Montaigne* delight in it, but becaufe it is the afylum and the refuge of the miferable. There it is that the provincial ambitions, prejudices, averfions, and tyrannies, are loft and annihilated. There a man may live in obfcurity and liberty. There, it is poffible to be poor without being defpifed. The afflicted perfon is there decoyed out of his mifery, by the public gaiety; and the feeble there feels himfelf ftrong in the ftrength of the multitude. Time was when, on the faith of our political Writers, I looked upon that city as too great. But I am now far from thinking that it is of fufficient extent, and fufficiently majeftic, to be the Capital of a kingdom fo flourifhing.

I could

I could wiſh that, our ſea-ports excepted, there were no city in France but Paris; that our provinces were covered only with hamlets, and villages, and ſub-divided into ſmall farms; and that, as there is but one centre in the kingdom, there might likewiſe be but one Capital. Would to GOD it were that of all Europe, nay, of the whole Earth; and that, as men of all Nations bring thither their induſtry, their paſſions, their wants, and their misfortunes, it ſhould give them back, in fortune, in enjoyment, in virtues, and in ſublime conſolations, the reward of that aſylum which they there reſort to ſeek!

Of a truth, our mind, illuminated as it is, at this day, with ſuch various knowledge, wants the nobly comprehenſive graſp which diſtinguiſhed our forefathers. Amidſt their ſimple and Gothic manners, they entertained the idea, I believe, of rendering it the Capital of Europe. The traces of this deſign are viſible in the names which moſt of their eſtabliſhments bear; the Scottiſh College, the Iriſh, that of the Four Nations; and in the foreign names of the Royal houſehold-troops. Behold that noble monument of antiquity, the church of Notre-Dame, built more than ſix hundred years ago, at a time when Paris did not contain the fourth part of the inhabitants with which it is now peopled; it is more vaſt, and more majeſtic than any thing

 of

of the kind which has been ſince reared. I could wiſh that this ſpirit of *Philip* the Auguſt, a Prince too little known in our frivolous age, might ſtill preſide over it's eſtabliſhments, and extend the uſe of them to all Nations. Not but that men of every Nation are welcome there, for their money; our enemies themſelves may live quietly there, in the very midſt of war, provided they are rich; but, above all, I could wiſh to render her good and propitious to her own children. I do not know of any advantage which a Frenchman derives from having been born within her walls, unleſs it be, when reduced to beggary, that of having it in his power to die in one of her hoſpitals. Rome beſtowed very different privileges on her citizens; the moſt wretched among them, there enjoyed privileges and honours, more ample than were communicated even to Kings, in alliance with the Republic.

It is pleaſure which attracts the greateſt part of ſtrangers to Paris; and if we trace thoſe vain pleaſures up to their ſource, we ſhall find that they proceed from the miſery of the People, and from the eaſy rate at which it is there poſſible to procure girls of the town, ſpectacles, modiſh finery, and the other productions which miniſter to luxury. Theſe means have been highly extolled by modern politicians. I do not deny that they occaſion a conſiderable

considerable influx of money into a country; but, at the long run, neighbouring Nations imitate them; the money of strangers disappears, but their debauched morals remain. See what Venice has come to, with her mirrors, her pomatums, her courtezans, her masquerades, and her carnival. The frivolous arts on which we now value ourselves, have been imported from Italy, whose feebleness and misery they this day constitute.

The noblest spectacle which any Government can exhibit, is that of a people laborious, industrious, and content. We are taught to be well-read in books, in pictures, in algebra, in heraldry, and not in men. Connoisseurs are rapt with admiration at sight of a Savoyard's head, painted by *Greuze*; but the Savoyard himself is at the corner of the street, speaking, walking, almost frozen to death, and no one minds him. That mother, with her children around her, forms a charming group; the picture is invaluable: the originals are in a neighbouring garret, without a farthing whereupon to subsist. Philosophers! ye are transported with delight, and well you may, in contemplating the numerous families of birds, of fishes, and of quadrupeds, the instincts of which are so endlessly varied, and to which one and the same Sun communicates life. Examine the families of men, of which the inhabitants of the Capital consist, and you would

would be disposed to say, that each of them had borrowed it's manners, and it's industry, from some species of animal; so varied are their employments.

Walk out to yonder plain, at the entrance of the city; behold that general officer mounted on his prancing courser: he is reviewing a body of troops: see, the heads, the shoulders, and the feet, of his soldiers, arranged in the same straight line; the whole embodied corps has but one look, one movement. He makes a sign, and in an instant a thousand bayonets gleam in the air; he makes another, and a thousand fires start from that rampart of iron. You would think, from their precision, that a single fire had issued from a single piece. He gallops round those smoke-covered regiments, at the sound of drums and fifes, and you have the image of *Jupiter*'s eagle, armed with the thunder, and hovering round Etna. A hundred paces from thence, there, is an insect among men. Look at that puny chimney-sweeper, of the colour of soot, with his lantern, his cymbal, and his leathern greaves: he resembles a black-beetle. Like the one which, in Surinam, is called the lantern-bearer, he shines in the night, and moves to the sound of a cymbal. This child, those soldiers, and that general, are equally men; and while birth, pride, and the demands of social life establish infinite

finite differences among them, Religion places them on a level: ſhe humbles the head of the mighty, by ſhewing them the vanity of their power; and ſhe raiſes up the head of the unfortunate, by diſcloſing to them the proſpects of immortality: ſhe thus brings back all men to the equality which Nature had eſtabliſhed at their birth, and which the order of Society had diſturbed.

Our Sybarites imagine they have exhauſted every poſſible mode of enjoyment. Our moping, melancholy old men conſider themſelves as uſeleſs to the World; they no longer perceive any other perſpective before them, but death. Ah! paradiſe and life are ſtill upon the earth, for him who has the power of doing good.

Had I been bleſſed with but a moderate degree of fortune, I would have procured for myſelf an endleſs ſucceſſion of new enjoyments. Paris ſhould have become to me a ſecond *Memphis*. It's immenſe population is far from being known to us. I would have had one ſmall apartment, in one of it's ſuburbs, adjoining to the great road; another at the oppoſite extremity, on the banks of the Seine, in a houſe ſhaded with willows and poplars; another in one of it's moſt frequented ſtreets; a fourth in the manſion of a gardener, ſurrounded with

with apricot-trees, figs, coleworts, and lettuces; a fifth in the avenues of the city, in the heart of a vineyard, and so on.

It is an easy matter, undoubtedly, to find, every where, lodgings of this description, and at an easy rate; but it may not be so easy to find persons of probity for hosts and neighbours. There is, it must be admitted, much depravity among the lower orders; but there are various methods which may be employed to find out such as are good and honest: and with them I commence my researches after pleasure. A new *Diogenes*, I am set out in search of men. As I look only for the miserable, I have no occasion to use a lantern. I get up at day-break, and step, to partake of a first mess, into a church still but half illumined by the day-light: there I find poor mechanics come to implore God's blessing on their day's labour. Piety, exalted above all respect to Man, is one assured proof of probity: cheerful submission to labour is another. I perceive, in raw and rainy weather, a whole family squat on the ground, and weeding the plants of a garden*: here, again, are good people,

* Persons employed in the culture of vegetables are, in general, a better sort of people. Plants have their Theology impressed upon them. I one day, however, fell in with a husbandman who was an atheist. It is true, he had not picked up his opinions

people. The night itſelf cannot conceal virtue. Toward midnight, the glimmering of a lamp announces to me, through the aperture of a garret, ſome poor widow prolonging her nocturnal induſtry, in order to bring up, by the fruits of it, her little ones who are ſleeping around her. Theſe ſhall be my neighbours and my hoſts. I announce myſelf to them as a wayfaring man, as a ſtranger, who wiſhes to breathe a little in that vicinity. I beſeech them to accommodate me with part of their habitation, or to look out for an apartment that will ſuit me, in the neighbourhood. I offer a good price, and am domeſticated preſently.

I am carefully on my guard, in the view of ſecuring the attachment of thoſe honeſt people, againſt giving them money for nothing, or by way of alms; I know of means much more honourable to gain their friendſhip. I order a greater quantity of proviſion than is neceſſary for my own uſe, and the overplus turns to account in the family; I reward the children for any little ſervices which they

opinions in the fields, but from books. He ſeemed to be exceedingly well ſatisfied with his attainments in knowledge. I could not help ſaying to him at parting: "You have really gained a "mighty point, in employing the reſearches of your under-"ſtanding, to render yourſelf miſerable!"

In the hypothetical examples hereafter adduced, there is ſcarcely any one article of invention merely, except the good which I did not do.

render

render me: I carry the whole houfehold, of a holiday, into the country, and fit down with them to dinner upon the grafs; the father and mother return to town in the evening, well refrefhed, and loaded with a fupply for the reft of the week. On the approach of Winter, I clothe the children with good woollen ftuffs, and their little warmed limbs blefs their benefactor, becaufe my haughty, vain-glorious bounty, has not frozen their heart. It is the godfather of their little brother who has made them a prefent of the clothes. The lefs clofely you twift the bands of gratitude, the more firmly do they contract of themfelves.

I enjoy not only the pleafure of doing good, and of doing it in the beft manner; I have the farther pleafure of amufing and inftructing myfelf. We admire in books the labours of the artifan, but books rob us of half our pleafure, and of the gratitude which we owe them. They feparate us from the People, and they impofe upon us, by difplaying the arts with exceffive parade, and in falfe lights, as fubjects for the theatre, and for the magic-lantern. Befides, there is more knowledge in the head of an artifan than in his art, and more intelligence in his hands, than in the language of the Writer who tranflates him. Objects carry their own expreffion upon them: *Rem verba fequuntur* (words follow things). The man of the com-

monalty

monalty has more than one way of obſerving and of feeling, which is not a matter of indifference. While the Philoſopher riſes as high into the clouds as he poſſibly can, the other keeps contentedly at the bottom of the valley, and beholds very different perſpectives in the World. Calamity forms him at the length, as well as another man. His language purifies with years; and I have frequently remarked, that there is very little difference, in point of accuracy, of perſpicuity, and of ſimplicity, between the expreſſions of an aged peaſant and of an old courtier. Time effaces from their ſeveral ſtyles of language, and from their manners, the ruſticity and the refinement, which Society had introduced. Old-age, like infancy, reduces all men to a level, and gives them back to Nature.

In one of my encampments, I have a landlord who has made the tour of the Globe. He has been ſeaman, ſoldier, bucanier. He is ſagacious as *Ulyſſes*, but more ſincere. When I have placed him at table with me, and made him taſte my wine, he gives me a relation of his adventures. He knows a multitude of anecdotes. How many times was he on the very point of making fortune, but failed! He is a ſecond *Ferdinand Mendez Pinto*. The upſhot of all is, he has got a good wife, and lives contented.

My landlord, in another of my ſtations, has lived a very different life; he ſcarcely ever was beyond the walls of Paris, and but ſeldom beyond the precinct of his ſhop. But though he has not travelled over the World, he has not miſſed his ſhare of calamity, by ſtaying at home. He was very much at his eaſe; he had laid up, by means of his honeſt ſavings, fifty good Louis d'or, when one night his wife and daughter thought proper to elope, carrying his treaſure with them. He had almoſt died with vexation. Now, he ſays, he thinks no more about it; and cries as he tells me the ſtory. I compoſe his mind, by talking kindly to him; I give him employment; he tries to diſſipate his chagrin by labour; his induſtry is an amuſement to me: I ſometimes paſs complete hours in looking at him, as he bores, and turns, pieces of oak as hard as ivory.

Now and then I ſtop in the middle of the city before the ſhop of a ſmith; and then I am transformed into the Lacedemonian *Liches*, at Tegeum, attending to the proceſſes of forging and hammering iron. The moment that the man perceives me attentive to his work, I will ſoon acquire his confidence. I am not, as *Liches* was, looking for the tomb of *Oreſtes* *; but I have occaſion to

* See *Herodotus*, book i.

employ

employ the art of a ſmith: if not for myſelf, for the benefit of ſome one elſe. I order this honeſt fellow to manufacture for me ſome ſolid uſeful articles of houſehold furniture, which I intend to beſtow, as a monument to preſerve my memory in ſome poor family. I wiſh, beſides, to purchaſe the friendſhip of an artificer; I am perfectly ſure that the attention which he ſees I pay to his work, will induce him to exert his utmoſt ſkill in executing it. I thus hit two marks with one ſtone. A rich man, in ſimilar circumſtances, would give alms, and confer no obligation on any one.

J. J. Rouſſeau told me a little anecdote of himſelf, relative to the ſubject in hand. "One-day," ſaid he, "I happened to be at a village-feſtival, "in a gentleman's country-ſeat, not far from Paris. "After dinner, the company betook themſelves to "walking up and down the fair, and amuſed "themſelves with throwing pieces of ſmall money "among the peaſantry, to have the pleaſure of "ſeeing them ſcramble and fight, in picking them "up. For my own part, following the bent of my "ſolitary humour, I walked apart in another direc- "tion. I obſerved a little girl ſelling apples, diſ- "played on a flat baſket, which ſhe carried before "her. To no purpoſe did ſhe extol the excel- "lence of her goods; no cuſtomer appeared to "cheapen them. How much do you aſk for all

"your apples, ſaid I to her?—All my apples? re-
"plied ſhe, and at the ſame time began to reckon
"with herſelf.—Threepence, Sir, ſaid ſhe.—I take
"them at that price, returned I, on condition you
"will go and diſtribute them among theſe little
"Savoyards, whom you ſee there below: this was
"inſtantly executed. The children were quite
"tranſported with delight at this unexpected re-
"gale, as was likewiſe the little merchant at
"bringing her wares to ſo good a market. I ſhould
"have conferred much leſs pleaſure on them had
"I given them the money. Every one was ſatis-
"fied, and no one humbled." The great art of doing good conſiſts in doing it judiciouſly. Religion inſtructs us in this important ſecret, in recommending to us to do to others what we wiſh ſhould be done to us.

I ſometimes betake myſelf to the great road, like the ancient Patriarchs, to do the honours of the City to ſtrangers who may happen to arrive. I recollect the time when I myſelf was a ſtranger in ſtrange lands, and the kind reception I met with when far from home. I have frequently heard the nobility of Poland and Germany complain of our grandees. They allege, that French travellers of diſtinction are treated in theſe countries with unbounded hoſpitality and attention; but that they, on viſiting France, in their turn, are almoſt entirely

tirely neglected. They are invited to one dinner on their arrival, and to another when preparing to depart: and this is the whole amount of our hoſpitality. For my own part, incapable of acquitting the obligations of this kind which I lie under to the Great of foreign countries, I repay them to their commonalty.

I perceive a German travelling on foot; I accoſt him, I invite him to ſtop and take a little repoſe at my habitation. A good ſupper, and a glaſs of good wine, diſpoſe him to communicate to me the occaſion of his journey. He is an officer; he has ſerved in Pruſſia and in Ruſſia; he has been witneſs to the partition of Poland. I interrupt him to make my enquiries after Mareſchal Count *Munich*, the Generals *de Villebois* and *du Boſquet*, the Count *de Munchio*, my friend M. *de Taubenheim*, Prince *Xatorinſki*, Field Mareſchal of the Poliſh Confederation, whoſe priſoner I once was. Moſt of them are dead, he tells me; the reſt are ſuperannuated, and retired from all public employment. Oh! how melancholy it is, I exclaim, to travel from one's country, and to make acquaintance with eſtimable men abroad, whom we are never to ſee more! Oh! how rapid a career is human life! Happy the man who has it in his power to employ it in doing good! My gueſt favours me with a ſhort detail of his adventures: to theſe I pay the

closest attention, from their resemblance to my own. His leading object was to deserve well of his fellow-creatures, and he has been rewarded by them with calumny and persecution. He is under misfortunes; he has come to France to put himself under the Queen's protection; he hopes a great deal from her goodness. I confirm his hopes, by the idea which public opinion has conveyed to me of the character of that Princess, and by that which Nature has impressed on her physionomy. I am pouring the balm of consolation, he tells me, into his heart. Full of emotion, he presses my hand. My cordial reception of him is a happy presage of the rest; he could have met with nothing so friendly even in his own country. Oh! what pungent sorrow may be soothed to rest by a single word, and by the feeblest mark of benevolence!

I remember that one day I found, not far from the iron-gate de Caillot, at the entrance into the Elysian Fields, a young woman sitting with a child in her lap, on the brink of a ditch. She was handsome, if that epithet may be applied to a female overwhelmed in melancholy. I walked into the sequestered alley where she had taken her station; the moment that she perceived me, she looked the other way: her timidity and modesty fixed my eyes on her. I remarked that she was very decently dressed, and wore very white linen; but

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her gown and neck handkerchief were ſo completely darned over, that you would have ſaid the ſpiders had ſpun the threads. I approached her with the reſpect which is due to the miſerable; I bowed to her, and ſhe returned my ſalute with an air of gentility, but with reſerve. I then endeavoured to engage her in converſation, by talking of the wind and the weather: her replies conſiſted of monoſyllables only. At length, I ventured to aſk if ſhe had come abroad for the pleaſure of enjoying a walk in the country: upon this ſhe began to ſob and weep, without uttering a ſingle word. I ſat down by her, and inſiſted, with all poſſible circumſpection, that ſhe would diſcloſe to me the cauſe of her diſtreſs. She ſaid to me; "Sir, my "huſband has juſt been involved in a bankruptcy "at Paris, to the amount of five thouſand livres "(£.208 6*s.* 8*d.*); I have been giving him a con-"voy as far as Neuilly: he is gone, on foot, a "journey of ſixty leagues hence, to try to recover "a little money which is due to us. I have given "him my rings, and all my other little trinkets, "to defray the expenſe of his journey; and all "that I have left in the world, to ſupport myſelf "and my child, is a ſingle ſhilling piece."——"What pariſh do you belong to, Madam?" ſaid I.—"St. Euſtache," replied ſhe.—"The Rector," I ſubjoined, "paſſes for a very charitable, good "man."—"Yes, Sir," ſaid ſhe, "but you need

" not to be informed, that there is no charity in " pariſhes for us miſerable Jews." At theſe words, her tears began to flow more copiouſly, and ſhe aroſe to go on her way. I tendered her a ſmall pittance toward her preſent relief, which I beſought her to accept, at leaſt as a mark of my good-will. She received it, and returned me more reverences and thanks, and loaded me with more benedictions, than if I had re-eſtabliſhed her huſband's credit. How many delicious banquets might that man enjoy, who would thus lay out three or four hundred pounds a year!

My different eſtabliſhments, ſcattered over the Capital and the vicinity, variegate my life moſt innocently and moſt agreeably. In Winter, I take up my reſidence in that which is expoſed completely to the noon-day Sun; in Summer, I remove to that which has a northern aſpect, and hangs over the cooling ſtream. At another time, I pitch my tent in the neighbourhood of the Rue d'Artois, among piles of hewn ſtone, where I ſee palaces riſing around me, pediments decorated with ſphynxes, domes, kioſques. I take care never to enquire to whom they belong. Ignorance is the mother of pleaſure and of admiration. I am in Egypt, at Babylon, in China. To-day I ſup under an acacia, and am in America: to-morrow, I ſhall dine in the midſt of a kitchen-garden, under

under an arbour ſhaded with lilach; and I ſhall be in France.

But, I ſhall be aſked, Is there nothing to be feared in ſuch a ſtyle of living? May I meet the final period of my days, while engaged in the practice of virtue! I have heard many a hiſtory of perſons who periſhed in hunting-matches, in parties of pleaſure, while travelling by land and by water; but never in performing acts of beneficence. Gold is a powerful commander of reſpect with the commonalty. I diſplay wealth ſufficient to ſecure their attention, but not enough to tempt any one to plunder me. Beſides, the police of Paris is in excellent order. I am very circumſpect in the choice of my hoſts; and if I perceive that I have been miſtaken in my ſelection, the rent of my lodgings is paid beforehand, and I return no more.

On this plan of life, I have not the leaſt occaſion for the encumbrances of furniture and ſervants. With what tender ſolicitude am I expected, in each of my habitations! What ſatisfaction does my arrival inſpire! What attention and zeal do my entertainers expreſs to outrun my wiſhes! I enjoy among them the choiceſt bleſſings of Society, without feeling any of the inconveniences. No one ſits down at my table to backbite his neighbour, and no one leaves it with a

diſpoſition to ſpeak unkindly of me. I have no children; but thoſe of my landlady are more eager to pleaſe me than their own parents. I have no wife: the moſt ſublime charm of love is to deviſe and accompliſh the felicity of another. I aſſiſt in the formation of happy marriages, or in promoting the happineſs of thoſe which are already formed. I thus diſſipate my perſonal languor, I put my paſſions upon the right ſcent, by propoſing to them the nobleſt attainments at which they can aim, upon the earth. I have drawn nigh to the miſerable with an intention to comfort them, and from them, perhaps, I ſhall derive conſolation in my turn.

In this manner it is in your power to live, O ye great ones of the earth! and thus might you multiply your fleeting days in the land through which you are merely travellers. Thus it is that you may learn to know men; and form no longer, with your own Nation, a foreign race, a race of conquerors, living on the ſpoils of the country you have ſubdued. Thus it is, that, iſſuing from your palaces, encircled with a crowd of happy vaſſals, who are loading you with benedictions, you might preſent the image of the ancient Patricians, a name ſo dear to the Roman people. You are every day looking out for ſome new ſpectacle; there is no one which poſſeſſes ſo much the charm of novelty as the happineſs of Mankind. You wiſh for

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objects that are interesting: there is no one more interesting than the sight of the families of the poor peasantry, diffusing fruitfulness over your vast and solitary domains, or superannuated soldiers, who have deserved well of their country, seeking refuge under the shadow of your wings. Your compatriots are surely much better than tragedy heroes, and more interesting than the shepherds of the comic opera.

The indigence of the commonalty is the first cause of the physical and moral maladies of the rich. It is the business of administration to provide a remedy. As to the maladies of the soul resulting from indigence, I could wish some palliatives, at least, might be found. For this purpose, I would have formed, at Paris, some establishment similar to those which humane Physicians and sage Lawyers have there instituted, for remedying the ills of body and of fortune; I mean dispensaries of consolation, to which an unfortunate wretch, secure of secresy, nay, of remaining unknown, might resort to disclose the cause of his distress. We have, I grant, confessors and preachers, for whom the sublime function of comforting the miserable seems to be reserved. But confessors are not always of the same disposition with their penitents, especially when the penitent is poor, and not much known to them. Nay, there are many confessors who have

neither the talents nor the experience requisite to the comforter of the afflicted. The point is not to pronounce absolution to the man who confesses his sins, but to assist him in bearing up under those of another, which lie much heavier upon him.

As to preachers, their sermons are usually too vague, and too injudiciously applied to the various necessities of their hearers. It would be of much more importance to the Public, if they would announce the subject of their intended discourses, rather than display the titles of their ecclesiastical dignities. They will declaim against avarice to a prodigal, or against profusion to a miser. They will expatiate on the dangers of ambition to a young man in love; and on those of love to an ancient female devotee. They will inculcate the duty of giving alms on the persons who receive them; and the virtue of humility on a poor water-porter. There are some who preach repentance to the unfortunate, who promise the joys of paradise to voluptuous courts, and who denounce the flames of hell against starving villages. I have known, in the country, a poor female peasant driven to madness, by a sermon of this cast. She believed herself to be in a state of damnation, and lay along speechless and motionless. We have no sermons calculated to cure languor, sorrow, scru-

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pulousness of conscience, melancholy, chagrin, and so many other distempers which prey upon the soul. Besides, how many circumstances change, to every particular auditor, the nature of the pain which he endures, and render totally useless to him all the parade of a trim harangue. It is no easy matter to find out, in a soul wounded, and oppressed with timidity, the precise point of it's grief, and to apply the balm and the hand of the good Samaritan to the sore. This is an art known only to minds endowed with sensibility, who have themselves suffered severely, and which is not always the attainment of those who are virtuous only.

The people feel the want of this consolation; and finding no man to whom they can make application for it, they address themselves to stones. I have sometimes read, with an aching heart, in our churches, billets affixed by the wretched, to the corner of a pillar, in some obscure chapel. They represented the cases of unhappy women abused by their husbands; of young people labouring under embarrassment: they solicited not the money of the compassionate, but their prayers. They were upon the point of sinking into despair. Their miseries were inconceivable. Ah! if men who have themselves been acquainted with grief, of all conditions, would unite in presenting to the sons and daughters of affliction, their experience and

and their ſenſibility, more than one illuſtrious ſufferer would come and draw from them thoſe conſolations, which all the preachers, and books, and philoſophy in the World, are incapable to adminiſter. All that the poor man needs, in many caſes, in order to ſoothe his woe, is a perſon into whoſe ear he can pour out his complaint.

A Society, compoſed of men ſuch as I have fondly imagined to myſelf, would undertake the important taſk of eradicating the vices and the prejudices of the populace. They would endeavour, for example, to apply a remedy to the barbarity which impoſes ſuch oppreſſive loads on the miſerable horſes, and cruelly abuſes them in other reſpects, while every ſtreet of the city rings with the horrible oaths of their drivers. They would likewiſe employ their influence with the rich, to take pity, in their turn, upon the human race. You ſee, in the midſt of exceſſive heats, the hewers of ſtone expoſed to the meridian Sun, and to the burning reverberation of the white ſubſtance on which they labour. Hence theſe poor people are frequently ſeized with ardent fevers, and with diſorders in the eyes, which iſſue in blindneſs. At other times, they have to encounter the long rains, and pinching cold of Winter, which bring on rheums and conſumptions. Would it be a very coſtly precaution for a maſter-builder, poſſeſſed of humanity,

humanity, to rear in his work-yard, a moveable ſhed of matting or ſtraw, ſupported by poles, to ſerve as a ſhelter to his labourers? By means of a fabric ſo ſimple, they might be ſpared various maladies of body and of mind; for moſt of them, as I have obſerved, are, in this reſpect, actuated by a falſe point of honour; and have not the courage to employ a ſcreen againſt the burning heat of the Sun, or againſt rainy weather, for fear of incurring the ridicule of their companions.

The people might farther be inſpired with a reliſh for morality, without the uſe of much expenſive cookery. Nay, every appearance of diſguiſe renders truth ſuſpected by them. I have many a time ſeen plain mechanics ſhed tears at reading ſome of our good romances, or at the repreſentation of a tragedy. They afterwards demanded, if the ſtory which had thus affected them was really true; and on being informed that it was imaginary, they valued it no longer; they were vexed to think that they had thrown away their tears. The rich muſt have fiction, in order to render morality palatable, and morality is unable to render fiction palatable to the poor; becauſe the poor man ſtill expects his felicity from truth, and the rich hope for theirs, only from illuſion.

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The rich, however, ſtand in no leſs need than the populace, of moral affections. Theſe are, as we have ſeen, the moving ſprings of all the human paſſions. To no purpoſe do they pretend to refer the plan of their felicity to phyſical objects; they ſoon loſe all taſte for their caſtles, their pictures, their parks, when, inſtead of ſentiment, they poſſeſs merely the ſenſations of them. This is ſo indubitably true, that if, under the preſſure of their languor, a ſtranger happens to arrive to admire their luxury, all their powers of enjoyment are renovated. They ſeem to have conſecrated their life to an indefinite voluptuouſneſs; but preſent to them a ſingle ray of glory, in the very boſom of death itſelf, and they are immediately on the wing to overtake it. Offer them regiments, and they poſt away after immortality. It is the moral principle, therefore, which muſt be purified and directed in Man. It is not in vain, then, that Religion preſcribes to us the practice of virtue, which is the moral ſentiment by way of excellence, ſeeing it is the road to happineſs, both in this World, and in that which is to come.

The ſociety of which I have been ſuggeſting the idea, would farther extend it's attentions, into the retreats of virtue itſelf. I have remarked that, about the age of forty-five, a ſtriking revolution takes

takes place in moſt men, and, to acknowledge the truth, that it is then they degenerate, and become deſtitute of principle. At this period it is that women transform themſelves into men, according to the expreſſion of a celebrated Writer, in other words, that they become completely depraved. This fatal revolution is a conſequence of the vices of our education, and of the manners of Society. Both of theſe preſent the proſpect of human happineſs, only toward the middle period of life, in the poſſeſſion of fortune and of honours. When we have painfully ſcrambled up this ſteep mountain, and reached it's ſummit, about the middle of our courſe, we re-deſcend with our eyes turned back toward youth, becauſe we have no perſpective before us but death. Thus the career of life is divided into two parts, the one conſiſting of hopes, the other of recollections; and we have laid hold of nothing, by the way, but illuſions.

The firſt, at leaſt, ſupport us by feeding deſire; but the others overwhelm us, by inſpiring regret only. This is the reaſon that old men are leſs ſuſceptible of virtue than young people, though they talk much more about it, and that they are much more melancholy among us than among ſavage Nations. Had they been directed by Religion and Nature, they muſt have rejoiced in the approach of their latter end, as veſſels juſt ready

to enter the harbour. How much more wretched are thofe who, having devoted their youth to virtue, feduced by that treacherous commerce with the World, look backward, and regret the pleafures of youth, which they knew not how to prize! The empty glare which encompaffes the wicked, dazzles their eyes; they feel their faith ftaggering, and they are ready to exclaim with *Brutus*:— "O Virtue! thou art but an empty name." Where fhall we find books and preachers capable of reftoring confidence to them in tempefts, which have fhaken even the Saints? They transfix the foul with fecret wounds, and torment it with gnawing ulcers, which fhrink from difcovery. They are beyond all poffibility of relief, except from a fociety of virtuous men, who have been themfelves tried through all the combinations of human woe, and who, in default of the ineffectual arguments of reafon, may bring them back to the fentiment of virtue, at leaft by that of their friendfhip.

There is in China, if I am not miftaken, an eftablifhment fimilar to that which I am propofing. At leaft certain Travellers, and, among others, *Ferdinand Mendez Pinto*, make mention of a houfe of Mercy, which takes up and pleads the caufe of the poor and the oppreffed, and which, in an infinite number of inftances, goes forth to meet the calls of the miferable, much farther than our charitable

ritable Ladies do. The Emperor has beſtowed the moſt diſtinguiſhed privileges on it's members; and the Courts of Juſtice pay the utmoſt deference to their requeſts. Such a ſociety, employed in acting well, would merit, among us, at leaſt prerogatives as high as thoſe whoſe attention is reſtricted to ſpeaking well; and by drawing forward into view the virtues of our own obſcure citizens, would deſerve, at the leaſt, as highly of their Country, as thoſe who do nothing but retail the ſentences of the ſages, or, what is not leſs common, the brilliant crimes, of Antiquity.

Scrupulous care ought to be taken not to give to ſuch an aſſociation, the form of an Academy or Fraternity. Thanks to our mode of education, and to our manners, every thing that is reduced to form among us, corps, congregation, ſect, party, is generally ambitious and intolerant. If the men which compoſe them draw nigh to a light, which they themſelves have not kindled, it is to extinguiſh it; if they touch upon the virtue of another, it is to blight it. Not that the greateſt part of the members of thoſe bodies are deſtitute of excellent qualities individually; but their incorporation is good for nothing, for this reaſon ſimply, that it preſents to them centres different from the common centre of Country. What is it that has rendered the word ſo dear to humanity, theatrical

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and vain? What ſenſe is now-a-days affixed to the term charity, the Greek name of which, χάρις, ſignifies attraction, grace, lovelineſs? Can any thing be more humiliating than our parochial charities, and than the humanity of our Philoſophers?

I leave this project to be unfolded and matured by ſome good man, who loves GOD and his fellow-creatures, and who performs good actions, in the way that Religion preſcribes, without letting his left hand know what his right hand doth. Is it then a matter of ſo much difficulty to do good? Let us purſue the oppoſite ſcent to that which is followed by the ambitious and the malignant. They employ ſpies to furniſh them with all the ſcandalous anecdotes of the day; let us employ ours in diſcovering, and bringing to light, good works performed in ſecret. They advance to meet men in elevated ſituations, to range themſelves under their ſtandards, or to level them with the ground; let us go forth in queſt of virtuous men in obſcurity, that we may make them our models. They are furniſhed with trumpets to proclaim their own actions, and to decry thoſe of others; let us conceal our own, and be the heralds of other mens' goodneſs. There is ſuch a thing as refinement in vice; let us carry virtue to perfection.

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I am ſenſible that I may be apt to ramble a little too far. But ſhould I have been ſo happy as to ſuggeſt a ſingle good idea to one more enlightened than myſelf; ſhould I have contributed to prevent, ſome day in time to come, one poor wretch, in deſpair, from going to drown himſelf, or, in a fit of rage, from knocking out his enemy's brains, or, in the lethargy of languor, from going to ſquander his money and his health among looſe women; I ſhall not have ſcribbled over a piece of paper in vain.

Paris preſents many a retreat to the miſerable, known by the name of hoſpitals. May Heaven reward the charity of thoſe who have founded them, and the ſtill greater virtue of thoſe perſons of both ſexes who ſuperintend them! But firſt, without adopting the exaggerated ideas of the populace, who are under the perſuaſion that theſe houſes poſſeſs immenſe revenues, it is certain, that a perſon well known, and an adept in the ſcience of public finance, having undertaken to furniſh the plan of a receptacle for the ſick, found, on calculation, that the expenſe of each of them would not exceed eight-pence halfpenny a day: that they might be much better provided on theſe terms, and at an eaſier rate, than in the hoſpitals. For my own part, I am clearly of opinion, that theſe ſame pence, diſtributed day by day, in the houſe

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of a poor ſick man, would produce a ſtill farther ſaving, by contributing to the ſupport of his wife and children. A ſick perſon of the commonalty has hardly need of any thing more than good broths; his family might partly ſubſiſt on the meat of which they were made.

But hoſpitals are ſubject to many other inconveniencies. Maladies of a particular character are there generated, frequently more dangerous than thoſe which the ſick carry in with them. They are ſufficiently known, ſuch eſpecially as are denominated hoſpital-fevers. Beſides theſe, evils of a much more ſerious nature, thoſe which affect morals, are there communicated. A perſon of extenſive knowledge and experience has aſſured me, that moſt of the criminals who terminate their days on a gibbet, or in the galleys, are the ſpawn of hoſpitals. This amounts to what has been already aſſerted, that a corps, of whatever deſcription, is always depraved, eſpecially a corps of beggars. I could wiſh, therefore, that ſo far from collecting, and crowding together, the miſerable, they might be provided for, under the inſpection of their own relations, or entruſted to poor families, who would take care of them.

Public priſons are neceſſary; but it is ſurely deſirable that the unhappy creatures there immured, ſhould

ſhould be leſs miſerable while under confinement. Juſtice, undoubtedly, in depriving them of liberty, propoſes not only to puniſh, but to reform, their moral character. Exceſs of miſery and evil communications can change it only from bad to worſe. Experience farther demonſtrates, that there it is the wicked acquire the perfection of depravity. One who went in only feeble and culpable, comes out an accompliſhed villain. As this ſubject has been treated profoundly by a celebrated Writer, I ſhall purſue it no farther. I ſhall only beg leave to obſerve, that there is no way but one to reform men, and that is to render them happier. How many who were living a life of criminality in Europe, have recovered their character in the Weſt-India Iſlands, to which they were tranſported! They are become honeſt men there, becauſe they have there found more liberty, and more happineſs, than they enjoyed in their native country.

There is another claſs of Mankind ſtill more worthy of compaſſion, becauſe they are innocent: I mean perſons deprived of the uſe of reaſon. They are ſhut up; and they ſeldom fail, of conſequence, to become more inſane than they were before. I ſhall, on this occaſion, remark, that I do not believe there is through the whole extent of Aſia, China however excepted, a ſingle place of confinement for perſons of this deſcription. The Turks treat

them with ſingular reſpect; whether it be that *Mahomet* himſelf was occaſionally ſubject to mental derangement, or whether from a religious opinion they entertain, that as ſoon as a madman ſets his foot into a houſe, the bleſſing of God enters it with him. They delay not a moment to ſet food before him, and careſs him in the tendereſt manner. There is not an inſtance known of their having injured any one. Our madmen, on the contrary, are miſchievous, becauſe they are miſerable. As ſoon as one appears in the ſtreets, the children, themſelves already rendered miſerable by their education, and delighted to find a human being, on whom they can vent their malignity with ſafety, pelt him with ſtones, and take pleaſure in working him up into a rage. I muſt farther obſerve, that there are no madmen among ſavages; and that I could not wiſh for a better proof that their political conſtitution renders them more happy than poliſhed Nations are, as mental derangement proceeds only from exceſſive chagrin.

The number of inſane perſons under confinement is, with us, enormouſly great. There is not a provincial town, of any conſiderable magnitude, but what contains an edifice deſtined to this uſe. Their treatment in theſe is ſurely an object of commiſeration, and loudly calls for the attention of Government, conſidering that if after all they are

no

no longer citizens, they are ſtill men, and innocent men too. When I was purſuing my ſtudies at Caen, I recollect having ſeen, in the madman's ward, ſome ſhut up in dungeons, where they had not ſeen the light for fifteen years. I one evening accompanied into ſome of thoſe diſmal caverns, the good Curé de S. Martin, whoſe boarder I then was, and who had been called to perform the laſt duties of his office to one of thoſe poor wretches, on the point of breathing his laſt. He was obliged, as well as I, to ſtop his noſe all the time he was by the dying man; but the vapour which exhaled from his dunghill was ſo infectious, that my clothes retained the ſmell for more than two months, nay, my very linen, after having been repeatedly ſent to the waſhing. I could quote traits of the mode of treatment of thoſe miſerable objects, which would excite horror. I ſhall relate only one, which is ſtill freſh in my memory.

Some years ago, happening to paſs through l'Aigle, a ſmall town in Normandy, I ſtrolled out about ſun-ſet, to enjoy a little freſh air. I perceived, on a riſing ground, a convent moſt delightfully ſituated. A monk, who ſtood porter, invited me in to ſee the houſe. He conducted me through an immenſe court, in which the firſt thing that ſtruck my eye, was a man of about forty years old, with half a hat on his head, who advanced di-

rectly upon me, ſaying, " Be ſo good as ſtab me " to the heart; be ſo good as ſtab me to the heart." The monk, who was my guide, ſaid to me, " Sir, " don't be alarmed; he is a poor captain, who loſt " his reaſon, on account of an unmilitary prefer- " ence that paſſed upon him in his regiment."

" This houſe, then," ſaid I to him, " ſerves as " a receptacle for lunatics:" " Yes," replied he, " I am Superior of it." He walked me from court to court, and conducted me into a ſmall encloſure, in which were ſeveral little cells of maſon work, and where we heard perſons talking with a good deal of earneſtneſs. There we found a canon in his ſhirt, with his ſhoulders quite expoſed, converſing with a man of a fine figure, who was ſeated by a ſmall table, in front of one of thoſe little cells. The monk went up to the poor canon, and, with his full ſtrength, applied a blow of his fiſt to the wretch's naked ſhoulder, ordering him, at the ſame time, to turn out. His comrade inſtantly took up the monk, and emphatically ſaid to him: " Man of blood, you are guilty of a very cruel " action. Do not you ſee that this poor creature " has loſt his reaſon?" The monk, ſtruck dumb for the moment, bit his lips, and threatened him with his eyes. But the other, without being diſconcerted, ſaid to him: " I know I am your vic- " tim; you may do with me whatever you pleaſe."

Then,

Then, addreſſing himſelf to me, he ſhewed me his two wriſts, galled to the quick by the iron manacles with which he had been confined.

"You ſee, Sir," ſaid he to me, "in what manner I am treated!" I turned to the monk, with an expreſſion of indignation at a conduct ſo barbarous. He coolly replied: "Oh! I can put an end to all his fine reaſoning in a moment." I addreſſed, however, a few words of conſolation to the unfortunate man, who, looking at me with an air of confidence, ſaid, "I think, Sir, I have ſeen you at S. Hubert, at the houſe of M. the Mareſchal *de Broglio*." "You muſt be miſtaken, Sir," replied I, "I never had the honour of being at the Mareſchal *de Broglio*'s." Upon that, he inſtituted a proceſs of recollection, reſpecting the different places where he thought he had ſeen me, with circumſtances ſo accurately detailed, and clothed with ſuch appearances of probability, that the monk, nettled at his well-merited reproaches, and at the good ſenſe which he diſplayed, thought proper to interrupt his converſation, by introducing a diſcourſe about marriage, the purchaſe of horſes, and ſo on. The moment that the chord of his inſanity was touched, his head was gone. On going out, the monk told me, that this poor lunatic was a man of very conſiderable birth. Some time afterward, I had the pleaſure of being

being informed, that he had found means to efcape from his prifon, and had recovered the ufe of his reafon.

A great many phyfical remedies are employed for the cure of madnefs; and it frequently proceeds from a moral caufe, for it is produced by chagrin. Might there not be a poffibility to employ, for the reftoration of reafon to thofe difordered beings, means directly oppofed to thofe which occafioned the lofs of reafon; I mean, mirth, pleafure, and, above all, the pleafures of mufic? We fee, from the inftance of *Saul*, and many others of a fimilar nature, what influence mufic poffeffes for re-eftablifhing the harmony of the foul. With this ought to be united treatment the moft gentle, and care to place the unhappy patients, when vifited with paroxyfms of rage, not under the reftraint of fetters, but in an apartment matted round, where they could do no mifchief, either to themfelves or others. I am perfuaded that, by employing fuch humane precautions, numbers might be reftored, efpecially if they were under the charge of perfons who had no intereft in perpetuating their derangement; as is but too frequently the cafe, with refpect to families who are enjoying their eftates, and houfes of reftraint, where a good board is paid for their detention. It would likewife be proper, in my opinion, to commit the care of men difordered

disordered in their understanding, to females, and that of females to men, on account of the mutual sympathy of the two sexes for each other.

I would not wish that there should be in the kingdom any one art, craft, or profession, but whose final retreat and recompense should be at Paris. Among the different classes of citizens who practise these, and of whom the greater part is little known in the capital, there is one, and that very numerous, which is not known at all there, though one of the most miserable, and that to which, of all others, the rich are under the strongest obligations, I mean the seamen. These hardy and unpolished beings are the men, who go in quest of fuel to their voluptuousness to the very extremities of Asia, and who are continually exposing their lives upon our own coasts, in order to find a supply of delicacies for their tables. Their conversation is at least as sprightly as that of our peasantry, and incomparably more interesting, from their manner of viewing objects, and from the singularity of the countries which they have visited in the course of their voyages. At the recital of their many-formed disasters, and of the tempests which threatened them, while employed in conveying to you objects of enjoyment, from every region of the Globe, ye happy ones of the earth! your own repose may be rendered more precious to you. By

By contrasts such as these, your felicity will be heightened.

I know not whether it was for the purpose of procuring for himself a pleasure of this nature, or to give an enlivening sea air to the park of Versailles, that *Louis* XIV. planted a colony of Venetian gondoliers on the great canal which fronts the palace. Their descendants subsist there to this day. This establishment, under a better direction, might have furnished a very desirable and useful retreat to our own seamen. But that great King, frequently misled by evil counsellors, almost always carried the sentiment of his own glory beyond his own people. What a contrast would these hardy sons of the waves, bedaubed with pitch, their wind and weather-beaten faces, resembling sea-calves, arrived some from Greenland, others from the coast of Guinea, have presented, with the marble statues, and verdant bowers of the park of Versailles! *Louis* XIV. would oftener than once have derived from those blunt, honest fellows, more useful information, and more important truth, than either books, or even his marine officers of the highest rank, could have given him; and, on the other hand, the novelty of their characteristic singularity, and that of their reflections on his own greatness, would have provided for him spectacles much more highly amusing than those which the wits of his

Court

Court devifed for him, at an enormous expenfe. Befides, what emulation would not the profpect of fuch preferments have kindled among our failors?

I afcribe the perfection of the English Marine, in part at leaft, fimply to the influence of their Capital, and from it's being inceffantly under the eye of the Court. Were Paris a fea-port, as London is, how many ingenious inventions, thrown away upon modes and operas, would be applied to the improvement of navigation! Were failors feen there even as currently as foldiers, a paffion for the marine fervice would be more extenfively diffufed. The condition of the feaman, become more interefting to the Nation, and to it's rulers, would be gradually meliorated; and, at the fame time, this would have a happy tendency to mitigate the brutal defpotifm of thofe who frequently maintain their authority over them, merely by dint of fwearing and blows. It is a good, and an eafily practicable piece of policy, to enfeeble vice, by bringing men nearer to each other, and by rendering them more happy. Our country gentlemen did not give over beating their hinds, till they faw that this ufeful part of Mankind had become interefting objects in books, and on the theatre.

Not that I wifh for our feamen, an eftablifhment fimilar to that of the *Hotel des Invalides.* I am charmed

charmed with the architecture of that monument, but I pity the condition of it's inhabitants. Moſt of them are diſſatisfied, and always murmuring, as any one may be convinced, who will take the trouble to converſe with them: I do not believe there is any foundation for this; but experience demonſtrates, that men, formed into a corps, ſooner or later, degenerate, and are always unhappy. It would be wiſer to follow the Laws of Nature, and to aſſociate them by families. I could wiſh that the practice of the Engliſh were obſerved and copied, by ſettling our ſuperannuated ſeamen on the ferries of rivers, on board all thoſe little barges which traverſe Paris, and ſcatter them along the Seine, like tritons, to adorn the plains: we ſhould ſee them ſtemming the tides of our rivers, in wherries under ſmack-ſails, luffing as they go; and there they would introduce methods of Navigation more prompt, and more commodious, than thoſe hitherto known and practiſed.

As to thoſe whom age, or wounds, may have totally diſabled for ſervice, they might be ſuitably accommodated and provided for, in an edifice ſimilar to that which the Engliſh have reared at Greenwich, for the reception of their decayed ſeamen. But, to acknowledge the truth, the State, I am perſuaded, would find it a much more economical plan, to allow them penſions, and that theſe

theſe very ſeamen would be much better diſpoſed of in the boſom of their ſeveral families. This, however, need not prevent the raiſing, at Paris, a majeſtic and commodious monument, to ſerve as a retreat for thoſe brave veterans. The capital ſets little value upon them, becauſe it knows them not; but there are ſome among them who, by going over to the enemy, are capable of conducting a deſcent on our Colonies, and even upon our own coaſts. Deſertion is as common among our mariners as among our ſoldiers, and their deſertion is a much greater loſs to the State, becauſe it requires more time to form them, and becauſe their local knowledge is of much higher importance to an enemy than that of our cavaliers, or of our foot-ſoldiers.

What I have now taken the liberty to ſuggeſt, on the ſubject of our ſeamen, might be extended to all the other eſtates of the kingdom, without exception. I could wiſh that there were not a ſingle one but what had it's centre at Paris, and which might not find there a place of refuge, a retreat, a little chapel. All theſe monuments of the different claſſes of citizens, which communicate life to the body politic, decorated with the attributes peculiar to each particular craft and profeſſion, would there figure with perfect propriety, and with moſt powerful effect.

After

After having rendered the Capital a reſort of happineſs, and of improvement, to our own Nation, I would allure to it the men of foreign Nations, from every corner of the Globe. O! ye Women, who regulate our deſtiny, how much ought you to contribute towards uniting Mankind, in a City where your empire is unbounded! In miniſtring to your pleaſures, do men employ themſelves over the face of the whole Earth. While you are engroſſed wholly in enjoyment, the Laplander iſſues forth, in the midſt of ſtorm and tempeſt, to pierce with his harpoon the enormous whale, whoſe beard is to ſerve for ſtuffing to your robes: a man of China puts into the oven the porcelain out of which you ſip your coffee, while an Arabian of Moka is buſied in gathering the berry for you: a young woman of Bengal, on the banks of the Ganges, is ſpinning your muſlin, while a Ruſſian, amidſt the foreſts of Finland, is felling the tree which is to be converted into a maſt for the veſſel that is to bring it home to you.

The glory of a great Capital is to aſſemble, within it's walls, the men of all Nations who contribute to it's pleaſures. I ſhould like to ſee, at Paris, the Samoïèdes, with their coats of ſea-calf-ſkin, and their boots of ſturgeon's hide; and the black Iolofs, dreſſed in their waiſt-attire, ſtreaked with red and blue. I could wiſh to ſee there the beardleſs

beardlefs Indians of Peru, dreffed in feathers from head to foot, ftrolling about undifmayed, in our public fquares, around the ftatues of our Kings, mingled with ftately Spaniards, in whifkers, and fhort-cloaks. It would give me pleafure to fee the Dutch making a fettlement on the thirfty ridges of Montmartre ; and, following the bent of their hydraulic inclination, like the beavers, find the means of there conftructing canals filled with water ; while the inhabitants of the banks of the Oroonoko fhould live comfortably dry, fufpended over the lands inundated by the Seine, amidft the foliage of willows and alder-trees.

I could wifh that Paris were as large, and of a population as much diverfified as thofe ancient cities of Afia, fuch as Nineveh and Suza, whofe extent was fo vaft, that it required three days to make the tour of them, and in which *Ahafuerus* beheld two hundred Nations bending before his throne. I could wifh that every people on the face of the Earth kept up a correfpondence with that city, as the members with the heart in the human body. What fecrets did the Afiatics poffefs, to raife cities fo vaft and fo populous? They are, in all refpects, our elder brothers. They permitted all Nations to fettle among them. Prefent men with liberty and happinefs, and you will attract them from the ends of the Earth.

It would be much to the honour of his humanity, if ſome great Prince would propoſe this queſtion to the diſcuſſion of Europe; Whether the happineſs of a People did not depend upon that of it's neighbours? The affirmative, clearly demonſtrated, would level with the duſt the contrary maxim, that of *Machiavel*, which has too long governed our European politics. It would be very eaſy to prove, in the firſt place, that a good underſtanding with her neighbours would enable her confidently to diſband thoſe land and naval forces, which are ſo burdenſome to a Nation. It might be demonſtrated, ſecondly, that every people has been a partaker in the bleſſings and the calamities of their neighbours, from the example of the Spaniards, who made the diſcovery of America, and have ſcattered the advantages, and the evils of it, over all the reſt of Europe. This truth may be farther confirmed, from the proſperity and greatneſs attained by thoſe Nations, who were at pains to conciliate the good-will of their neighbours, as the Romans did, who extended farther and farther the privileges of citizenſhip, and thereby, in proceſs of time, conſolidated all the Nations of Italy into one ſingle State. They would, undoubtedly, have formed but one ſingle People of the whole Human Race, had not their barbarous cuſtom of exacting the ſervice of foreign ſlaves, counteracted a policy ſo humane. It might, finally, be made apparent,

apparent, how miſerable thoſe Governments were, which, however well conſtituted internally, lived in a ſtate of perpetual anxiety, always weak and divided, becauſe they did not extend humanity beyond the bounds of their own territory. Such were the ancient Greeks: ſuch is, in modern times, Perſia, which is ſunk into a ſtate of extreme weakneſs, and into which it fell immediately after the brilliant reign of *Scha Abbas*, whoſe political maxim it was to ſurround himſelf with deſerts; his own country has, at length, become one, like thoſe of his neighbours. Other examples, to the ſame purpoſe, might be found among the Powers of Aſia, who receive the Law from handfuls of Europeans.

Henry IV. had formed the celeſtial project of engaging all Europe to live in peace; but his project was not ſufficiently extenſive to ſupport itſelf: war muſt have fallen upon Europe from the other quarters of the World. Our particular deſtinies are connected with thoſe of mankind. This is an homage which the Chriſtian Religion juſtly challenges, and which it alone merits. Nature ſays to you, love thyſelf alone; domeſtic education ſays, love your family; the national, love your country; but Religion ſays, Love all Mankind, without exception. She is better acquainted with our intereſts, than our natural inſtinct is, or our parentage, or our politics. Human ſocieties are not detached

from each other, like thoſe of animals. The bees of France are not in the leaſt affected by the deſtruction of the hives in America. But the tears of Mankind, ſhed in the New World, cauſe ſtreams of blood to flow in the ancient Continent; and the war-whoop of a ſavage, on the bank of a lake, has oftener than once re-echoed through Europe, and diſturbed the repoſe of her Potentates. The Religion which condemns love of ourſelves, and which enjoins the love of Mankind, is not ſelf-contradictory, as certain ſophiſts have alleged; ſhe exacts the ſacrifice of our paſſions only to direct them toward the general felicity; and by inculcating upon us the obligation of loving all men, ſhe furniſhes us with the only real means of loving ourſelves.

I could wiſh, therefore, that our political relations with all the Nations of the World, might be directed toward a gracious reception of their ſubjects in the Capital of the kingdom. Were we to expend only a part of what we lay out on foreign communications, we ſhould be no great loſers. The Nations of Aſia ſend no Conſuls, nor Miniſters, nor Ambaſſadors, out of the Country, unleſs in very extraordinary caſes: and all the Nations of the Earth ſeek to them. It is not by ſending Ambaſſadors, in great ſtate, and at a vaſt expenſe, to neighbouring Nations, that we conciliate, or ſe-

cure

cure their friendſhip. In many caſes, our oſtentatious magnificence becomes a ſecret ſource of hatred and jealouſy among their grandees. The point is, to give a kind reception to their ſubjects, properly ſo called, the weak, the perſecuted, the miſerable. Our French refugees were the men who conveyed part of our ſkill, and of our power, to Pruſſia, and to Holland. How many unſeen relations of commerce, and of national benevolence, have been formed upon the foundation of ſuch graciouſneſs of reception! An honeſt German, who retires into Auſtria, after having made a little fortune in France, is the means of ſending to us a hundred of his compatriots, and diſpoſes the whole canton, in which he ſettles, to wiſh us well. By bonds like theſe, national friendſhips are contracted, much better than by diplomatic treaties; for the opinion of a Nation always determines that of the Prince.

After having rendered the city of men wonderfully happy, I would direct my attention to the embelliſhment and commodiouſneſs of the city of ſtones. I would rear in it a multitude of uſeful monuments: I would extend along the houſes, arcades as in Turin, and a raiſed pavement as in London, for the accommodation of foot-paſſengers; in the ſtreets, where it was practicable, trees and canals, as in Holland, for the facility of car-

riage; in the fuburbs, caravanferies, as in the cities of the Eaft, for the entertainment, at a moderate expenfe, of travellers from foreign lands; toward the centre of the city, markets of vaft extent, and furrounded with houfes fix or feven ftories high, for the reception of the poorer fort, who will foon be at a lofs for a place where to lay their head. I would introduce a great deal of variety into their plans and decorations. In the circular furrounding fpace, I would difpofe temples, halls of juftice, public fountains; the principal ftreets fhould terminate in them. Thefe markets, fhaded with trees, and divided into great compartiments, fhould difplay, in the moft beautiful order, all the gifts of *Flora*, of *Ceres*, and of *Pomona*. I would erect in the centre the ftatue of a good King; for it is impoffible to place it in a fituation more honourable to his memory, than in the midft of the abundance enjoyed by his fubjects.

I know of no one thing which conveys to me an idea more precife of the police of a city, and of the felicity of it's inhabitants, than the fight of it's markets. At Peterfburg, every market is parcelled out into fub-divifions, deftined to the fale of a fingle fpecies of merchandife. This arrangement pleafes at firft glance, but foon fatigues the eye by it's uniformity. *Peter* the Firft was fond of regular forms, becaufe they are favourable to defpotifm.

For

For my own part, I ſhould like to ſee the moſt perfect harmony prevailing among our merchants, and the moſt complete contraſts among their wares. By removing the rivalities which ariſe out of commerce in the ſame ſort of goods, thoſe jealouſies, which are productive of ſo many quarrels, would be prevented. It would give me pleaſure to behold Abundance there, pouring out the treaſure of all her horns, pell-mell; pheaſants, freſh-cod, heath cocks, turbots, pot-herbs, piles of oyſters, oranges, wild-ducks, flowers, and ſo on. Permiſſion ſhould be granted to expoſe to ſale there, every ſpecies of goods whatever; and this privilege alone would be ſufficient to deſtroy various ſpecies of monopoly.

I would erect in the city but few temples; theſe few, however, ſhould be auguſt, immenſe, with galleries on the outſide and within, and capable of containing, on feſtival days, the third part of the population of Paris. The more that temples are multiplied in a State, the more is Religion enfeebled. This has the appearance of a paradox; but look at Greece and Italy, covered with church-towers, while Conſtantinople is crowded with Greek and Italian renegadoes. Independently of the political, and even religious, cauſes, which produce theſe national depravations, there is one

which is founded in Nature, the effects of which we have already recognised in the weakneſs of the human mind. It is this, That affection diminiſhes, in proportion as it is divided among a variety of objects. The Jews, ſo aſtoniſhingly attached to their religion, had but one ſingle temple, the recollection of which excites their regret to this day.

I would have amphitheatres conſtructed at Paris, like thoſe at Rome, for the purpoſe of aſſembling the People, and of treating them, from time to time, with days of feſtivity. What a ſuperb ſite for ſuch an edifice is preſented in the riſing ground at the entrance into the Elyſian Fields! How eaſy would it have been, to hollow it down to the level of the plain, in form of an amphitheatre, diſpoſed into aſcending rows of ſeats, covered with green turf ſimply, having it's ridge crowned with great trees, exalted on an elevation of more than four-ſcore feet! What a magnificent ſpectacle would it have been, to behold an immenſe people ranged round and round, like one great family, eating, drinking, and rejoicing in the contemplation of their own felicity!

All theſe edifices ſhould be conſtructed of ſtone; not in petty-layers, according to our mode of building, but in huge blocks, ſuch as the Ancients employed,

employed *, and as becomes a city that is to laſt for ever. The ſtreets, and the public ſquares, ſhould be planted with great trees of various ſorts.

Trees

* And ſuch as Savages employ. Travellers are aſtoniſhed when they ſurvey, in Peru, the monuments of the ancient Incas, formed of vaſt irregular ſtones, perfectly fitted to each other. Their conſtruction preſents, at firſt ſight, two great difficulties: How could the Indians have tranſported thoſe huge maſſes of ſtone; and how did they contrive to adapt them ſo exactly to each other, notwithſtanding their irregularity? Our men of Science have firſt ſuppoſed a machinery proper for the tranſportation of them; as if there could be any machine more powerful than the arms of a whole people exerting themſelves in concert. They next tell us, that the Indians gave them theſe irregular forms by dint of labour and induſtry. This is a downright inſult to the common ſenſe of Mankind. Was it not much eaſier to cut them into a regular, than into an irregular, ſhape? I myſelf was embarraſſed in attempting a ſolution of this problem. At length, having read in the Memoirs of Don *Ulloa*, and likewiſe in ſome other travellers, that there are found in many places of Peru, beds of ſtone along the ſurface of the ground, ſeparated by clefts and crevices, I preſently comprehended the addreſs of the ancient Peruvians. All they had to do was to remove, piece and piece, thoſe horizontal layers of the quarries, and to place them in a perpendicular direction, by moving the detached pieces cloſe to each other. Thus they had a wall ready made, which coſt them nothing in the hewing. The natural genius is poſſeſſed of reſources exceedingly ſimple, but far ſuperior to thoſe of our arts. For example, the Savages of Canada had no cooking pots of metal, previous to the arrival of the Europeans. They had, however, found means to ſupply this want, by hollowing the trunk of a tree with fire. But how did they contrive to ſet it a boiling,

ſo

Trees are the real monuments of Nations. Time, which ſpeedily impairs the Works of Man, only increaſes the beauty of thoſe of Nature. It is to the trees, that our favourite walk, the Boulevards, is indebted for it's principal charm. They delight the eye by their verdure; they elevate the ſoul to Heaven, by the loftineſs of their ſtems; they communicate reſpect to the monuments which they ſhade, by the majeſty of their forms. They contribute, more than we are aware of, to rivet our attachment to the places which we have inhabited. Our memory fixes on them, as on points of union, which have ſecret harmonies with the ſoul of Man. They poſſeſs a commanding influence over the events of our life, like thoſe which riſe by the ſhore of the Sea, and which frequently ſerve as a direction to the pilot.

I never ſee the linden tree, but I feel myſelf tranſported into Holland; nor the fir, without repreſenting to my imagination the foreſts of Ruſſia.

ſo as to dreſs a whole ox, which they frequently did? I have applied to more than one pretended man of genius for a ſolution of this difficulty, but to no purpoſe. As to myſelf, I was long puzzled, I acknowledge, in deviſing a method by which water might be made to boil, in kettles made of wood, which were frequently large enough to contain ſeveral hundred gallons. Nothing, however, could be eaſier to Savages: they heated pebbles and flints till they were red-hot, and caſt them into the water in the pot, till it boiled. Conſult *Champlain.*

Trees

Trees frequently attach us to Country, when the other ties which united us to it are torn asunder. I have known more than one exile who, in old-age, was brought back to his native village, by the recollection of the elm, under the shade of which he had danced when a boy. I have heard more than one inhabitant of the Isle of France sighing after his Country, under the shade of the banana, and who said to me; "I should be perfectly tran-"quil where I am, could I but see a violet." The trees of our natal soil have a farther, and most powerful attraction, when they are blended, as was the case among the Ancients, with some religious idea, or with the recollection of some distinguished personage. Whole Nations have attached their patriotism to this object. With what veneration did the Greeks contemplate, at Athens, the olive-tree which *Minerva* had there caused to spring up, and, on Mount Olympus, the wild-olive with which *Hercules* had been crowned! *Plutarch* relates, that, when at Rome, the fig-tree, under which *Romulus* and *Remus* had been suckled by a wolf, discovered signs of decay from a lack of moisture, the first person who perceived it, exclaimed, Water! water! and all the people, in consternation, flew with pots and pails full of water to refresh it. For my part, I am persuaded that, though we have already far degenerated from Nature, we could not without emotion behold the cherry-tree of the forest,

rest, into which our good King *Henry* IV. clambered up, when he perceived the army of the Duke of *Mayenne* filing off to the bottom of the adjoining valley.

A city, were it built completely of marble, would have to me a melancholy appearance, unless I saw in it trees and verdure *: on the other hand, a landscape, were it Arcadia, were it along the banks

* Trees are, from their duration, the real monuments of Nations; and they are, farther, their calendar, from the different seasons at which they send forth their leaves, their flowers, and their fruits. Savages have no other, and our own peasantry make frequent use of it. I met one day, toward the end of Autumn, a country girl all in tears, looking about for a handkerchief which she had lost upon the great road. "Was your handkerchief very pretty?" said I to her. "Sir," replied she, "it was quite new; I bought it last bean-time." It has long been my opinion, that if our historical epochs, so loudly trumpeted, were dated by those of Nature, nothing more would be wanting to mark their injustice, and expose them to ridicule. Were we to read, for example, in our books of History, that a Prince had caused part of his subjects to be massacred, to render Heaven propitious to him, precisely at the season when his kingdom was clothed with the plenty of harvest; or were we to read the relations of bloody engagements, and of the bombardment of cities, dated with the flowering of the violet, the first cream-cheese making, the sheep-marking season; Would any other contrast be necessary to render the perusal of such histories detestable? On the other hand, such dates would communicate immortal graces to the actions of good Princes, and would confound the blessings which they bestowed, with those of Heaven.

of

of the Alpheus, or did it present the swelling ridges of Mount Lyceum, would appear to me a wilderness, if I did not see in it, at least, one little cottage. The works of Nature, and those of Man, mutually embellish each other. The spirit of selfishness has destroyed among us a taste for Nature. Our peasantry see no beauty in our plains, but there where they see the return of their labour. I one day met, in the vicinity of the Abbey of la Trappe, on the flinty road of Notre Dame d'Apre, a countrywoman walking along, with two large loaves of bread under her arm. It was in the month of May; and the weather inexpressibly fine. "What a charming season it is!" said I to the good woman: "How beautiful are those apple "trees in blossom! How sweetly these nightingales "sing in the woods!"...."Ah!" replied she, "I "don't mind nosegays, nor these little squallers! "It is bread that we want." Indigence hardens the heart of the country people, and shuts their eyes. But the good folk of the town have no greater relish for Nature, because the love of gold regulates all their other appetites. If some of them set a value on the liberal arts, it is not because those arts imitate natural objects; it is from the price to which the hand of great masters raises their productions. That man gives a thousand crowns for a picture of the country painted by *Lorrain*, who would not take the trouble to put his head out of

the window to look at the real landſcape: and there is another, who oſtentatiouſly exhibits the buſt of *Socrates* in his ſtudy, who would not receive that Philoſopher into his houſe, were he in life, and who, perhaps, would not ſcruple to concur in adjudging him to death, were he under proſecution.

The taſte of our Artiſts has been corrupted by that of our trades-people. As they know that it is not Nature, but their own ſkill, which is prized, their great aim is to diſplay themſelves. Hence it is, that they introduce a profuſion of rich acceſſories into moſt of our monuments, while they frequently omit altogether the principal object. They produce, for inſtance, as an embelliſhment for gardens, vaſes of marble, into which it is impoſſible to put any vegetable; for apartments, urns and pitchers, into which you cannot pour any ſpecies of fluid; for our cities, colonnades without palaces, gates in places where there are no walls, public ſquares fenced with barriers, to prevent the people from aſſembling in them. It is, they tell us, that the graſs may be permitted to ſhoot. A fine project truly! One of the heavieſt curſes which the Ancients pronounced againſt their enemies was, that they might ſee the graſs grow in their public places. If they wiſh to ſee verdure in ours, why do they not plant trees in them, which would give the

the people at once ſhade and ſhelter? There are ſome who introduce into the trophies which ornament the town reſidences of our grandees, bows, arrows, catapults; and who have carried the ſimplicity of the thing to ſuch a height, as to plant on them Roman ſtandards, inſcribed with theſe characters, S. P. Q. R. This may be ſeen in the Palace de Bourbon. Poſterity will be taught to believe, that the Romans were, in the eighteenth century, maſters of our country. And in what eſtimation do we mean, vain as we are, that our memory ſhould be held by them, if our monuments, our medals, our trophies, our dramas, our inſcriptions, continually hold out to them, ſtrangers and antiquity?

The Greeks and Romans were much more conſiſtent. Never did they dream of conſtructing uſeleſs monuments. Their beautiful vaſes of alabaſter and calcedony were employed, in feſtivals, for holding wine, or perfumes; their periſtyles always announced a palace; their public places were deſtined only to the purpoſe of aſſembling the people. There they reared the ſtatues of their great men, without encloſing them in rails of iron, in order that their images might ſtill be within reach of the miſerable, and be open to their invocation after death, as they themſelves had been while they were alive. *Juvenal* ſpeaks of a ſtatue

of

of bronze at Rome, the hands of which had been worn away by the kiſſes of the People. What glory to the memory of the perſon whom it repreſented! Did it ſtill exiſt, that mutilation would render it more precious than the *Venus de Medicis*, with it's fine proportions.

Our populace, we are told, is deſtitute of patriotiſm. I can eaſily believe it, for every thing is done, that can be done, to deſtroy that principle in them. For example, on the pediment of the beautiful church which we are building in honour of Saint *Genevieve*, but which is too ſmall, as all our modern monuments are, an adoration of the croſs is repreſented. You ſee, indeed, the Patroneſs of Paris in bas-reliefs, under the periſtyle, in the midſt of Cardinals; but would it not have been more in character, to exhibit to the People their humble Patroneſs in her habit of ſhepherdeſs, in a little jacket and cornet, with her ſcrip, her crook, her dog, her ſheep, her moulds for making cheeſe, and all the peculiarities of her age, and of her condition, on the pediment of the church dedicated to her memory? To theſe might have been added a view of Paris, ſuch as it was in her time. From the whole would have reſulted contraſts, and objects of compariſon of the moſt agreeable kind. The People, at ſight of this rural ſcenery, would have called to memory the days of old. They would

would have conceived esteem for the obscure virtues which are necessary to their happiness, and would have been stimulated to tread in the rough paths of glory which their lowly patroness trod before them, whom it is now impossible for them to distinguish in her Grecian robes, and surrounded by Prelates.

Our Artists, in some cases, deviate so completely from the principal object, that they leave it out altogether. There was exhibited some years ago, in one of the workshops of the Louvre, a monument in honour of the Dauphin and Dauphiness, designed for the cathedral of the city of Sens. Every body flocked to see it, and came away in raptures of admiration. I went with the rest; and the first thing I looked for was the resemblance of the Dauphin and Dauphiness, to whose memory the monument had been erected. There was no such thing there, not even in medallions. You saw *Time* with his scythe, *Hymen* with urns, and all the thread-bare ideas of allegory, which frequently is, by the way, the genius of those who have none. In order to complete the elucidation of the subject, there were on the panels of a species of altar, placed in the midst of this group of symbolical figures, long inscriptions in Latin, abundantly foreign to the memory of the great Prince who was the object of them. There, said I to myself, there is

is a fine national monument! Latin inſcriptions for French readers, and pagan ſymbols for a cathedral! Had the Artiſt, whoſe chiſel I in other reſpects admired, meant to diſplay only his own talents, he ought to have recommended to his ſucceſſor, to leave imperfect a ſmall part of the baſe of that monument, which death prevented himſelf from finiſhing, and to engrave theſe words upon it: COUSTOU *moriens faciebat* *. This conſonance of fortune would have united him to the royal monument, and would have given a deep impreſſion to the reflections on the vanity of human things, which the ſight of a tomb inſpires.

Very few Artiſts catch the moral object; they aim only at the pictureſque. "Oh, what a fine "ſubject for a *Beliſarius!*" exclaim they, when the converſation happens to turn on one of our great men, reduced to diſtreſs. Neverthelеſs, the liberal arts are deſtined only to revive the memory of Virtue, and not Virtue to give employment to the fine Arts. I acknowledge, that the celebrity which they procure is a powerful incentive to prompt men to great actions, though, after all, it is not the true one; but though it may not inſpire the ſentiment, it ſometimes produces the acts. Now-a-days we go much farther. It is no longer

* The work of *Couſtou*, left unfiniſhed by death.

the

the glory of virtue which associations and individuals endeavour to merit; it is the honour of distributing it to others at which they aim. Heaven knows the strange confusion which results from this! Women of very suspicious virtue, and kept-mistresses, establish Rose-feasts: they dispense premiums on virginity! Opera-girls crown our victorious Generals! The Mareschal *de Saxe*, our Historians tell us, was crowned with laurels on the national theatre: as if the Nation had consisted of players, and as if it's Senate were a theatre! For my own part, I look on Virtue as so respectable, that nothing more would be wanting, but a single subject, in which it was eminently conspicuous, to overwhelm with ridicule those who dared to dispense to it such vain and contemptible honours. What stage-dancing girl, for example, durst have had the impudence to crown the august forehead of *Turenne*, or that of *Fenelon*.

The French Academy would be much more successful, if it aimed at fixing, by the charms of eloquence, the attention of the Nation on our great men, did it attempt less, in the elogiums which it pronounces, to panegyrize the dead, than to satyrize the living. Besides, posterity will rely as little on the language of praise, as on that of censure. For, first, the very term elogium is suspected of flattery: and farther, this species of elo-

quence characterizes nothing. In order to paint virtue, it is neceſſary to bring forward defects and vices, that conflict and triumph may be rendered conſpicuous. The ſtyle employed in it is full of pomp and luxuriance. It is crowded with reflections, and paintings, foreign, very frequently, to the principal object. It reſembles a Spaniſh horſe; it prances about wonderfully, but never gets forward. This kind of eloquence, vague and indeciſive as it is, ſuits no one great man in particular, becauſe it may be applied, in general, to all thoſe who have run the ſame career. If you only change a few proper names in the elogium of a General, you may comprehend in it all Generals, paſt and future. Beſides, it's bombaſt tone is ſo little adapted to the ſimple language of truth and virtue, that when a Writer means to introduce characteriſtical traits of his hero, that we may know at leaſt of whom he is ſpeaking, he is under the neceſſity of throwing them into notes, for fear of deranging his academical order.

Aſſuredly, had *Plutarch* written the elogium only of illuſtrious men, he would have had as few readers at this day as the Panegyric of *Trajan*, which coſt the younger *Pliny* ſo many years labour. You will never find an academical elogium in the hands of one of the common People. You might ſee them, perhaps, turning over thoſe of *Fontenelle*, and

and a few others, if the perſons celebrated in them, had paid attention to the People while they lived. But the Nation takes pleaſure in reading Hiſtory.

As I was walking ſome time ago, toward the quarter of the Military School, I perceived at ſome diſtance, near a ſand-pit, a thick column of ſmoke. I bent my courſe that way, to ſee what produced it. I found, in a very ſolitary place, a good deal reſembling that which *Shakeſpear* makes the ſcene where the three witches appear to *Macbeth*, a poor and aged woman ſitting upon a ſtone. She was deeply engaged in reading in an old book, cloſe by a great pile of herbage, which ſhe had ſet on fire. I firſt aſked her for what purpoſe ſhe was burning thoſe herbs? She replied, that it was for the ſake of the aſhes, which ſhe gathered up and ſold to the laundreſſes; that for this end ſhe bought of the gardeners the refuſe plants of their grounds, and was waiting till they were entirely conſumed, that ſhe might carry off the aſhes, becauſe they were liable to be ſtolen in her abſence. After having thus ſatisfied my curioſity, ſhe returned to her book, and read on with deep attention. Eagerly deſirous to know what book it was with which ſhe filled up her hours of languor, I took the liberty to aſk the title of it. "It "is the life of M. *de Turenne*," ſhe replied. "Well, "what do you think of him?" ſaid I. "Ah!"

replied ſhe, with emotion, " he was a very brave " man, who ſuffered much uneaſineſs from a Mi- " niſter of State, while he was alive!" I withdrew, filled with increaſed veneration for the memory of M. *de Turenne*, who ſerved to conſole a poor old woman in diſtreſs. It is thus that the virtues of the lower claſſes of ſociety ſupport themſelves on thoſe of great men, as the feeble plants, which, to eſcape being trampled under foot, cling to the trunk of the oak.

OF NOBILITY.

The ancient Nations of Europe imagined, that the moſt powerful ſtimulus to the practice of virtue, was to ennoble the deſcendants of their virtuous citizens. They involved themſelves, by this, in very great inconveniencies. For, in rendering nobility hereditary, they precluded, to the reſt of the citizens, the paths which lead to diſtinction. As it is the perpetual, excluſive, poſſeſſion of a certain number of families, it ceaſes to be a national recompenſe, otherwiſe, a whole Nation would conſiſt of Nobles at length; which would produce a lethargy fatal to arts and handicrafts; and this is actually the caſe in Spain, and in part of Italy.

Many other miſchiefs neceſſarily reſult from hereditary nobleſſe, the principal of which is, the formation,

formation, in a State, of two ſeveral Nations, which come, at laſt, to have nothing in common between them; patriotiſm is annihilated, and both the one and the other haſtens to a ſtate of ſubjection. Such has been, within our recollection, the fate of Hungary, of Bohemia, of Poland, and even of part of the provinces of our own kingdom, ſuch as Britanny, where a nobility, inſufferably lofty, and multiplied beyond all bounds, formed a claſs abſolutely diſtinct from the reſt of the citizens. It is well worthy of being remarked, that theſe countries, though republican, though ſo powerful, in the opinion of our political Writers, from the freedom of their conſtitution, have been very eaſily ſubjected by deſpotic Princes, who were the maſters, they tell us, of ſlaves only. The reaſon is, that the People, in every country, prefer one Sovereign to a thouſand tyrants, and that their fate always decides the fate of their lordly oppreſſors. The Romans ſoftened the unjuſt and odious diſtinctions which exiſted between Patricians and Plebeians, by granting to theſe laſt, privileges and employments of the higheſt reſpectability.

Means, in my opinion, ſtill more effectual, were employed by that People, to bring the two claſſes of citizens to a ſtate of cloſer approximation; particularly the practice of adoption. How many great men ſtarted up out of the maſs of the People, to

merit this kind of recompenſe, as illuſtrious as thoſe which Country beſtows, and ſtill more addreſſed to the heart! Thus did the *Catos* and the *Scipios* diſtinguiſh themſelves, in hope of being ingrafted into Patrician families. Thus it was that the Plebeian *Agricola* obtained in marriage the daughter of *Auguſtus*. I do not know, but, perhaps, I am only betraying my own ignorance, that adoption ever was in uſe among us, unleſs it were between certain great Lords, who, from the failure of heirs of blood, were at a loſs how to diſpoſe of their vaſt poſſeſſions when they died. I conſider adoption as much preferable to nobility conferred by the State. It might be the means of reviving illuſtrious families, the deſcendants of which are now languiſhing in the moſt abject poverty. It would endear the Nobility to the People, and the People to the Nobility. It would be proper that the privilege of beſtowing the rights of adoption, ſhould be rendered a ſpecies of recompenſe to the Nobleſſe themſelves. Thus, for example, a poor man of family, who had diſtinguiſhed himſelf, might be empowered to adopt one of the commonalty, who ſhould acquire eminence. A man of birth would be on the look-out for virtue among the People; and a virtuous man of the commonalty, would go in queſt of a worthy nobleman as a patron. Such political bonds of union appear to me more powerful, and more honourable, than mercenary

cenary matrimonial alliances, which, by uniting two individual citizens of different classes, frequently alienate their families. Nobility, thus acquired, would appear to me far preferable to that which public employments confer; for these, being entirely the purchase of so much money, from that very circumstance lose their respectability, and, consequently, degrade the nobility attached to them.

But, taking it at the best, one disadvantage must ever adhere to hereditary nobility, namely, the eventual excessive multiplication of persons of that description. A remedy for this has been attempted among us, by adjudging nobility to various professions, such as maritime commerce. First of all, it may be made a question, Whether the spirit of commerce can be perfectly consistent with the honour of a gentleman? Besides, What commerce shall he carry on, who has got nothing! Must not a premium be paid to the merchant for admitting a young man into his counting-house, to learn the first principles of trade? And where should so many poor men, of noble birth, find the means, who have not wherewithal to clothe their children? I have seen some of them, in Britanny, the descendants of the most ancient families of the province, so reduced, as to earn a livelihood by mowing down the hay of the peasantry for so much a day.

Would

Would to GOD, that all conditions were nobilitated, the profeſſion of agriculture in particular! for it is that, above all others, of which every function is allied to virtue. In order to be a huſbandman, there is no need to deceive, to flatter, to degrade one's-ſelf, to do violence to another. He is not indebted, for the profits of his labour, to the vices or the luxury of his age, but to the bounty of Heaven. He adheres to his Country, at leaſt, by the little corner of it which he cultivates. If the condition of the huſbandman were ennobled, a multitude of benefits, to the inhabitants of the kingdom, would reſult from it. Nay, it would be ſufficient, if it were not conſidered as ignoble. But here is a reſource which the State might employ, for the relief of the decayed nobility. Moſt of the ancient ſeignories are purchaſed now-a-days, by perſons who poſſeſs no other merit but that of having money; ſo that the honour of thoſe illuſtrious houſes have fallen to the ſhare of men who, to confeſs the truth, are hardly worthy of them. The King ought to purchaſe thoſe lordſhips as often as they come to market; reſerve to himſelf the ſeignorial rights, with part of the lands, and form, of thoſe ſmall domains, civil and military benefices, to be beſtowed as rewards on good officers, uſeful citizens, and noble and poor families, nearly as the Timariots are in Turkey.

OF AN ELYSIUM.

The hereditary tranſmiſſion of nobility is ſubject to a farther inconveniency; namely this, Here is a man, who ſets out with the virtues of a *Marius*, and finiſhes the career, loaded with all his vices. I am going to propoſe a mode of diſtinguiſhing ſuperior worth, which ſhall not be liable to the dangers of inheritance, and of human inconſtancy: it is to with-hold the rewards of virtue till after death.

Death affixes the laſt ſeal to the memory of Man. It is well known of what weight the deciſions were, which the Egyptians pronounced upon their citizens, after life was terminated. Then, too, it was, that the Romans ſometimes exalted theirs to the rank of demi-gods, and ſometimes threw them into the Tiber. The People, in default of prieſts and magiſtrates, ſtill exerciſes, among us, a part of this prieſthood. I have oftener than once ſtood ſtill, of an evening, at ſight of a magnificent funeral proceſſion, not ſo much to admire the pomp of it, as to liſten to the judgment pronounced by the populace on the high and puiſſant Prince, whoſe obſequies were celebrating. I have frequently heard the queſtion aſked, Was he

a good maſter? Was he fond of his wife and children? Was he a friend to the poor? The People inſiſt particularly on this laſt queſtion; becauſe, being continually influenced by the principal call of Nature, they diſtinguiſh, in the rich, hardly any other virtue than beneficence. I have often heard this reply given: "Oh! he never did good to any "one: he was an unkind relation, and a harſh "maſter." I have heard them ſay, at the interment of a Farmer-General, who left behind him more than twelve millions of livres, (half a million ſterling): "he drove away the country poor, "from the gate of his caſtle, with fork and flail." On ſuch occaſions, you hear the ſpectators fall a ſwearing, and curſing the memory of the deceaſed. Such are, uſually, the funeral orations of the rich, in the mouth of the populace. There is little doubt, that their deciſions would produce conſequences of a certain kind, were the police of Paris leſs ſtrict than it is.

Death alone can enſure reputation, and nothing ſhort of religion can conſecrate it. Our grandees are abundantly aware of this. Hence the ſumptuouſneſs of their monuments, in our churches. It is not that the clergy make a point of their being interred there, as many imagine. The clergy would equally receive their perquiſites, were the interment in the country: they would take care, and very juſtly, to be

be well paid for ſuch journies; and they would be relieved from breathing, all the year round, in their ſtalls, the putrid exhalations of rotting carcaſes. The principal obſtacle to this neceſſary reform in our police, proceeds from the great and the rich, who, ſeldom diſpoſed to crowd the church in their life-time, are eager for admiſſion after their death, that the people may admire their ſuperb *mauſolea*, and their virtues portrayed in braſs and marble. But, thanks to the allegorical repreſentations of our Artiſts, and to the Latin inſcriptions of our *Literati*, the People know nothing about the matter; and the only reflection which they make, at ſight of them, is, that all this muſt have coſt an enormous ſum of money; and that ſuch a vaſt quantity of copper might be converted, to advantage, into porridge-pots.

Religion alone has the power of conſecrating, in a manner that ſhall laſt, the memory of Virtue. The King of Pruſſia, who was ſo well acquainted with the great moving ſprings of politics, did not overlook this. As the Proteſtant Religion, which is the general profeſſion of his kingdom, excludes from the churches the images of the Saints, he ſupplied their place with the portraits of the moſt diſtinguiſhed officers who had fallen in his ſervice. The firſt time I looked into the churches at Berlin, I was not a little aſtoniſhed to ſee the walls adorned

with

with the portraits of officers in their uniform. Beneath, there was an inſcription indicating their names, their age, the place of their birth, and the battle in which they had been killed. There is likewiſe ſubjoined, if my recollection is accurate, a line or two of elogium. The military enthuſiaſm kindled by this ſight is inconceivable.

Among us, there is not a monkiſh order ſo mean, as not to exhibit in their cloiſters, and in their churches, the pictures of their great men, beyond all contradiction more reſpected, and better known, than thoſe of the State. Theſe ſubjects, always accompanied with picturеſque and intereſting circumſtances, are the moſt powerful means which they employ for attracting novices. The Carthuſians already perceive, that the number of their novices is diminiſhed, now that they have no longer, in their cloiſters, the melancholy hiſtory of *S. Bruno*, painted, in a ſtyle ſo maſterly, by *Le Sueur*. No one order of citizens prizes the portraits of men who have been uſeful only to the Nation, and to Mankind; print-ſellers alone ſometimes diſplay the images of them, filed on a ſtring, and illuminated with blue and red. Thither the People reſort to look for them among thoſe of players and opera-girls. We ſhall ſoon have, it is ſaid, the exhibition of a muſeum at the Tuilleries; but that royal monument is conſecrated rather

ther to talents than to patriotiſm, and like ſo many others, it will, undoubtedly, be locked up from the People.

Firſt of all, I would have it made a rule, that no citizen whatever ſhould be interred in the church. *Xenophon* relates that *Cyrus*, the ſovereign Lord of the greateſt part of Aſia, gave orders, at his death, that his body ſhould be buried in the open country, under the trees, to the end that, ſaid this great Prince, the elements of it might be quickly united to thoſe of Nature, and contribute a-new to the formation of her beautiful Works. This ſentiment was worthy of the ſublime ſoul of *Cyrus*. But tombs in every country, eſpecially the tombs of great Kings, are the moſt endeared of all monuments to the Nations. The Savages conſider thoſe of their anceſtors as titles to the poſſeſſion of the lands which they inhabit. "This country is "ours," ſay they, "the bones of our fathers are "here laid to reſt." When they are forced to quit it, they dig them up with tears, and carry them off with every token of reſpect.

The Turks erect their tombs by the ſide of the high-ways, as the Romans did. The Chineſe make theirs enchanted ſpots. They place them in the vicinity of their cities, in grottos dug out of the ſide of hills; they decorate the entrance into them with

with pieces of architecture, and plant before them, and all around, groves of cypress, and of firs, intermingled with trees which bear flowers and fruits. These spots inspire a profound and a delicious melancholy; not only from the natural effect of their decoration, but from the moral sentiment excited in us by tombs, which are, as we have said in another place, monuments erected on the confines of two Worlds.

Our great ones, then, would lose nothing of the respect which they wish to attach to their memory, were they to be interred in public receptacles of the dead, adjoining to the Capital. A magnificent sepulchral chapel might be constructed in the midst of the burying ground, devoted solely to funereal obsequies, the celebration of which frequently disturbs the worship of God in parish-churches. Artists might give full scope to their imagination, in the decorations of such a mausoleum; and the temples of humility and truth would no longer be profaned, by the vanity and falshood of monumental epitaphs.

While each citizen should be left at liberty to lodge himself, agreeably to his own fancy, in this last and lasting abode, I would have a large space selected, not far from Paris, to be consecrated by every solemnity of Religion, to be a general receptacle

tacle of the aſhes of ſuch as may have deſerved well of their country.

The ſervices which may be rendered to our Country, are infinite in number, and very various in their Nature. We hardly acknowledge any but what are of one and the ſame kind, derived from formidable qualities, ſuch as valour. We revere that only which terrifies us. The tokens of our eſteem are frequently teſtimonies of our weakneſs. We are brought up to ſenſe of fear only, and not of gratitude. There is no modern Nation ſo inſignificant, as not to have it's *Alexander* and it's *Ceſar* to commemorate, but no one it's *Bacchus* and it's *Ceres*. The Ancients, as valiant, at leaſt, as we are, thought incomparably better. *Plutarch* obſerves ſomewhere, that *Ceres* and *Bacchus*, who were mortals, attained the ſupreme rank of Gods, on account of the pure, univerſal, and laſting bleſſings which they had procured for Mankind; but that *Hercules*, *Theſeus*, and other Heroes, were raiſed only to the ſubordinate rank of demi-gods, becauſe the ſervices which they rendered to men, were tranſient, circumſcribed, and contained a great mixture of evil.

I have often felt aſtoniſhment at our indifference about the memory of thoſe of our Anceſtors who introduced uſeful trees into the country, the fruits

and ſhade of which are to this day ſo delicious. The names of thoſe benefactors are, moſt of them, entirely unknown; their benefits are, however, perpetuated to us from age to age. The Romans did not act in this manner. *Pliny* tells us, with no ſmall degree of ſelf-complacency, that of the eight ſpecies of cherry known at Rome in his time, one was called the *Plinian*, after the name of one of his relations, to whom Italy was indebted for it. The other ſpecies of this very fruit bore, at Rome, the names of the moſt illuſtrious families, being denominated the Apronian, the Actian, the Cæcilian, the Julian. He informs us that it was *Lucullus* who, after the defeat of *Mithridates*, tranſplanted, from the kingdom of Pontus, the firſt cherry-trees into Italy, from whence they were propagated, in leſs than a hundred and twenty years, all over Europe, England not excepted, which was then peopled with barbarians. They were, perhaps, the firſt means of the civilization of that Iſland, for the firſt laws always ſpring up out of agriculture: and for this very reaſon it is, that the Greeks gave to *Ceres* the name of Legiſlatrix.

Pliny, in another place, congratulates *Pompey* and *Veſpaſian* on having diſplayed, at Rome, the ebony-tree, and that of the balm of Judea, in the midſt of their triumphal proceſſions, as if they had then triumphed, not only over the Nations, but

over

over the very Nature of their countries. Aſſuredly, if I entertained a wiſh to have my name perpetuated, I would much rather have it affixed to a fruit in France, than to an iſland in America. The People, in the ſeaſon of that fruit, would recal my memory with tokens of reſpect. My name, preſerved in the baſkets of the peaſantry, would endure longer, than if it were engraved on columns of marble. I know of no monument, in the noble family of *Montmorenci*, more durable, and more endeared to the People, than the cherry which bears it's name. The Good-Henry, otherwiſe *lapathum*, which grows without culture in the midſt of our plains, will confer a more laſting duration on the memory of *Henry* IV. than the ſtatue of bronze placed on the Pont-Neuf, though protected by an iron rail and a guard of ſoldiers. If the ſeeds, and the heifers, which *Louis* XV. by a natural movement of humanity, ſent to the Iſland of Taïti, ſhould happen to multiply there, they will preſerve his memory much longer, and render it much dearer, among the Nations of the South-Sea, than the pitiful pyramid of bricks, which the fawning Academicians attempted to rear in honour of him at Quito, and, perhaps, than the ſtatues erected to him in the heart of his own kingdom.

The benefit of a uſeful plant is, in my opinion, one of the moſt important ſervices, which a citizen

can render to his Country. Foreign plants unite us to the Nations from whence they come; they convey to us a portion of their happineſs, and of their genial Suns. The olive-tree repreſents to me the happy climate of Greece, much better than the book of *Pauſanias*; and I find the gifts of *Minerva* more powerfully expreſſed in it, than upon medallions. Under a great-cheſtnut in bloſſom, I feel myſelf laid to reſt amidſt the rich umbrage of America; the perfume of a citron tranſports me to Arabia; and I am an inhabitant of voluptuous Peru, whenever I inhale the emanations of the heliotrope.

I would begin, then, with erecting the firſt monuments of the public gratitude to thoſe who have introduced among us the uſeful plants; for this purpoſe, I would ſelect one of the iſlands of the Seine, in the vicinity of Paris, to be converted into an Elyſium. I would take, for example, that one which is below the majeſtic bridge of Neuilly, and which, in a few years more, will actually be joined to the ſuburbs of Paris. I would extend my field of operation, by taking in that branch of the Seine which is not adapted to the purpoſes of navigation, and a large portion of the adjoining Continent. I would plant this extenſive diſtrict with the trees, the ſhrubbery, and the herbage, with which France has been enriched for ſeveral ages

ages paſt. There ſhould be aſſembled the great Indian-cheſtnut, the tulip-tree, the mulberry, the acacia of America and of Aſia; the pines of Virginia and Siberia; the bear's-ear of the Alps; the tulips of Calcedonia, and ſo on. The ſervice-tree of Canada, with it's ſcarlet cluſters; the *magnolia grandiflora* of America, which produces the largeſt and moſt odoriferous of flowers: the ever-green thuia of China, which puts forth no apparent flower, ſhould interlace their boughs, and form, here and there, enchanted groves.

Under their ſhade, and amidſt carpets of variegated verdure, ſhould be reared the monuments of thoſe who tranſplanted them into France. We ſhould behold, around the magnificent tomb of *Nicot*, Ambaſſador from France to the Court of Portugal, which is at preſent in the church of St. Paul, the famous tobacco-plant ſpring up, called at firſt, after his name, *Nicotiana*, becauſe he was the man who firſt diffuſed the knowledge of it over Europe. There is not a European Prince but what owes him a ſtatue for that ſervice, for there is not a vegetable in the World which has poured ſuch ſums into their treaſuries, and ſo many agreeable illuſions into the minds of their ſubjects. The *nepenthes* of *Homer* is not once to be compared to it. There might be engraved on a tablet of marble, adjoining to it, the name of the Flemiſh

Auger de Busbequius, Ambaſſador from *Ferdinand* the Firſt, King of the Romans, to the Porte, in other reſpects ſo eſtimable, from the charms of his epiſtolary correſpondence; and this ſmall monument might be placed under the ſhade of the lilach, which he tranſported from Conſtantinople, and of which he made a preſent to Europe *, in 1562. The lucern of Media ſhould there ſurround, with it's ſhoots, the monument dedicated to the memory of the unknown huſbandman, who firſt ſowed it on our flinty hillocks, and who preſented us with an article of paſture, in parched ſituations, which renovates itſelf at leaſt four times a year. At ſight of the ſolanum of America, which produces at it's root the potatoe, the poorer part of the community would bleſs the name of the man who ſecured to them a ſpecies of aliment, which is not liable, like corn, to ſuffer by the inconſtancy of the elements, and by the granaries of monopolizers. There too ſhould be diſplayed, not without a lively intereſt, the urn of the unknown Traveller who adorned, to endleſs generations, the humble window of his obſcure habitation, with the brilliant colours of *Aurora*, by tranſplanting thither the nun of Peru †.

* See *Matthiola* on *Dieſcorides*.

† For my own part, I would contemplate the monument of that man, were it but a ſimple tile, with more reſpect than the ſuperb mauſolea which have been reared, in many places of Europe,

On advancing into this delicious ſpot, we ſhould behold, under domes and porticos, the aſhes and the buſts of thoſe who, by the invention of uſeful arts, have taught us to avail ourſelves of the productions of Nature, and who, by their genius, have ſpared us the neceſſity of long and painful labours. There would be no occaſion for epitaphs. The figures of the implements employed in weaving of ſtockings; of thoſe uſed in twiſting of ſilk, and in the conſtruction of the windmill, would be monumental inſcriptions as auguſt, and as expreſſive, on the tombs of their inventors, as the ſphere inſcribed in the cylinder on that of *Archimedes*. There might, one day, be traced the aëroſtatic globe, on the tomb of *Mongolfier*; but it would be proper to know beforehand, whether that ſtrange machine, which elevates men into the air, by means of fire, or gas, ſhall contribute to the happineſs of Mankind; for the name of the inventor of gunpowder himſelf, were we capable of tracing it, could not be admitted into the retreats of the benefactors of Humanity.

rope, and of America, in honour of the inhuman conquerors of Mexico and Peru. More Hiſtorians than one have given us their elogium; but divine Providence has done them juſtice. They all died a violent death, and moſt of them by the hand of the executioner.

On approaching toward the centre of this Elysium, we ſhould meet with monuments ſtill more venerable, of thoſe who, by their virtue, have tranſmitted to poſterity, fruits far more delicious than thoſe of the vegetables of Aſia, and who have called into exerciſe the moſt ſublime of all talents. There ſhould be placed the monuments, and the ſtatues of the generous *Duqueſne*, who himſelf fitted out a ſquadron, at his ſole expenſe, in the defence of his Country: of the ſage *Catinat*, equally tranquil in the mountains of Savoy, and in the humble retreat of St. Gratian; and of the heroic Chevalier *d'Aſſas*, ſacrificing himſelf by night, for the preſervation of the French army, in the woods of Kloſterkam.

There, ſhould be the illuſtrious Writers, who inflamed their compatriots with the ardor of performing great actions. There we ſhould ſee *Amyot*, leaning on the buſt of *Plutarch*; and Thou, who haſt given, at once, the theory, and the example of virtue, divine Author of *Telemachus!* we ſhould revere thy aſhes, and thy image, in an image of thoſe elyſian fields, which thy pencil has delineated in ſuch glowing colours.

I would likewiſe give a place to the monuments of eminent women, for virtue knows no diſtinc-

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tion of ſex: there ſhould be reared the ſtatues of thoſe who, with all the charms of beauty, preferred a laborious and obſcure life, to the vain delights of the World; of matrons who re-eſtabliſhed order in a deranged family; who, faithful to the memory of a huſband, frequently chargeable with infidelity, preſerved inviolate the conjugal vow, even after death had cancelled the obligation, and devoted youth to the education of the dear pledges of an union now no more: and, finally, the venerable effigies of thoſe who attained the higheſt pinnacle of diſtinction, by the very obſcurity of their virtues. Thither ſhould be tranſported the tomb of a Lady of Lamoignon, from the poor church of Saint Giles, where it remains unnoticed; it's affecting epitaph would render it ſtill more worthy of occupying this honourable ſtation, than the chiſel of *Girardon*, whoſe maſter-piece it is: in it we read that a deſign had been entertained to bury her body in another place; but the poor of the pariſh, to whom ſhe was a mother all her life long, carried it off by force, and depoſited it in their church: they themſelves would, undoubtedly, tranſport the remains of their benefactreſs, and reſort to this hallowed ſpot, to diſplay them to the public veneration.

Hic manus ob Patriam, pugnando vulnera paſſi;
Quique Sacerdotes caſti, dum vita manebat;
Quique pii Vates, & *Phœbo* digna locuti;

Inventas

Inventas aut qui vitam excoluere per artes;
Quique ſui memores alios fecere merendo *.

ÆNEID. BOOK VI.

"Here inhabit the heroic bands who bled in "fighting the battles of their Country; the ſacred "miniſters of religion, whoſe life exhibited un-"ſullied purity; venerable bards, who uttered "ſtrains not unworthy of *Apollo* himſelf; and "thoſe, who, by the invention of uſeful arts, con-"tributed to the comfort of human life; all thoſe, "in a word, who, by deſerving well of Mankind, "have purchaſed for themſelves a deathleſs name."

* Thus imitated:

Here, Patriot-bands, who for their Country bled:
Prieſts, who a life of pureſt virtue led:
Here, Bards ſublime, fraught with ethereal fire,
Whoſe heavenly ſtrains outvied *Apollo*'s lyre:
Divine Inventors of the uſeful Arts:
All thoſe whoſe generous and expanſive hearts,
By goodneſs ſought to purchaſe honeſt fame;
And dying left behind a deathleſs name.

Had *St. Pierre*, in the courſe of his travels, come over to this Iſland, and viſited *Stowe*, he would have found his idea of an Elyſium anticipated, and upon no mean ſcale, by the great Lord COBHAM, who has rendered every ſpot, of that terreſtrial Paradiſe, ſacred to the memory of departed excellence. What would have given our Author peculiar ſatisfaction, the Pariſh Church ſtands in the centre of the Garden; hence the People have unreſtrained acceſs to it; the monuments are, for the moſt part, patriotic, without regard to the diſtinctions of rank and fortune, except as allied to virtue; and the beſt inſcriptions are in plain Engliſh, and humble

There I would have, ſcattered about, monuments of every kind, and apportioned to the various degrees of merit: obeliſks, columns, pyramids,

humble proſe. In a beautifully ſolemn valley, watered by a ſilent ſtream, and ſhaded by the trees of the Country, ſtands the Temple of the Britiſh Worthies. The decorations, and the arrangements, are ſimple: only that there is mythological *Mercury* peeping over in the centre, to contemplate the immortal ſhades whom he has conducted to the Elyſian Fields. Were I Marquis of BUCKINGHAM, the wing-heeled God, with his caduceus, and Latin motto, ſhould no longer disfigure the uniformity and ſimplicity of that enchanting ſcene; and if *Charon*'s old crazy barge, too, were ſunk to the bottom, the place and the idea would be greatly improved.

To thoſe who have never been at *Stowe*, it may not be unacceptable to read the Names; and the characteriſtic Inſcriptions, of this lovely retreat, conſecrated to Patriot worth, exalted genius, and the love of the Human Race.

SIR THOMAS GRESHAM,

Who, by the honourable profeſſion of a Merchant, having enriched himſelf, and his Country, for carrying on the Commerce of the World, built the Royal Exchange.

IGNATIUS JONES,

Who, to adorn his Country, introduced and rivalled the Greek and Roman Architecture.

JOHN MILTON,

Whoſe ſublime and unbounded genius equalled a ſubject that carried him beyond the limits of the World.

WILLIAM

mids, urns, bas-reliefs, medallions, ſtatues, tablets, periſtyles, domes; I would not have them crowded together, as in a repoſitory, but diſpoſed with taſte; neither

WILLIAM SHAKESPEAR,

Whoſe excellent genius opened to him the whole heart of Man, all the mines of Fancy, all the ſtores of Nature; and gave him power, beyond all other Writers, to move, aſtoniſh, and delight Mankind.

JOHN LOCKE,

Who, beſt of all Philoſophers, underſtood the powers of the Human Mind, the nature, end, and bounds of Civil Government; and, with equal courage and ſagacity, refuted the ſlaviſh ſyſtems of uſurped authority over the rights, the conſciences, or the reaſon of Mankind.

SIR ISAAC NEWTON,

Whom the GOD of Nature made to comprehend his Works; and, from ſimple principles, to diſcover the Laws never known before, and to explain the appearances, never underſtood, of this ſtupendous Univerſe.

SIR FRANCIS BACON, (LORD VERULAM.)

Who by the ſtrength and light of a ſuperior genius, rejecting vain ſpeculation, and fallacious theory, taught to purſue truth, and improve Philoſophy by the certain method of experiment.

KING ALFRED,

The mildeſt, juſteſt, moſt beneficent of Kings; who drove out the Danes, ſecured the Seas, protected Learning, eſtabliſhed Juries, cruſhed Corruption, guarded Liberty, and was the Founder of the Engliſh Conſtitution.

EDWARD,

neither would I have them all of white marble, as if they came out of the ſame quarry; but of marbles, and ſtones, of every colour. There would be

EDWARD, PRINCE OF WALES,

The terror of Europe, the delight of England; who preſerved, unaltered, in the height of Glory and Fortune, his natural Gentleneſs and Modeſty.

QUEEN ELIZABETH,

Who confounded the projects, and deſtroyed the Power that threatened to oppreſs the Liberties of Europe; ſhook off the yoke of Eccleſiaſtical Tyranny; reſtored Religion from the Corruptions of Popery; and, by a wiſe, a moderate, and a popular Government, gave Wealth, Security, and Reſpect to England.

KING WILLIAM III.

Who by his Virtue and Conſtancy, having ſaved his Country from a foreign Maſter, by a bold and generous enterprize, preſerved the Liberty and Religion of Great-Britain.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH,

A valiant Soldier, and an able Stateſman; who, endeavouring to rouze the ſpirit of his Maſter, for the Honour of his Country, againſt the ambition of Spain, fell a ſacrifice to the influence of that Court, whoſe arms he had vanquiſhed, and whoſe deſigns he oppoſed.

SIR FRANCIS DRAKE,

Who, through many perils, was the firſt of Britons that adventured to ſail round the Globe; and carried into unknown Seas and Nations, the knowledge and glory of the Engliſh Name.

JOHN

be no occaſion, through the whole extent of this vaſt encloſure, which I ſuppoſe to be, at leaſt, a mile and a half in diameter, for the application of the line, nor for digging up the ground, nor for graſs-plots, nor for trees cut into ſhape, and fantaſtically trimmed, nor for any thing reſembling what is to be ſeen in our gardens. For a ſimilar reaſon, I would have no Latin inſcriptions, nor mythological expreſſions, nor any thing that ſavoured of the Academy. Still leſs would I admit of dignities, or of honours, which call to remembrance the vain ideas of the World; I would retrench from them all the qualities which are deſtroyed by death; no importance ſhould there be aſſigned but to good actions, which ſurvive the man and the citizen, and which are the only titles that poſterity cares for, and that God recompenſes. The inſcriptions upon them ſhould be ſimple, and be naturally ſuggeſted by each particular ſubject. I would not ſet the living a-talking uſeleſsly to the dead, and to inanimate objects, as is the caſe in our epitaphs; but the dead, and inanimate objects, ſhould ſpeak to the living, for their inſtruction, as among the Ancients. Theſe correſpondencies of

JOHN HAMPDEN,

Who with great ſpirit, and conſummate abilities, begun a noble oppoſition to an arbitrary Court, in defence of the Liberties of his Country; ſupported them in Parliament, and died for them in the Field.

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an inviſible to a viſible nature, of a time remote to the time preſent, convey to the ſoul the celeſtial extenſion of infinity, and are the ſource of the delight which ancient inſcriptions inſpire.

Thus, for example, on a rock planted amidſt a tuft of ſtrawberry-plants of Chili, theſe words might be inſcribed:

I WAS UNKNOWN TO EUROPE;
BUT,
IN SUCH A YEAR,
SUCH A PERSON, BORN IN SUCH A PLACE,
TRANSPLANTED ME FROM
THE LOFTY MOUNTAINS OF CHILI,
AND NOW
I BEAR FLOWERS AND FRUIT
IN THE HAPPY CLIMATE OF FRANCE.

Underneath a bas-relief of coloured marble, which ſhould repreſent little children eating, drinking, and playing, the following inſcription might appear:

WE WERE EXPOSED IN THE STREETS TO THE DOGS,
TO FAMINE AND COLD;
SUCH A COMPASSIONATE FEMALE,
OF SUCH A PLACE,
LODGED US, CLOTHED US, AND FED US WITH THE MILK
WHICH OUR OWN MOTHERS HAD DENIED.

At

At the foot of a ſtatue of white marble, of a young and beautiful woman, ſitting, and wiping her eyes, with ſymptoms of grief and joy:

I WAS ODIOUS

IN

THE SIGHT OF GOD AND MAN;

BUT,

MELTED INTO PENITENCE,

I have made my Peace with Heaven by Contrition,

AND HAVE

REPAIRED THE MISCHIEF WHICH I HAD DONE TO MEN,

BY

Befriending the Miſerable.

Near this might be inſcribed, under that of a young girl, in mean attire, employed with her diſtaff and ſpindle, and looking up to Heaven with rapture:

I HAVE LEARNED TO DESPISE

THE VAIN DELIGHTS OF THE WORLD;

AND NOW

I ENJOY HAPPINESS.

Of thoſe monuments, ſome ſhould exhibit no other elogium, but the name ſimply: ſuch ſhould be, for example, the tomb which contained the aſhes of the Author of *Telemachus*; or, at moſt, I would

would engrave on it the following words, so expressive of his affectionate and sublime character:

HE FULFILLED THE TWO GREAT PRECEPTS OF THE LAW:
HE LOVED GOD AND MAN.

I have no need to suggest, that these inscriptions might be conceived in a much happier style than mine; but I would insist upon this, that in the figures introduced, there should be displayed no air of insolence; no dishevelled locks flying about in the wind, like those of the Angel sounding the resurrection-trumpet, no theatrical grief, and no violent tossing of the robes, like the Magdalene of the Carmelites; no mythological attributes, which convey nothing instructive to the People. Every personage should there appear with his appropriate badge of distinction: there should be exhibited the sea-cap of the sailor, the cornet of the nun, the stool of the Savoyard, pots for milk, and pots for soup.

These statues of virtuous citizens ought to be fully as respectable as those of the Gods of Paganism, and unquestionably more interesting than that of the antique grinder or gladiator. But it would be necessary that our Artists should study to convey, as the Ancients did, the characters of the soul in the attitude of the body, and in the traits

 of

of the countenance, ſuch as penitence, hope, joy, ſenſibility, innocence. Theſe are the peculiarities of Nature, which never vary, and which always pleaſe, whatever be the drapery. Nay, the more contemptible that the occupations and the garb of ſuch perſonages are, the more ſublime will appear the expreſſion of charity, of humanity, of innocence, and of all their virtues. A young and beautiful female, labouring like *Penelope* at her web, and modeſtly dreſſed in a Grecian robe, with long plaits, would there, no doubt, preſent an object pleaſing to every one: but I ſhould think her a thouſand times more intereſting than the figure of *Penelope* herſelf, employed in the ſame labour, under the tatters of misfortune and miſery.

There ſhould be on thoſe tombs, no ſkeletons, no bats-wings, no Time with his ſcythe, no one of thoſe terrifying attributes, with which our ſlaviſh education endeavours to inſpire us with horror at the thought of death, that laſt benefit of Nature; but we ſhould contemplate on them ſymbols, which announce a happy and immortal life; veſſels, ſhattered by the tempeſt, arriving ſafe in port; doves taking their flight toward Heaven, and the like.

The ſacred effigies of virtuous citizens, crowned with flowers, with the characters of felicity, of

peace,

peace, and of consolation, in their faces, should be arranged toward the centre of the island, around a vast mossy down, under the trees of the Country, such as stately beech-trees, majestic pines, chestnut-trees loaded with fruit. There, likewise, should be seen the vine wedded to the elm, and the apple-tree of Normandy, clothed with fruit of all the variety of colours which flowers display. From the middle of that down should ascend a magnificent temple in form of a rotundo. It should be surrounded with a peristyle of majestic columns, as was formerly at Rome the *Moles Adriani*. But I could wish it to be much more spacious. On the frize these words might appear:

TO

THE LOVE OF THE HUMAN RACE.

In the centre, I would have an altar simple and unornamented, at which, on certain days of the year, divine service might be celebrated. No production of sculpture, nor of painting, no gold, nor jewels, should be deemed worthy of decorating the interior of this temple; but sacred inscriptions should announce the kind of merit which there received the crown. All those who might repose within the precincts, undoubtedly would not be Saints. But over the principal gate, on a tablet of

white marble, theſe divine words might meet the eye:

Her Sins, which are many, are forgiven;
FOR
SHE LOVED MUCH.

On another part of the frize, the following inſcription, which unfolds the nature of our duties, might be diſplayed:

VIRTUE IS AN EFFORT MADE UPON OURSELVES,
FOR
THE GOOD OF MEN,
IN THE VIEW OF
PLEASING GOD ONLY.

To this might be ſubjoined the following, very much calculated to repreſs our ambitious emulations:

THE SMALLEST ACT
OF
VIRTUE IS OF MORE VALUE
THAN THE EXERCISE OF
THE GREATEST TALENTS.

On other tablets might be inſcribed maxims of truſt in the divine Providence, extracted from the Philoſophers

Philoſophers of all Nations; ſuch as the following, borrowed from the modern Perſians:

WHEN AFFLICTION IS AT THE HEIGHT,
THEN
We are the moſt encouraged to look for Conſolation.
THE NARROWEST PART OF THE DEFILE IS
AT
The Entrance of the Plain *.

And that other of the ſame country:

WHOEVER HAS CORDIALLY DEVOTED HIS SOUL
TO GOD,
HAS EFFECTUALLY SECURED HIMSELF AGAINST ALL THE ILLS
WHICH CAN BEFAL HIM,
BOTH IN THIS WORLD, AND IN THE NEXT.

There might be inſerted ſome of a philoſophic caſt, on the vanity of human things, ſuch as the following:

ESTIMATE EACH OF YOUR DAYS
By Pleaſures, by Loves, by Treaſures, and by Grandeurs;
THE LAST WILL
ACCUSE THEM ALL OF VANITY.

* *Chardin*'s Palace of Iſpahan.

Or that other, which opens to us a perſpective of the life to come:

HE WHO HAS PROVIDED
LIGHT FOR THE EYE OF MAN, SOUNDS FOR HIS EAR,
PERFUMES FOR HIS SMELL, AND FRUITS FOR HIS PALATE,
WILL FIND
The Means of One Day repleniſhing his Heart,
WHICH NOTHING HERE BELOW CAN SATISFY.

And that other, which inculcates charity toward men, from the motives of ſelf-intereſt:

WHEN A MAN STUDIES THE WORLD,
He prizes thoſe only who poſſeſs Sagacity;
BUT,
WHEN HE STUDIES HIMSELF,
He eſteems only thoſe who exerciſe Indulgence.

I would have the following inſcribed round the cupola, in letters of antique bronze;

Mandatum novum do vobis, ut diligatis invicem ſicut dilexi vos, ut et vos diligatis invicem.

JOAN. cap. xiii. v. 34.

A NEW COMMANDMENT I GIVE UNTO YOU, THAT YE LOVE ONE ANOTHER; AS I HAVE LOVED YOU, THAT YE ALSO LOVE ONE ANOTHER.

In

In order to decorate this temple externally, with a becoming dignity, no ornament would be necessary, except those of Nature. The first rays of the rising, and the last of the setting Sun, would gild it's cupola, towering above the forests: in the day-time, the fires of the South, and by night, the lustre of the Moon, would trace it's majestic shadow on the spreading down: the Seine would repeat the reflexes of it in it's flowing stream. In vain would the tempest rage around it's enormous vault; and when the hand of Time should have bronzed it with moss, the oaks of the Country should issue from it's antique cornices, and the eagles of Heaven, hovering round and round, would resort thither to build their nests.

Neither talents, nor birth, nor gold, should constitute a title for claiming the honour of a monument in this patriotic and holy ground. But it will be asked, Who is to judge, and to decide, the merits of the persons whose ashes are to be there deposited? The King alone should have the power of decision, and the People the privilege of reporting the cause. It should not be sufficient for a citizen, in order to his obtaining this kind of distinction, that he had cultivated a new plant in a hot-house, or even in his garden; but it should be requisite to have it naturalized in the open field, and the fruit of it carried for sale to the public market. It

ought not to be deemed ſufficient, that the model of an ingenious machine was preſerved in the collection of an Artiſt, and approved by the Academy of Sciences; it ſhould be required to have the machine itſelf in the hands of the People, and converted to their uſe. It ought by no means to ſuffice, in order to eſtabliſh the claim of a literary Work, that the prize had been adjudged to it by the French Academy; but that it ſhould be read by that claſs of men for whoſe uſe it was deſigned. Thus, for example, a patriotic *Ode* ſhould be accounted good for nothing, unleſs it were ſung about the ſtreets by the common people. The merit of a naval or military Commander ſhould be aſcertained, not by the report of Gazettes, but by the ſuffrages of the ſailors or ſoldiery.

The People, in truth, diſtinguiſh hardly any other virtue in the citizen except beneficence: they conſult only their own leading want; but their inſtinct, on this article, is conformable to the divine Law: for all the virtues terminate in that, even thoſe which appear the moſt remote from it; and ſuppoſing there were rich men who meant to captivate their affections, by doing them good, that is preciſely the feeling with which we propoſe to inſpire them. They would fulfil their duties, and the lofty and the low conditions of humanity would be reduced to a ſtate of approximation.

From

From an Inſtitution of this kind would reſult the re-eſtabliſhment of one of the Laws of Nature, of all others the moſt important to a Nation; I mean an inexhauſtible perſpective of infinity, as neceſſary to the happineſs of a whole Nation, as to that of an individual. Such is, as we have caught a glimpſe in another place, the nature of the human mind; if it perceives not infinity in it's proſpects, it falls back upon itſelf, and deſtroys itſelf by the exertion of it's own powers. Rome preſented to the patriotiſm of her citizens the conqueſt of the World: but that object was too limited. Her laſt victory would have proved the commencement of her ruin. The eſtabliſhment which I am now propoſing, is not ſubjected to this inconveniency. No object can poſſibly be propoſed to Man more unbounded, and more profound, than that of his own latter end. There are no monuments more varied, and more agreeable, than thoſe of virtue. Were there to be reared annually, in this Elyſium, but a ſingle tablet of the marble of Britanny, or of the granite of Auvergne, there would always be the means of keeping the People awake, by the ſpectacle of novelty. The provinces of the kingdom would diſpute with the Capital, the privilege of introducing the monuments of their virtuous inhabitants.

What

What an auguſt Tribunal might be formed, of Biſhops eminent for their piety, of upright Magiſtrates, of celebrated Commanders of armies, to examine their ſeveral pretenſions! What memoirs might one day appear, proper to create an intereſt in the minds of the People, who ſee nothing in their library, but the ſentences of death pronounced on illuſtrious criminals, or the lives of Saints, which are far above their ſphere. How many new ſubjects for our men of letters, who have nothing for it, but to trudge eternally over the beaten ground of the age of *Louis* XIV. or to prop up the reputation of the Greeks and Romans! What curious anecdotes for our wealthy voluptuaries! They pay a very high price for the Hiſtory of an American inſect, engraved in every poſſible manner, and ſtudied through the microſcope, minute by minute, in all the phaſes of it's exiſtence. They would not have leſs pleaſure in ſtudying the manners of a poor collier, bringing up his family virtuouſly in the foreſts, in the midſt of ſmugglers and banditti; or thoſe of a wretched fiſherman, who, in finding delicacies for their tables, is obliged to live, like a heron, in the midſt of tempeſts.

I have no doubt that theſe monuments, executed with the taſte which we are capable of diſplaying

playing, would attract crowds of rich ſtrangers to Paris. They reſort hither already to live in it, they would then flock hither to die among us. They would endeavour to deſerve well of a Nation become the arbiter of the virtues of Europe, and to acquire a laſt aſylum, in the holy land of this Elyſium; where all virtuous and beneficent men would be reputed citizens. This eſtabliſhment, which might be formed, undoubtedly, in a manner very ſuperior to the feeble ſketch which I have preſented of it, would ſerve to bring the higher conditions of life into contact with the lower, much better than our churches themſelves, into which avarice and ambition frequently introduce among the citizens, diſtinctions more humiliating, than are to be met with even in Society. It would allure foreigners to the Capital, by holding out to them the rights of a citizenſhip illuſtrious and immortal. It would unite, in a word, Religion to Patriotiſm, and Patriotiſm to Religion, the mutual bonds of which are on the point of being torn aſunder.

It is not neceſſary for me to ſubjoin, that this eſtabliſhment would be attended with no expenſe to the State. It might be reared, and kept up, by the revenue of ſome rich abbey, as it would be conſecrated to Religion, and to the rewards of virtue. There is no reaſon why it ſhould become, like the monuments

monuments of modern Rome, and even like many of our own royal monuments, an object of filthy lucre to individuals, who ſell the ſight of them to the curious. Particular care would be taken not to exclude the People, becauſe they are meanly habited; nor to hunt out of it, as we do from our public gardens, poor and honeſt artiſans in jackets, while well-dreſſed courteſans flaunt about with effrontery, in their great alleys. The loweſt of the commonalty ſhould have it in their power to enter, at all ſeaſons. It is to you, O ye miſerable of all conditions, that the ſight of the friends of Humanity ſhould of right appertain; and your patrons are henceforth no where but among the ſtatues of virtuous men! There, a ſoldier, at ſight of *Catinat*, would learn to endure calumny. There, a girl of the town, ſick of her infamous profeſſion, would, with a ſigh, caſt her eyes down to the ground, on beholding the ſtatue of Modeſty approached with honour and reſpect: but at ſight of that of a female of her own condition, reclaimed to the paths of virtue, ſhe would raiſe them toward Him who preferred repentance to innocence.

It may be objected to me, That our poorer ſort would very ſoon ſpread deſtruction over all thoſe monuments; and it muſt, indeed, be admitted, that they ſeldom fail to treat in this manner, thoſe which do not intereſt them. There ſhould, undoubtedly,

doubtedly, be a police in this place; but the People respect monuments which are destined to their use. They commit ravages in a park, but do not wantonly destroy any thing in the open country. They would soon take the Elysium of their Country under their own protection, and watch over it with zeal much more ardent than that of Swiss, and military guards.

Besides, more than one method might be devised, to render that spot respectable and dear to them. It ought to be rendered an inviolable asylum to the unfortunate of every description; for example, to fathers who have incurred the debt of the month's nursing of a child; and to those who have committed venial and inconsiderate faults; it would be proper to prohibit any arrest taking place there, upon any one's person, except by an express warrant from the King, under his own signature. This likewise should be the place to which laborious families, out of employment, might be directed to address themselves. There ought to be a strict prohibition to make it a place of alms-giving, but an unbounded permission to do good in it. Persons of virtue, who understand how to distinguish, and to employ men, would resort thither in quest of proper objects, in whose behalf they might employ their credit; others, in the view of putting respect on the memory of some

illustrious

illuſtrious perſonage, would give a repaſt, at the foot of his ſtatue, to a family of poor people. The State would ſet the example of this, at certain favourite epochs, ſuch as a feſtival in honour of the King's birth-day. Proviſions might then be diſtributed among the populace, not by toſſing loaves at their heads, as in our public rejoicings; but they might be claſſed, and made to ſit down on the graſs, in profeſſional aſſemblages, round the ſtatues of thoſe who invented, improved, or perfected the ſeveral arts. Such repaſts would have no reſemblance to thoſe which the rich ſometimes give to the wretched, out of ceremony, and in which they reſpectfully wait upon their humble gueſts, with napkins under their arm. The perſons who gave the entertainment ſhould be obliged to ſit down at table with their company, and to eat and drink with them. It would be needleſs to impoſe on them the taſk of waſhing the feet of the poor; but they might be admoniſhed of rendering to them a ſervice of much more real importance, that of ſupplying them with ſhoes and ſtockings.

There, the man of wealth would be inſtructed really to practiſe virtue, and the People to know it. The Nation would there learn their great duties, and be aſſiſted in forming a juſt idea of true greatneſs. They would behold the homage preſented to the memory of virtuous men, and the offerings

offerings tendered to the DEITY, ultimately applied to the relief of the miserable.

Such repasts would recal to our remembrance the love-feasts of the primitive Christians, and the Saturnalia of death, toward which every day is carrying us forward, and which, by speedily reducing us all to an estate of equality, will efface every other difference among us, except that of the good which we shall have done in life.

In the days of other times, in order to do honour to the memory of virtuous men, the faithful assembled in places consecrated by their actions, or by their sepulchres, on the brink of a fountain, or under the shade of a forest. Thither they had provisions carried, and invited those who had none, to come and partake with them. The same customs have been common to all religions. They still subsist in those of Asia. You find them prevailing among the ancient Greeks. When *Xenophon* had accomplished that famous retreat, by which he saved ten thousand of his compatriots, ravaging, as he went, the territory of Persia, he destined part of the booty thus obtained, to the founding of a chapel, in Greece, to the honour of *Diana*. He attached to it a certain revenue, which should annually supply with the amusement of the chace,

chace, and with a plentiful repaſt, all perſons who ſhould repair to it on a particular day.

OF THE CLERGY.

If our poor are ſometimes partakers of ſome wretched eccleſiaſtical diſtribution, the relief which they thence derive, ſo far from delivering them out of their miſery, only ſerves to continue them in it. What landed property, however, has been bequeathed to the Church, expreſsly for their benefit! Why, then, are not the revenues diſtributed, in ſums ſufficiently large, to reſcue annually from indigence, at leaſt a certain number of families? The Clergy allege, that they are the adminiſtrators of the goods of the poor: but the poor are neither ideots nor madmen, to ſtand in need of adminiſtrators: beſides, it is impoſſible to prove, by any one paſſage of either the Old, or New Teſtament, that this charge pertained to the prieſthood: if they really are the adminiſtrators of the poor, they have, then, no leſs than ſeven millions of perſons, in the kingdom, in their temporal adminiſtration. I ſhall puſh this reflection no farther. It is a matter of unchangeable obligation to render to every one his due: the prieſts are, by divine right, the agents of the poor, but the King alone is the natural adminiſtrator.

As

As indigence is the principal cauſe of the vices of the People, opulence may, like it, produce, in it's turn, irregularities in the Clergy. I ſhall not avail myſelf here of the reprehenſions of St. *Jerome*, of St. *Bernard*, of St. *Auguſtin*, and of the other Fathers of the Church, to the Clergy of their times, and of the Countries in which they lived; wherein they predicted to them the total deſtruction of Religion, as a neceſſary conſequence of their manners and of their riches. The prediction of ſeveral of them was ſpeedily verified in Africa, in Aſia, in Judea, and in the Grecian Empire, in which not only the religion, but the very civil government of thoſe Nations, totally diſappeared. The avidity of moſt eccleſiaſtics ſoon renders the functions of the Church ſuſpicious: this is an argument which ſtrikes all men. I believe witneſſes, ſaid *Paſcal*, who brave death. This reaſoning, however, muſt be admitted, not without many grains of allowance; but no objection can be offered to this: I diſtruſt witneſſes who are enriching themſelves by their teſtimony. Religion, in truth, has proofs natural and ſupernatural, far ſuperior to thoſe which men are capable of furniſhing it with. She is independent of our regularity, and of our irregularity; but our Country depends on theſe.

The World, at this day, looks on moſt prieſts with an eye of envy; ſhall I ſay of hatred? But

 they

they are the children of their age, juſt like other men. The vices which are laid to their charge, belong partly to their Nation, partly to the times in which they live, to the political conſtitution of the State, and to their education. Ours are Frenchmen, like ourſelves; they are our kinſmen, frequently ſacrificed to our own fortune, through the ambition of our fathers. Were we charged with the performance of their duties, we ſhould frequently acquit ourſelves worſe than they do. I know of none ſo painful, none ſo worthy of reſpect, as thoſe of a good eccleſiaſtic.

I do not ſpeak of thoſe of a Biſhop, who exerciſes a vigilant care over his dioceſe, who inſtitutes judicious ſeminaries of inſtruction, who maintains regularity and peace in communities, who reſiſts the wicked, and ſupports the weak, who is always ready to ſuccour the miſerable, and who, in this age of error, refutes the objections of the enemies of the faith, by his own virtues. He has his reward in the public eſteem. It is poſſible to purchaſe, by painful labours, the glory of being a *Fenelon*, or a *Juigné*. I ſay nothing of thoſe of a pariſh miniſter, which, from their importance, ſometimes attract the attention of Kings; nor of thoſe of a miſſionary, advancing to the crown of martyrdom. The conflicts of this laſt frequently endure but for a ſingle day, and his glory is immortal.

mortal. But I ſpeak of thoſe of a ſimple and obſcure pariſh-drudge, to whom no one pays any manner of attention. He is under the neceſſity, in the firſt place of ſacrificing the pleaſures, and the liberty, of his juvenile days, to irkſome and painful ſtudies. He is obliged to ſupport, all the days of his life, the exerciſe of continency, like a cumberſome cuiraſs, on a thouſand occaſions which endanger the loſs of it. The World honours theatrical virtues only, and the victories of a ſingle moment. But to combat, day after day, an enemy lodged within the fortreſs, and who makes his approaches under the diſguiſe of a friend; to repel inceſſantly, without a witneſs, without glory, without applauſe, the moſt impetuous of paſſions, and the gentleſt of propenſities—this is not eaſy.

Conflicts of another kind await him, from without. He is every day called upon to expoſe his life to the attack of epidemical diſtempers. He is obliged to confeſs, with his head on the ſame pillow, perſons attacked with the ſmall-pox, with the putrid and the purple fever. This obſcure fortitude appears to me very far ſuperior to the courage of a ſoldier. The military man combats in the view of armies, animated with the noiſe of cannon and drums; he preſents himſelf to the ſtroke of death as a hero. But the prieſt devotes himſelf to it as a victim. What fortune can this laſt pro-

mise himself from his labours? In many cases, a precarious subsistence at most! Besides, supposing him to have acquired wealth, he cannot transmit it to his descendants. He beholds all his temporal hopes ready to expire with him. What indemnification does he receive from men? To be called upon, many a time, to administer the consolations of Religion, to persons who do not believe it; to be the refuge of the poor, with nothing to give them; to be sometimes persecuted for his very virtues; to see his conflicts treated with contempt, his best-intentioned actions mis-interpreted into artifice, his virtues transformed into vices, his religion turned into ridicule. Such are the duties imposed, and such the recompense which the World bestows on the men whose lot it envies.

This is what I have assumed the courage to propose, for the happiness of the People, and of the principal orders of the State, in so far as I have been permitted to submit my ideas to the public eye. Many Philosophers and Politicians have declaimed against the disorders of Society, without troubling themselves to enquire into their causes, and still less into the remedies which might be applied. Those of the greatest ability have viewed our evils only in detail, and have recommended palliatives merely. Some have proscribed luxury; others give no quarter to celibacy, and would load

with

with the charge of a family, perſons who have not the means of ſupplying their perſonal neceſſities. Some are for incarcerating all the beggars; others would prohibit the wretched women of pleaſure to appear in the ſtreets. They would act in the manner which that phyſician does, who, in order to cure the pimples on the body of a perſon out of order, uſes all his ſkill to force back the humours. Politicians, you apply the remedy to the head, becauſe the pain is in the forehead; but the miſchief is in the nerves: it is for the heart you muſt provide a cure; it is the People, whoſe health you muſt endeavour to reſtore.

Should ſome great Miniſter, animated with a noble ambition, to procure for us internal happineſs, and to extend our power externally, have the courage to undertake a re-eſtabliſhment of things, he muſt, in his courſe of procedure, imitate that of Nature. She acts, in every caſe ſlowly, and by means of re-actions. I repeat it, the cauſe of the prodigious power of gold, which has robbed the People at once of their morality, and of their ſubſiſtence, is in the venality of public employments. That of the beggary which, at this day, extends to ſeven millions of ſubjects, conſiſts in the enormous accumulation of landed and official property. That of female proſtitution, is to be imputed, on the one hand, to extreme indigence;

and on the other, to the celibacy of two millions of men. The unprofitable ſuperabundance of the idle and cenſorious burghers in our ſecond and third-rate cities, ariſes from the impoſts which degrade the inhabitants of the country. The prejudices of the nobility are kept alive by the reſentments of thoſe who want the advantage of birth; and all theſe evils, and others innumerable, phyſical and intellectual, ſpring up out of the miſery of the People. It is the indigence of the People which produces ſuch ſwarms of players, courteſans, highwaymen, incendiaries, licentious ſcholars, calumniators, flatterers, hypocrites, mendicants, kept-miſtreſſes, quacks of all conditions, and that infinite multitude of corrupted wretches, who, incapable of coming to any thing by their virtues, endeavour to procure bread and conſideration by their vices. In vain will you oppoſe to theſe, plans of finance, projects of equalization of taxes and tithes, of ordonnances of Police, of arrets of Parliament; all your efforts will be fruitleſs. The indigence of the People is a mighty river, which is, every year, collecting an increaſe of ſtrength, which is ſweeping away before it every oppoſing mound, and which will iſſue in a total ſubverſion of order and government.

To this phyſical cauſe, of our diſtreſſes, muſt be added another, purely moral; I mean our educa-

tion.

tion. I ſhall venture to ſuggeſt a few reflections on this ſubject, though it far exceeds my higheſt powers: but if it be the moſt important of our abuſes, it appears to me, on the other hand, the moſt eaſily ſuſceptible of reformation; and this reform appears to me ſo abſolutely neceſſary, that, without it, all the reſt goes for nothing.

STUDY FOURTEENTH.

OF EDUCATION.

"TO what higher object," says *Plutarch* *, "could *Numa* have directed his attention, than to the culture of early infancy, and to uniformity in the treatment of young persons; in the view of preventing the collision of different manners, and turbulency of spirit arising from diversity of nurture? Thus he proposed to harmonize the minds of men, in a state of maturity, from their having been, in childhood, trained in the same habits of order, and cast into the same mould of virtue. This, independent of other advantages, greatly contributed, likewise, to the support of the Laws of *Lycurgus*; for respect to the oath, by which the Spartans had bound themselves, must have produced a much more powerful effect, from his having, by early instruction and nurture, *died in the wool*, if I may use the expression, the mo-

* Comparison of *Numa* and *Lycurgus*.

"rals of the young, and made them ſuck in, with "the milk from their nurſe's breaſt, the love of "his Laws and Inſtitutions."

Here is a deciſion, which completely condemns our mode of education, by pronouncing the elogium of that of Sparta. I do not heſitate a ſingle moment to aſcribe to our modern education, the reſtleſs, ambitious, ſpiteful, pragmatical, and intolerant ſpirit of moſt Europeans. The effects of it are viſible in the miſeries of the Nations. It is remarkable, that thoſe which have been moſt agitated internally and externally, are preciſely the Nations among which our boaſted ſtyle of education has flouriſhed the moſt. The truth of this may be aſcertained, by ſtepping from country to country, from age to age. Politicians have imagined, that they could diſcern the cauſe of public misfortunes in the different forms of Government. But Turkey is quiet, and England is frequently in a ſtate of agitation. All political forms are indifferent to the happineſs of a State, as has been ſaid, provided the People are happy. We might have added, and provided the children are ſo likewiſe

The Philoſopher *Laloubere*, Envoy from *Louis* XIV. to Siam, ſays, in the account which he gives of his miſſion, that the Aſiatics laugh us to ſcorn, when

when we boaſt to them of the excellence of the Chriſtian Religion, as contributing to the happineſs of States. They aſk, on reading our Hiſtories, How it is poſſible that our Religion ſhould be ſo humane, while we wage war ten times more frequently than they do? What would they ſay, then, did they ſee among us our perpetual law-ſuits, the malicious cenſoriouſneſs and calumny of our ſocieties, the jealouſy of corps, the quarrels of the populace, the duels of the better ſort, and our animoſities of every kind, nothing ſimilar to which is to be ſeen in Aſia, in Africa, among the Tartars, or among Savages, on the teſtimony of miſſionaries themſelves? For my own part, I diſcern the cauſe of all theſe particular and general diſorders, in our ambitious education. When a man has drunk, from infancy upward, into the cup of ambition, the thirſt of it cleaves to him all his life long, and it degenerates into a burning fever at the very feet of the altars.

It is not Religion, aſſuredly, which occaſions this. I cannot explain how it comes to paſs, that kingdoms, calling themſelves Chriſtian, ſhould have adopted ambition as the baſis of public education. Independently of their political conſtitution, which forbids it to all thoſe of their ſubjects who have not money, that is to the greateſt part of them, there is no paſſion ſo uniformly con-

demned by Religion. We have obſerved, that there are but two paſſions in the heart of Man, love and ambition. Civil Laws denounce the ſevereſt puniſhment againſt the exceſſes of the firſt: they repreſs, as far as their power extends, the more violent emotions of it. Proſtitution is branded with infamous penalties; and, in ſome countries, adultery is puniſhed even with death. But theſe ſame Laws meet the ſecond more than half way; they, every where, propoſe to it prizes, rewards, and honours. Theſe opinions force their way, and exerciſe dominion, in cloiſters themſelves. It is a grievous ſcandal to a convent, if the amorous intrigues of a monk happen to take air; but what elogiums are beſtowed on thoſe which procure him a cardinal's hat! What raillery, imprecation, and malediction, are the portion of imprudent weakneſs! What gentle and honourable epithets are applied to audacious craft! Noble emulation, love of glory, ſpirit, intelligence, merit rewarded; with how many glorious appellations do we palliate intrigue, flattery, ſimony, perfidy, and all the vices which walk, in all States, in the train of the ambitious!

This is the way in which the World forms it's judgments; but Religion, ever conformable to Nature, pronounces a very different deciſion on the characters of theſe two paſſions. JESUS invites the

communications

communications of the frail Samaritan woman, he pardons the adultrefs, he abfolves the female offender who bathed his feet with her tears; but hear how he inveighs againft the ambitious:— "Woe unto you, fcribes and pharifees, for ye love "the uppermoft feats in the fynagogues, and the "chief places at feafts, and greetings in the mar-"kets, and to be called of men, Rabbi! Woe "unto you, alfo, ye lawyers; for ye lade men with "burdens grievous to be borne, and ye yourfelves "touch not the burdens with one of your fingers! "Woe unto you, lawyers, for ye have taken away "the key of knowledge: ye entered not in your-"felves, and them that were entering in ye hin-"dered! and fo on*." He declares to them that, notwithftanding their empty honours in this World, harlots fhould go before them into the kingdom of God. He cautions us, in many places, to be on our guard againft them; and intimates that we fhould know them by their fruits. In pronouncing decifions fo different from ours, He judges our paffions according to their natural adaptations. He pardons proftitution, which is in itfelf a vice, but which, after all, is a frailty only, relatively to the order of Society; and He condemns, without mercy, the fin of ambition, as a crime which is contrary, at once, to the order of

* Luke xi. 43, &c.

Society,

Society, and to that of Nature. The firſt involves the diſtreſs of only two guilty perſons, but the ſecond affects the happineſs of Mankind.

To this our doctors reply, that the only object purſued, in the education of children, is the inſpiring them with a virtuous emulation. I do not believe there is ſuch a thing in our Colleges, as exerciſes of virtue, unleſs it be to preſcribe to the ſtudents, on this ſubject, certain themes, or amplifications. But a real ambition is taught, by engaging them to diſpute the firſt place in their ſeveral claſſes, and to adopt a thouſand intolerant ſyſtems. Accordingly, when they have once got the key of knowledge in their pocket, they reſolutely determine, like their maſters, to let no one enter but by their door.

Virtue and ambition are abſolutely incompatible. The glory of ambition is to mount, and that of virtue is to deſcend. Obſerve how JESUS CHRIST reprimands his diſciples, when they aſked him who ſhould be the firſt among them. He takes a little child, and places him in the midſt: Not, ſurely, a child from our ſchools. Ah! when He recommends to us the humility ſo ſuitable to our frail and miſerable condition, it is becauſe He did not conſider that power, even ſupreme, was capable of conſtituting our happineſs in this

World; and it is worthy of being remarked, that He did not confer the superiority over the reſt on the diſciple whom he loved the moſt; but as a reward to the love of him who had been faithful unto death, He bequeathed to him, with his dying breath, his own mother as a legacy.

This pretended emulation, inſtilled into children, renders them, for life, intolerant, vain-glorious, tremblingly alive to the ſlighteſt cenſure, or the meaneſt token of applauſe from an unknown perſon. They are trained to ambition, we are told, for their good, in order to their proſpering in the World; but the cupidity natural to the human mind is more than ſufficient for the attainment of that object. Have merchants, mechanics, and all the lucrative profeſſions, in other words, all the conditions of Society; have they need of any other ſtimulus? Were ambition to be inſtilled into the mind of only one child, deſtined, at length, to fill a ſtation of high importance, this education, which is by no means exempted from inconveniencies, would be adapted, at leaſt, to the career which the young man had in proſpect. But by infuſing it into all, you give each individual as many opponents as he has got companions; you render the whole unhappy, by means of each other. Thoſe who are incapable of riſing by their talents, endeavour to inſinuate themſelves into the good graces

graces of their maſters by flattery, and to ſupplant their equals by calumny. If theſe means ſucceed not, they conceive an averſion for the objects of their emulation, which, to their comrades, has all the value of applauſe, and becomes, to themſelves, a perpetual ſource of depreſſion, of chaſtiſement, and of tears.

This is the reaſon that ſo many grown men, endeavour to baniſh from their memory, the times and the objects of their early ſtudies, though it be natural, to the heart of Man, to recollect with delight the epochs of infancy. How many behold, in the maturity of life, the bowers of oſiers, and the ruſtic canopies, which ſerved for their infant ſleeping and dining apartments, who could not look, without abhorrence, upon a *Turſelin*, or a *Deſpauter!* I have no doubt that thoſe diſguſts, of early education, extend a moſt baleful influence to that love with which we ought to be animated toward Religion, becauſe it's elements, in like manner, are diſplayed only through the medium of gloom, pride, and inhumanity.

The plan of moſt maſters conſiſts, above all, in compoſing the exterior of their pupils. They form, on the ſame model, a multitude of characters, which Nature had rendered eſſentially different. One will have his to be grave and ſtately, as if they were ſo

ſo many little preſidents; others, and they are the moſt numerous, wiſh to make theirs alert and lively. One of the great burdens of the leſſon is, an inceſſant fillip of: "Come on, make haſte, don't "be lazy." To this impulſion ſimply, I aſcribe the general giddineſs of our youth, and of which the Nation is accuſed. It is the impatience of the maſter which, in the firſt inſtance, produces the precipitancy of the ſcholars. It, afterwards, acquires ſtrength, in the commerce of the World, from the impatience of the women. But, through the progreſs of human life, Is not reflection of much higher importance than promptitude? How many children are deſtined to fill ſituations which require ſerіouſneſs and ſolemnity? Is not reflection the baſis of prudence, of temperance, of wiſdom, and of moſt of the other moral qualities? For my own part, I have always ſeen honeſt people abundantly tranquil, and rogues always alert.

There is, in this reſpect, a very perceptible difference, between two children, the one of whom has been educated in his Father's houſe, and the other, at a public ſchool. The firſt is, beyond all contradiction, more polite, more ingenuous, leſs jealouſly diſpoſed; and, from this ſingle circumſtance, that he has been brought up without the deſire of excelling any one, and ſtill leſs of ſurpaſſing himſelf, according to our great faſhionable

 phraſeology

phraſeology, but as deſtitute of common ſenſe as many others of the kind. Is not a child, influenced by the emulation of the ſchools, under the neceſſity of renouncing it, from the very firſt ſtep he makes in the World, if he means to be ſupportable to his equals, and to himſelf? If he propoſes to himſelf no other object but his own advancement, Will he not be afflicted at the proſperity of another? Will he not, in the courſe of his progreſs, be liable to have his mind torn with the averſions, the jealouſies, and the deſires, which muſt deprave it, both phyſically and morally? Do not Philoſophy and Religion impoſe on him the neceſſity, of exerting himſelf every day of his life, to eradicate thoſe faults of education? The World itſelf obliges him to maſk their hideous aſpect. Here is a fine perſpective opened to human life, in which we are conſtrained to employ the half of our days, in deſtroying, with a thouſand painful efforts, what had been raiſing up in the other, with ſo many tears, and ſo much parade.

We have borrowed thoſe vices from the Greeks, without being aware, that they had contributed to their perpetual diviſions, and to their final ruin. The greateſt part, at leaſt, of their exerciſes, had the good of their Country, as the leading object. If there were propoſed, among the Greeks, prizes for ſuperiority in wreſtling, in boxing, in throwing the

the quoit, in foot and chariot races, it was becauſe ſuch exerciſes had a reference to the art of war. If they had others eſtabliſhed for the reward of ſuperior eloquence, it was becauſe that art ſerved to maintain the intereſts of Country, from city to city, or in the general Aſſemblies of Greece. But to what purpoſe do we employ the tedious and painful ſtudy of dead languages, and of cuſtoms foreign to our Country? Moſt of our inſtitutions, with relation to the Ancients, have a ſtriking reſemblance to the paradiſe of the Savages of America. Thoſe good people imagine that, after death, the ſouls of their compatriots migrate to a certain country, where they hunt down the ſouls of beavers with the ſouls of arrows, walking over the ſoul of ſnow with the ſoul of rackets, and that they dreſs the ſoul of their game in the ſoul of pots. We have, in like manner, the images of a Coliſeum, where no ſpectacles are exhibited; images of periſtyles and public ſquares, in which we are not permitted to walk; images of antique vaſes, in which it is impoſſible to put any liquor, but which contribute largely to our images of grandeur and patriotiſm. The real Greeks, and the real Romans, would believe themſelves, among us, to be in the land of their ſhades. Happy for us, had we borrowed from them vain images only, and not naturalized in our Country their real evils, by tranſ-

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planting thither the jealousies, the hatreds, and the vain emulations which rendered them miserable.

It was *Charlemagne*, we are told, who instituted our course of studies; and some say it was in the view of dividing his subjects, and of giving them employment. He has succeeded in this to a miracle. Seven years devoted to *humanity*, or *classical learning*, two to *Philosophy*, three to *Theology*: twelve years of languor, of ambition, and of self-conceit; without taking into the account the years which well-meaning parents double upon their children, to make sure work of it, as they allege. I ask whether, on emerging thence, a student is, according to the denomination of those respective branches of study, more *humane*, more of a *philosopher*, and *believes* more in God, than an honest peasant, who has not been taught to read? What good purpose, then, does all this answer to the greatest part of Mankind? What benefit do the majority derive, from this irksome course, on mixing with the World, toward perfecting their own intelligence, and even toward purity of diction. We have seen, that the classical Authors themselves have borrowed their illumination only from Nature, and that those of our own Nation who have distinguished themselves the most, in literature and in the sciences, such as *Descartes*, *Michael Montaigne*, *J. J. Rousseau*,

ſeau, and others, have ſucceeded only by deviating from the track which their models purſued, and frequently by purſuing the directly oppoſite path. Thus it was that *Deſcartes* attacked and ſubverted the philoſophy of *Ariſtotle*: you would be tempted to ſay, that Eloquence and the Sciences are completely out of the province of our Gothic Inſtitutions.

I acknowledge, at the ſame time, that it is a fortunate circumſtance for many children, who have wicked parents, that there are colleges; they are leſs miſerable there than in the father's houſe. The faults of maſters, being expoſed to view, are in part repreſſed by the fear of public cenſure; but it is not ſo, as to thoſe of their parents. For example, the pride of a man of letters is loquacious, and ſometimes inſtructive; that of an eccleſiaſtic is clothed with diſſimulation, but flattering; that of a man of family is lofty, but frank; that of a clown is inſolent, but natural: but the pride of a warm tradeſman is ſullen and ſtupid; it is pride at it's eaſe, pride in a night-gown. As the cit is never contradicted, except it be by his wife, they unite their efforts to render their children unhappy, without ſo much as ſuſpecting that they do ſo. Is it credible that, in a ſociety, the men of which all moraliſts allow to be corrupted, in which the citizens maintain their ground only by the ter-

ror of the Laws, or by the fear which they have of each other, feeble and defenceless children should not be abandoned to the discretion of tyranny? Nothing can be conceived so ignorant, and so conceited, as the greatest part of tradesmen; among them it is that folly shoots out spreading and profound roots. You see a great many of this class, both men and women, dying of apoplectic fits, from a too sedentary mode of life; from eating beef, and swallowing strong broths, when they are out of order, without suspecting for a moment that such a regimen was pernicious. Nothing can be more wholesome, say they; they have always seen their Aunts do so. Hence it is that a multitude of false remedies, and of ridiculous superstitions, maintain a reputation among them, long after they have been exploded in the World. In their cup-boards is still carefully treasured up the *cassis*, a species of poison, as if it were an universal panacea. The regimen of their unfortunate children, resembles that which they employ where their own health is concerned; they form them to melancholy habits; all that they make them learn, up to the Gospel itself, is with the rod over their head; they fix them in a sedentary posture all the day long, at an age when Nature is prompting them to stir about, for the purpose of expanding their form. Be good children, is the perpetual injunction; and this goodness consists in never moving a limb. A wo-

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man of ſpirit, who was fond of children, took notice one day, at the houſe of a ſhop-keeper, in St. Denis-ſtreet, of a little boy and girl, who had a very ſerious air. "Your children are very grave," ſaid ſhe to the mother...." Ah! Madam," replied the ſagacious ſhop-dame, " it is not for want of " whipping, if they are not ſo."

Children rendered miſerable in their ſports, and in their ſtudies, become hypocritical and reſerved before their fathers and mothers. At length, however, they acquire ſtature. One night, the daughter puts on her cloke, under pretence of going to evening-prayers, but it is to give her lover the meeting: by and by, her ſhapes divulge the ſecret; ſhe is driven from her father's houſe, and comes upon the town. Some fine morning, the ſon enliſts for a ſoldier. The father and mother are ready to go diſtracted. We ſpared nothing, ſay they, to procure them the beſt of education: they had maſters of every kind: Fools! you forgot the eſſential point; you forgot to teach them to love you.

They juſtify their tyranny by that cruel adage: *Children muſt be corrected; human nature is corrupted.* They do not perceive that they themſelves, by their exceſſive ſeverity, ſtand chargeable with the corruption,

ruption *, and that in every country where fathers are good, the children resemble them.

I could

* To certain species of chastisement, I ascribe the physical and moral corruption, not only of children, and of several orders of monks, but of the Nation itself. You cannot move a step through the streets, without hearing nurses and mothers menacing their little charge with, *I shall give you a flogging.* I have never been in England, but I am persuaded, that the ferocity imputed to the English, must proceed from some such cause. I have indeed heard it affirmed, that punishment by the rod was more cruel, and more frequent, among them, than with us. See what is said on this subject by the illustrious Authors of the *Spectator*, a Work which has, beyond contradiction, greatly contributed to soften both their manners and ours. They reproach the English Nobility, for permitting this character of infamy to be impressed on their children. Consult, particularly, No. CLVII. of that Collection, which concludes thus: "I would "not here be supposed to have said, that our learned men of "either robe, who have been whipped at school, are not still "men of noble and liberal minds; but I am sure they had been "much more so than they are, had they never suffered that in-"famy."

Government ought to proscribe this kind of chastisement, not only in the public schools, as Russia has done, but in convents, on shipboard, in private families, in boarding houses: it corrupts, at once, fathers, mothers, preceptors, and children. I could quote terrible re-actions of it, did modesty permit. Is it not very astonishing, that men, in other respects, of a staid and serious exterior, should lay down, as the basis of a Christian education, the observance of gentleness, humanity, chastity; and punish timid and innocent children, with the most barbarous, and the most obscene of all chastisements? Our men of letters,

who

I could demonſtrate, by a multitude of examples, that the depravation of our moſt notorious criminals, began with the cruelty of their education,

who have been employed in reforming abuſes, for more than a century paſt, have not attacked this, with the ſeverity which it deſerves. They do not pay ſufficient attention to the miſeries of the riſing generation. It would be a queſtion of right, the diſcuſſion of which were highly intereſting and important, namely, Whether the State could permit the right of inflicting infamous puniſhment, to perſons who have not the power of life and death? It is certain, that the infamy of a citizen produces re-actions more dangerous to Society, than his own death merely. It is nothing at all, we are told, they are but children; but for this very reaſon, becauſe they are children, every generous ſpirit is bound to protect them, and becauſe every miſerable child becomes a bad man.

At the ſame time, it is far from being my intention, in what I have ſaid reſpecting maſters in general, to render the profeſſion odious. I only mean to ſuggeſt to them, that thoſe chaſtiſements, the practice of which they have borrowed from the corrupted Greeks of the Lower Empire, exerciſe an influence much more powerful than they are aware of, on the hatred which is borne to them, as well as to the other miniſters of Religion, monks as well as the regular clergy, by a people more enlightened than in former times. After all, it muſt be granted, that maſters treat their pupils as they themſelves were treated. One ſet of miſerable beings are employed in forming a new ſet, frequently without ſuſpecting what they are doing. All I aim at preſent to eſtabliſh is this, That man has been committed to his own foreſight; that all the ill which he does to his fellow-creatures, recoils, ſooner or later, upon himſelf. This re-action is the only counterpoiſe capable of bringing him back to humanity.

tion, from *Gwillery* down to *Desrues*. But, to take leave, once for all of this horrid perspective, I conclude with a single reflection: namely, if human nature were corrupted, as is alleged by those who arrogate to themselves the power of reforming it, children could not fail to add a new corruption, to that which they find already introduced into the World, upon their arrival in it. Human Society would, accordingly, speedily reach the term of it's dissolution. But children, on the contrary, protract, and put off that fatal period, by the introduction of new and untainted souls. It requires a long apprenticeship to inspire them with a taste for our passions and extravagancies. New generations resemble the dews and the rains of Heaven, which refresh the waters of rivers, slackened in their course, and tending to corruption: change the sources of a river, and you will change it in the stream; change the education of a People, and you will change their character and their manners.

We shall hazard a few ideas on a subject of so much importance, and shall look for the indications of them in Nature. On examining the nest of a bird, we find in it, not only the nutriments

nity. All the Sciences are still in a state of infancy; but that of rendering men happy has not, as yet, so much as seen the light, not even in China, whose politics are so far superior to ours.

which

which are moſt agreeable to the young, but, from the ſoftneſs of the downs with which it is lined; from it's ſituation, whereby it is ſheltered from the cold, from the rain, and from the wind; and from a multitude of other precautions, it is eaſy to diſcern that thoſe who conſtructed it, collected around their brood, all the intelligence, and all the benevolence, of which they were capable. The father, too, ſings at a little diſtance from their cradle, prompted rather, as I ſuppoſe, by the ſolicitudes of paternal affection, than by thoſe of conjugal love; for this laſt ſentiment expires, in moſt, as ſoon as the proceſs of hatching begins. If we were to examine, under the ſame aſpect, the ſchools of the young of the human ſpecies, we ſhould have a very indifferent idea of the affection of their parents. Rods, whips, ſtripes, cries, tears, are the firſt leſſons given to human life: we have here and there, it is true, a glimpſe of reward, amidſt ſo many chaſtiſements; but, ſymbol of what awaits them in Society, the pain is real, and the pleaſure only imaginary.

It is worthy of being remarked that, of all the ſpecies of ſenſible beings, the human ſpecies is the only one, whoſe young are brought up, and inſtructed, by dint of blows. I would not wiſh for any other proof, of an original depravation of Mankind. The European brood, in this reſpect, ſurpaſſes

ſurpaſſes all the Nations of the Globe; as they likewiſe do in wickedneſs. We have already obſerved, on the teſtimony of miſſionaries themſelves, with what gentleneſs Savages rear their children, and what affection the children bear to their parents in return.

The Arabs extend their humanity to the very horſes; they never beat them; they manage them by means of kindneſs and careſſes, and render them ſo docile, that there are no animals of the kind, in the whole World, once to be compared with them in beauty and in goodneſs. They do not fix them to a ſtake in the fields, but ſuffer them to paſture at large around their habitation, to which they come running the moment that they hear the ſound of the maſter's voice. Thoſe tractable animals reſort at night to their tents, and lie down in the midſt of the children, without ever hurting them in the ſlighteſt degree. If the rider happens to fall while a-courſing, his horſe ſtands ſtill inſtantly, and never ſtirs till he has mounted again. Theſe people, by means of the irreſiſtible influence of a mild education, have acquired the art of rendering their horſes the firſt courſers of the univerſe.

It is impoſſible to read, without being melted into tears, what is related on this ſubject, by the virtuous

virtuous Conſul *d'Hervieux*, in his journey to Mount Lebanon. The whole ſtock of a poor Arabian of the Deſert conſiſted of a moſt beautiful mare. The French Conſul at Saïd offered to purchaſe her, with an intention to ſend her to his maſter *Louis* XIV. The Arab, preſſed by want, heſitated a long time; but, at length conſented, on condition of receiving a very conſiderable ſum, which he named. The Conſul, not daring, without inſtructions, to give ſo high a price, wrote to Verſailles for permiſſion to cloſe the bargain on the terms ſtipulated. *Louis* XIV. gave orders to pay the money. The Conſul immediately ſent notice to the Arab, who ſoon after made his appearance, mounted on his magnificent courſer, and the gold which he had demanded was paid down to him. The Arab, covered with a miſerable rug, diſmounts, looks at the money; then, turning his eyes to the mare, he ſighs, and thus accoſts her: "To whom am I going to yield thee up? To "Europeans, who will tie thee cloſe, who will beat "thee, who will render thee miſerable: return "with me, my beauty, my darling, my jewel! "and rejoice the hearts of my children!" As he pronounced theſe words, he ſprung upon her back, and ſcampered off toward the Deſert.

If, with us, fathers beat their children, it is becauſe they love them not; if they ſend them abroad

to nurſe, as ſoon as they come into the World, it is becauſe they love them not; if they place them, as ſoon as they have acquired a little growth, in boarding-ſchools and colleges, it is becauſe they love them not; if they procure for them ſituations out of their State, out of their Province, it is becauſe they love them not: if they keep them at a diſtance from themſelves, at every epoch of life, it muſt undoubtedly be, becauſe they look upon them as their heirs.

I have been long enquiring into the cauſe of this unnatural ſentiment, but not in our books; for the Authors of theſe, in the view of paying court to fathers, who buy their Works, inſiſt only on the duties of children; and if, ſometimes, they bring forward thoſe of fathers, the diſcipline which they recommend to them, reſpecting their children, is ſo gloomy and ſevere, that it looks as if they were furniſhing parents with new means of rendering themſelves hateful to their offspring.

This parental apathy is to be imputed to the diſorderly ſtate of our manners, which has ſtifled among us all the ſentiments of Nature. Among the Ancients, and even among Savages, the perſpective of ſocial life preſented to them a ſeries of employments, from infancy up to old age, which, among them, was the era of the higher magiſtracies,

cies, and of the priesthood. The hopes of their religion, at that period, interposed to terminate an honourable career, and concluded with rendering the plan of their life conformable to that of Nature. Thus it was that they always kept up in the soul of their citizens, that perspective of infinity which is so natural to the heart of Man. But venality, and debauched manners, having subverted, among us, the order of Nature, the only age of human existence which has preserved it's rights, is that of youth and love. This is the epoch to which all the citizens direct their thoughts. Among the Ancients, the aged bare rule; but with us, the young people assume the government. The old are constrained to retire from all public employment. Their dear children then pay them back the fruits of the education which they had received from them.

Hence, therefore, it comes to pass, that a father and mother restricting, with us, the epoch of their felicity to the middle period of life, cannot, without uneasiness, behold their children approaching toward it, just in proportion as they themselves are withdrawing from it. As their faith is almost, or altogether extinguished, Religion administers to them no consolation. They behold nothing but death closing their perspective. This point of view renders them sullen, harsh, and, frequently, cruel.

This

This is the reaſon that, with us, parents do not love their children, and that our old people affect ſo many frivolous taſtes, to bring themſelves nearer to a generation which is repelling them.

Another conſequence of the ſame ſtate of manners is, that we have nothing of the ſpirit of patriotiſm among us. The Ancients, on the contrary, had a great deal of it. They propoſed to themſelves a noble recompenſe in the preſent, but one ſtill much more noble in the future. The Romans, for example, had oracles which promiſed to their City that ſhe ſhould become the Capital of the World, and ſhe actually became ſo. Each citizen, in particular, flattered himſelf with the hope of exerciſing an influence over her deſtiny, and of preſiding, one day, as a tutelary deity, over that of his own poſterity. Their higheſt ambition was to ſee their own age honoured and diſtinguiſhed above every other age of the Republic. Thoſe, among us, who have any ambition that regards futurity, reſtrict it to the being themſelves diſtinguiſhed by the age in which they live, for their knowledge or their philoſophy. In this, nearly, terminates our natural ambition, directed, as it is, by our mode of education.

The Ancients employed their thoughts in prognoſticating the character and condition of their poſterity;

posterity; and we revolve what our Ancestors were. They looked forward, and we look backward. We are, in the State, like passengers embarked, against their will, on board a vessel; we look toward the poop, and not to the prow; to the land from which we are taking our departure, and not to that on which we hope to arrive. We collect, with avidity, Gothic manuscripts, monuments of chivalry, the medallions of *Childeric*; we pick up, with ardour, all the worn out fragments of the ancient fabric of our State vessel. We pursue them in a backward direction, as far as the eye can carry us. Nay, we extend this solicitude about Antiquity, to monuments which are foreign to us; to those of the Greeks and Romans. They are, like our own, the wrecks of their vessels, which have perished on the vast Ocean of Time, without being able to get forward to us. They would have been accompanying us, nay, they would have been outsailing us, had skilful pilots always stood at the helm. It is still possible to distinguish them from their shattered fragments. From the simplicity of her construction, and the lightness of her frame, that must have been the Spartan Frigat. She was made to swim eternally; but she had no bottom; she was overtaken by a dreadful tempest; and the Helots were incapable of restoring the equilibrium. From the loftiness of her quarter-galleries, you there distinguish the remains of the mighty first-

rate of proud Rome. She was unable to ſupport the weight of her unwieldy turrets; her cumberſome and ponderous upper-works overſet her. The following inſcriptions might be engraved on the different rocks againſt which they have made ſhipwreck:

LOVE OF CONQUEST.

Accumulation of Property. Venality of Employments.

AND, ABOVE ALL:

CONTEMPT OF THE PEOPLE.

The billows of Time ſtill roar over their enormous wrecks, and ſeparate from them detached planks, which they ſcatter among modern Nations, for their inſtruction. Thoſe ruins ſeem to addreſs them thus: "We are the remains of the ancient "government of the Tuſcans, of Dardanus, and "of the grand-children of Numitor. The States "which they have tranſmitted to their deſcendants "ſtill ſupport Nations of Mankind; but they no "longer have the ſame languages, nor the ſame "religions, nor the ſame civil dynaſties. Divine "Providence, in order to ſave men from ſhip-"wreck, has drowned the pilots, and daſhed the "ſhips to pieces."

We admire, on the contrary, in our frivolous Sciences, their conqueſts, their vaſt and uſeleſs buildings,

buildings, and all the monuments of their luxury, which are the very rocks on which they perished. See, to what our studies, and our patriotism, are leading us. If posterity is taken up with the Ancients, it is because the Ancients laboured for posterity: but if we do nothing for ours, assuredly they will pay no attention to us. They will talk incessantly, as we do, about the Greeks and Romans, without wasting a single thought upon their fathers.

Instead of falling into raptures, over Greek and Roman Medallions, half devoured by the teeth of Time, would it not be fully as agreeable, and much more useful, to direct our views, and employ our conjectures, on the subject of our fresh, lively, plump children, and to try to discover in their several inclinations, who are to be the future co-operators in the service of their Country? Those who, in their childish sports, are fond of building, will one day rear her monuments. Among those who take delight in managing their boyish skirmishes, will be formed the *Epaminondases* and the *Scipios* of future times. Those who are seated upon the grass, the calm spectators of the sports of their companions, will, in due time, become excellent Magistrates, and Philosophers, the complete masters of their own passions. Those who, in their restless course, love to withdraw from the rest, will be

noted travellers, and founders of colonies, who ſhall carry the manners, and the language, of France, to the Savages of America, or into the interior of Africa itſelf.

If we are kind to our children, they will bleſs our memory; they will tranſmit, unaltered, our cuſtoms, our faſhions, our education, our government, and every thing that awakens the recollection of us, to the very lateſt poſterity. We ſhall be to them beneficent deities, who have wrought their deliverance from Gothic barbariſm. We ſhould gratify the innate taſte of infinity, ſtill better, by launching our thoughts into a futurity of two thouſand years, than into a retroſpect of the ſame diſtance. This manner of viewing, more conformable to our divine nature, would fix our benevolence on ſenſible objects which do exiſt, and which ſtill are to exiſt *. We ſhould ſecure to ourſelves,

* There is a ſublime character in the Works of the DIVINITY. They are not only perfect in themſelves, but they are always in a progreſſive ſtate toward perfection. We have ſuggeſted ſome thoughts reſpecting this Law, in ſpeaking of the harmonies of plants. A young plant is of more value than the ſeed which produced it; a tree bearing flowers and fruits is more valuable than the young plant; finally, a tree is never more beautiful than when, declined into years, it is ſurrounded with a foreſt of young trees, ſprouted up out of it's ſeeds. The ſame thing holds good as to Man. The ſtate of an embryon is ſuperior

ourſelves, as a ſupport to an old age of ſadneſs and neglect, the gratitude of the generation which is advancing to replace us; and, by providing for their happineſs and our own, we ſhould combine all the means in our power, toward promoting the good of our Country.

In order to contribute my little mite toward ſo bleſſed a revolution, I ſhall hazard a few more haſty ideas. I proceed on the ſuppoſition, then, that I am empowered to employ uſefully a part of the twelve years, which our young people waſte at ſchools and colleges. I reduce the whole time of their education to three epochs, conſiſting of three years each. The firſt ſhould commence at the age of ſeven years, as among the Lacedemonians, and

ſuperior to that of a non-entity; that of infancy to the embryon; adoleſcence is preferable to infancy; and youth, the ſeaſon of loves, more important than adoleſcence. Man, in a ſtate of maturity, the head of a family, is preferable to a young man. The old age which encircles him with a numerous poſterity; which, from it's experience, introduces him into the counſels of Nations; which ſuſpends in him the dominion of the paſſions, only to give more energy to that of reaſon: the old age which ſeems to rank him among ſuperior beings, from the multiplied hopes which the practice of virtue, and the Laws of Providence, have beſtowed upon him, is of more value, than all the other ages of life put together. I could wiſh it were ſo with the maturity of France, and that the age of *Louis* XVI. might ſurpaſs all that have preceded it.

even earlier: a child is fuſceptible of a patriotic education, as ſoon as he is able to ſpeak, and to walk. The ſecond ſhall begin with the period of adoleſcence; and the third end with it, toward the age of ſixteen, an age when a young man may begin to be uſeful to his Country, and to aſſume a profeſſion.

I would begin with diſpoſing, in a central ſituation, in Paris, a magnificent edifice, conſtructed internally in form of a circular amphitheatre, divided into aſcending rows. The maſters, to be entruſted with the charge of the national education, ſhould be ſtationed below, in the centre; and above, I would have ſeveral rows of galleries, in order to multiply places for the auditors. On the outſide, and quite round the building, I would have wide porticos, ſtory above ſtory, for the reception and accommodation of the People. On a pediment, over the grand entrance, theſe words might be inſcribed:

NATIONAL SCHOOLS.

I have no need to mention, that as the children paſs three years in each epoch of their education, one of theſe edifices would be requiſite for the inſtruction of the generation of the year, which re-

ſtricts

ftricts to nine the number of monuments deftined to the general education of the Capital.

Round each of thefe amphitheatres, there fhould be a great park, ftored with the plants and trees of the Country, fcattered about without artificial arrangement, as in the fields and the woods. We fhould there behold the primrofe and the violet fhining around the root of the oak; the apple and pear-tree blended with the elm and the beech. The bowers of innocence fhould be no lefs interefting than the tombs of virtue.

If I have expreffed a wifh, to have monuments raifed to the glory of thofe by whom our climate has been enriched with exotic plants, it is not that I prefer thefe to the plants of our own Country, but it is in the view of rendering to the memory of thofe citizens, a part of the gratitude which we owe to Nature. Befides, the moft common plants in our plains, independent of their utility, are thofe which recal to us the moft agreeable fenfations: they do not tranfport us beyond feas, as foreign plants do; but recal us home, and reftore us to ourfelves. The feathered fphere of the dandelion brings to my recollection the places where, feated on the grafs with children of my own age, we endeavoured to fweep off, by one whiff of breath, all it's plumage, without leaving a fingle tuft be-

hind. Fortune, in like manner, has blown upon us, and has ſcattered abroad our downy-pinioned circles over the face of the whole earth. I call to remembrance, on ſeeing certain gramineous plants in the ear, the happy age when we conjugated on their alternate ramifications, the different tenſes and moods of the verb *aimer* (to love). We trembled at hearing our companions finiſh, after all the various inflexions, with, *je ne vous aime plus*, (I no longer love you). The fineſt flowers are not always thoſe for which we conceive the higheſt affection. The moral ſentiment determines, at the long run, all our phyſical taſtes. The plants which ſeem to me the moſt unfortunate, are, at this day, thoſe which awaken in me the moſt lively intereſt. I frequently fix my attention on a blade of graſs, at the top of an old wall, or on a ſcabious, toſſed about by the winds in the middle of a plain. Oftener than once, at ſight, in a foreign land, of an apple-tree without flowers, and without fruit, have I exclaimed: "Ah! why has Fortune de-" nied to thee, as ſhe has done to me, a little earth "in thy native land?"

The plants of our Country, recal the idea of it to us, wherever we may be, in a manner ſtill more affecting than it's monuments. I would ſpare no coſt, therefore, to collect them around the children of the Nation. I would make their ſchool a ſpot

charming

charming as their tender age, that when the injuſtice of their patrons, of their friends, of their relations, of fortune, may have cruſhed to pieces in their hearts all the ties of Country, the place in which their childhood had enjoyed felicity, might be ſtill their Capitol.

I would decorate it with pictures. Children, as well as the vulgar, prefer painting to ſculpture, becauſe this laſt preſents to them too many beauties of convention. They do not love figures completely white, but with ruddy cheeks and blue eyes, like their images in plaſter. They are more ſtruck with colours than with forms. I could wiſh to exhibit to them the portraits of our infant Kings. *Cyrus*, brought up with the children of his own age, formed them into heroes; ours ſhould be educated, at leaſt, with the images of our Sovereigns. They would aſſume, at ſight of them, the firſt ſentiments of the attachment which they owe to the Fathers of their Country.

I would preſent them with pictures after religious ſubjects; not ſuch as are terrifying, and which are calculated to excite Man to repentance; but thoſe which have a tendency to encourage innocence. Such would be that of the Virgin, holding the infant JESUS in her arms. Such would be that of JESUS himſelf in the midſt of children, diſ-

playing

playing in their attitudes, and in their features, the ſimplicity and the confidence of their age, and ſuch as *Le Sueur* would have painted them. Beneath, there might be inſcribed theſe words of JESUS CHRIST himſelf:

Sinite parvulos ad me venire.

SUFFER LITTLE CHILDREN TO COME TO ME.

Were it neceſſary to repreſent, in this ſchool, any act of juſtice, there might be a painting of the fruitleſs fig-tree withering away at his command. It would exhibit the leaves of that tree curling up, it's branches twiſting, it's bark cracking, and the whole plant, ſtruck with terror, periſhing under the malediction of the AUTHOR of Nature.

There might be inſerted ſome ſimple and ſhort inſcription, from the Goſpel, ſuch as this:

LOVE ONE ANOTHER.

Or this:

COME UNTO ME, ALL YE THAT ARE HEAVY LADEN,

AND

I WILL GIVE YOU REST.

And

And that maxim already neceſſary to the infant mind:

VIRTUE CONSISTS
IN PREFERRING
THE PUBLIC GOOD TO OUR OWN.

And that other:

IN ORDER TO BE VIRTUOUS,
A MAN
Muſt reſiſt his Propenſities, his Inclinations, his Taſtes,
AND MAINTAIN
An inceſſant Conflict with himſelf.

But there are inſcriptions to which hardly any attention is paid, and the meaning of which is of much higher importance to children; theſe are their own names. Their names are inſcriptions, which they carry with them wherever they go. It is impoſſible to conceive the influence which they have upon their natural character. Our name is the firſt and the laſt poſſeſſion which is at our own diſpoſal; it determines, from the days of infancy, our inclinations; it employs our attention through life, nay, tranſports us beyond the grave. I have ſtill a name left, is the reflection. It is a name that ennobles, or diſhonours the earth. The rocks of Greece, and of Italy, are neither more ancient, nor more beautiful, than thoſe of the other parts of

of the World; but we eſteem them more, becauſe they are dignified by more beautiful names. A medal is nothing but a bit of copper, frequently eaten with ruſt, but it acquires value from being decorated by an illuſtrious name.

I could wiſh, therefore, to have children diſtinguiſhed by intereſting names. A lad fathers himſelf upon his name. If it inclines toward any vice, or if it furniſhes matter for ridicule, as many of ours do, his mind takes a bias from it. *Bayle* remarks, that a certain Inquiſitor, named TORRE-CREMADA, or the Burnt-Tower, had, in his life-time, condemned I know not how many heretics to the flames. A Cordelier, of the name of FEU-ARDENT (Ardent-Flame) is ſaid to have done as much. There is a farther abſurdity, in giving children, deſtined to peaceful occupations, turbulent and ambitious names, ſuch as thoſe of *Alexander* and *Ceſar*. It is ſtill more dangerous to give them ridiculous names. I have ſeen poor boys ſo tormented, on this account, by their companions, and even by their own parents, from the ſilly circumſtance of a baptiſmal name, which implied ſome idea of ſimplicity and good-nature, that they inſenſibly acquired from it an oppoſite character of malignity and ferociouſneſs. Inſtances of this are numerous. Two of our moſt ſatyrical Writers, in Theology and Poeſy, were named, the one BLAISE

Paſcal,

Pascal, and the other COLIN *Boileau*. *Colin* implies nothing ſarcaſtic, ſaid his father. That one word infuſed the ſpirit of ſarcaſm into him. The audacious villainy of *James* CLEMENT, took it's birth, perhaps, from ſome jeſt that paſſed upon his name.

Government, therefore, ought to interpoſe in the buſineſs of giving names to children, as they have an influence ſo tremendous on the characters of the citizens. I could wiſh, likewiſe, that to their baptiſmal name might be added a ſurname of ſome family, rendered illuſtrious by virtue, as the Romans did; this ſpecies of adoption would attach the little to the great, and the great to the little. There were, at Rome, *Scipios* without number, in Plebeian families. We might revive, in like manner, among our commonalty, the names of our illuſtrious families, ſuch as the *Fenelons*, the *Catinats*, the *Montauſiers*, and the like.

I would not make uſe, in this ſchool, of noiſy bells, to announce the different exerciſes, but of the ſound of flutes, of hautboys, and of bag-pipes. Every thing they learned ſhould be verſified, and ſet to muſic. The influence of theſe two arts united is beyond all conception. I ſhall produce ſome examples of it, taken from the Legiſlation of a People, whoſe police was the beſt, perhaps, in the

the World; I mean that of Sparta. Hear what *Plutarch* ſays on the ſubject, in his life of *Lycurgus*. "*Lycurgus*, then, having taken leave of his Coun-" try," (to eſcape the calumnies which were the reward of his virtues) " directed his courſe, firſt, " towards Candia, where he ſtudied the Cretan " laws and government, and made an acquaint- " ance with the principal men of the Country. " Some of their laws he much approved, and re- " ſolved to make uſe of them in his own Country; " others he rejected. Amongſt the perſons there, " the moſt renowned for ability and wiſdom, in " political affairs, was *Thales*, whom *Lycurgus*, by " repeated importunities, and aſſurances of friend- " ſhip, at laſt perſuaded to go over to Lacedemon. " When he came thither, though he profeſſed only " to be a lyric poet, in reality he performed the " part of the ableſt legiſlator. The very ſongs " which he compoſed, were pathetic exhortations " to obedience and concord; and the ſweetneſs " of the muſic, and the cadence of the verſe, " had ſo powerful, and ſo pleaſing an effect, " upon the hearers, that they were inſenſibly ſoft- " ened and civilized; and, at laſt, renouncing " their mutual feuds and animoſities, united in the " love of humanity and good order. So that it " may truly be ſaid, that *Thales* prepared the way " for *Lycurgus*, by diſpoſing the People to receive " his inſtitutions."

Lycurgus farther introduced among them the uſe of muſic, in various ſpecies of exerciſe, and, among others, into the art of war *. "When their army "was drawn up, and the enemy near, the King "ſacrificed a goat, commanded the ſoldiers to ſet "their garlands upon their heads, and the muſi- "cians to play the tune of the Hymn to *Caſtor*, and "he himſelf advancing forwards, began the Pæan, "which ſerved for a ſignal to fall on. It was at "once a ſolemn and a terrible ſight, to ſee them "march on to the combat, cheerfully and ſedately, "without any diſorder in their ranks, or diſcom- "poſure in their minds, meaſuring their ſteps by "the muſic of their flutes. Men in this temper "were not likely to be poſſeſſed with fear, or "tranſported with fury; but they proceeded with "a deliberate valour, and confidence of ſucceſs, "as if ſome divinity had ſenſibly aſſiſted them."

Thus, conſidering the difference of modern Nations, muſic would ſerve to repreſs their courage, rather than to excite it; and they had no occaſion, for that purpoſe, of bears-ſkin caps, nor of brandy, nor of drums.

If muſic and poetry had ſo much power at Sparta, to recal corrupted men to the practice of

* *Plutarch*'s Life of *Lycurgus*.

virtue, and afterwards to govern them; what influence would they not have over our children in the age of innocence? Who could ever forget the ſacred Laws of Morality, were they ſet to muſic, and in verſes as enchanting as thoſe of the *Devin du Village?* From ſimiliar inſtitutions, there might be produced, among us, Poets as ſublime as the ſage *Thales*, or as *Tyrtæus*, who compoſed the Hymn of *Caſtor*.

Theſe arrangements being made for our children, the firſt branch of their education ſhould be Religion. I would begin with talking to them about God, in the view of engaging them to fear and love Him, but to fear Him, without making Him an object of terror to them. Terrifying views of God generate ſuperſtition, and inſpire horrible apprehenſions of prieſts and of death. The firſt precept of Religion is to love God. *Love, and do what you will*, was the ſaying of a Saint. We are enjoined by Religion to love Him above all things. We are encouraged to addreſs ourſelves to Him as to a Father. If we are commanded to fear Him, it is only with a relation to the love which we owe Him; becauſe we ought to be afraid of offending the perſon whom we are bound to love. Beſides, I am very far from thinking, that a child is incapable of having any idea of God before fourteen years of age, as has been advanced by a Writer whom,

whom, in other reſpects, I love. Do we not convey to the youngeſt children, ſentiments of fear, and of averſion, for metaphyſical objects, which have no exiſtence? Wherefore ſhould they not be inſpired with confidence and love for the Being who fills univerſal Nature with his beneficence? Children have not the ideas of God ſuch as are taught by ſyſtems of Theology and Philoſophy; but they are perfectly capable of having the ſentiment of him, which, as we have ſeen, is the reaſon of Nature. This very ſentiment has been exalted among them, during the time of the Cruſades, to ſuch a height of fervor, as to induce multitudes of them to aſſume the Croſs for the conqueſt of the Holy Land. Would to God I had preſerved the ſentiment of the exiſtence of the Supreme Being, and of his principal attributes, as pure as I had it in my earlieſt years! It is the heart, ſtill more than the underſtanding, that Religion demands. And which heart, I beſeech you, is moſt filled with the Deity, and the moſt agreeable in his ſight; that of the child who, elevated with the ſentiment of Him, raiſes his innocent hands to Heaven, as he ſtammers out his prayer, or of the ſchoolman, who pretends to explain His Nature.

It is very eaſy to communicate to children ideas of God, and of virtue. The daiſies ſpringing up

among the graſs, the fruits ſuſpended on the trees of their encloſure, ſhould be their firſt leſſons in Theology, and their firſt exerciſes of abſtinence, and of obedience to the Laws. Their minds might be fixed on the principal object of Religion, by the pure and ſimple recitation of the life of JESUS CHRIST in the Goſpel. They would learn in their Creed, all that they can know of the nature of GOD, and in the *Pater-noſter*, every thing that they can aſk of Him.

It is worthy of remark, that of all the Sacred Books, there is no one which children take in with ſo much facility as the Goſpel. It would be proper to habituate them betimes, in a particular manner, to perform the actions which are there enjoined, without vain glory, and without any reſpect to human obſervation or applauſe. They ought to be trained up, therefore, in the habit of preventing each other in acts of friendſhip, in mutual deference, and in good offices of every kind.

All the children of citizens ſhould be admitted into this National School, without making a ſingle exception. I would inſiſt only on the moſt perfect cleanlineſs, were they, in other reſpects, dreſſed but in patches ſewed together. There you might ſee the child of a man of quality, attended by his governor, arrive in an equipage, and take his place

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by the ſide of a peaſant's child, leaning on his little ſtick, dreſſed in canvas, in the very middle of winter, and carrying, in a ſatchel, his little books, and his ſlice of brown bread, for the proviſion of the whole day. Thus they would both learn to know each other, before they came to be ſeparated for ever. The child of the rich man would be inſtructed to impart of his ſuperfluity, to him who is frequently deſtined to ſupport the affluent out of his own neceſſary pittance. Theſe children, of all ranks, crowned with flowers, and diſtributed into choirs, would aſſiſt in our public proceſſions. Their age, their order, their ſongs, and their innocence, would preſent, in theſe, a ſpectacle more auguſt, than the lackeys of the Great bearing the coats of arms of their maſters paſted to wax-tapers, and beyond all contradiction, much more affecting than the hedges of ſoldiers and bayonets with which, on ſuch occaſions, a God of Peace is encompaſſed.

In this ſchool, children might be taught to read and to cipher. Ingenious men have, for this effect, contrived boards, and methods ſimple, prompt, and agreeable; but ſchoolmaſters have been at great pains to render them uſeleſs, becauſe they deſtroyed their empire, and made education proceed faſter than was conſiſtent with their emolument. If you wiſh children to learn quickly to

read, put a ſugar-plumb over each of their letters; they will ſoon have their alphabet by heart; and if you multiply or diminiſh the number of them, they will ſoon become arithmeticians. However that may be, they ſhall have profited wonderfully in this ſchool of their Country, ſhould they leave it without having learned to read, write, and cipher; but deeply penetrated with this one truth, that to read, write, and cipher, and all the Sciences in the World, are mere nothings; but that to be ſincere, good, obliging; to love GOD and Man, is the only Science worthy of the human heart.

At the ſecond era of education, which I ſuppoſe to be about the age of from ten to twelve, when their intellectual powers reſtleſsly ſtir, and preſs forward, to the imitation of every thing that they ſee done by others, I would have them inſtructed in the means which men employ in making proviſion for the wants of Society. I would not pretend to teach them the five hundred and thirty arts and handicrafts which are carried on at Paris, but thoſe only which are ſubſervient to the firſt neceſſities of human life, ſuch as agriculture, the different proceſſes employed in making bread, the arts which, in the pride of our hearts, we denominate mechanical, ſuch as thoſe of ſpinning flax and hemp, of weaving theſe into cloth, and that of building houſes. To theſe I would join the ele-

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ments of the natural Sciences, in which thoſe various handicrafts originated, the elements of Geometry, and the experiments of Natural Philoſophy, which have invented nothing in this reſpect, but which explain their proceſſes with much pomp and parade.

I would, likewiſe, have them made acquainted with the liberal arts, ſuch as thoſe of drawing, of architecture, of fortification, not in the view of making painters of them, or architects, or engineers, but to ſhew them in what manner their habitation is conſtructed, and how their Country is defended. I would make them obſerve, as an antidote to the vanity which the Sciences inſpire, that Man, amidſt ſuch a variety of arts and operations, has imagined no one thing; that he has imitated, in all his productions, either the ſkill of the animal creation, or the operations of Nature; that his induſtry is a teſtimony of the miſery to which he is condemned, whereby he is laid under the neceſſity of maintaining an inceſſant conflict againſt the elements, againſt hunger and thirſt, againſt his fellow men, and, what is moſt difficult of all, againſt himſelf. I would make them ſenſible of theſe relations of the truths of Religion, with thoſe of Nature; and I would thus diſpoſe them to love the claſs of uſeful men, who are continually providing for their wants.

I would always endeavour, in the courſe of this education, to make the exercifes of the body go hand in hand with thoſe of the mind. Accordingly, while they were acquiring the knowledge of the uſeful arts, I would have them taught Latin. I would not teach it them metaphyſically and grammatically, as in our colleges, and which is forgotten much faſter than it was attained, but they ſhould learn it practically. Thus it is that the Poliſh peaſantry acquire it, who ſpeak it fluently all their life-time, though they have never been at college. They ſpeak it in a very intelligible manner, as I know by experience, having travelled through their Country. The uſe of that language has been, I imagine, propagated among them, by certain exiles from ancient Rome, perhaps *Ovid*, who was ſent into baniſhment among the Sarmatians, their Anceſtors, and for the memory of which Poet they ſtill preſerve the higheſt veneration. It is not, ſay our *Literati*, the Latin of *Cicero*. But what is that to the purpoſe? It is not becauſe theſe peaſants have not a competent knowledge of the Latin tongue, that they are incapable of ſpeaking the language of *Cicero*; but becauſe, being ſlaves, they do not underſtand the language of liberty. Our French peaſants would not comprehend the beſt tranſlations which could be made of that Author, were they the production even of the Univerſity. But a Savage of Canada would

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take them in perfectly, and better than many Professors of eloquence. It is the tone of soul of the person who listens, which gives the comprehension of the language of him who speaks. A project was once formed, I think under *Louis* XIV. of building a city, in which no language but Latin was to have been spoken. This must have inconceivably facilitated the study of that tongue; but the University, undoubtedly, would not have found it's account in it. Whatever may be in this, I am well assured, that two years, at most, are sufficient for the children of the National School, to learn the Latin by practice, especially if, in the lectures which they attended, extracts were given from the lives of great men, French and Roman, written in good Latin, and afterwards well explained.

In the third period of Education, nearly about the age when the passions begin to take flight, I would shew, to ingenuous youth, the pure and gentle language of them, in the Eclogues and Georgics of *Virgil*; the philosophy of them, in some of the Odes of *Horace*; and pictures of their corruption, taken from *Tacitus* and *Suetonius*. I would finish the painting of the hideous excesses into which they plunge Mankind, by exhibiting passages from some Historian of the Lower Empire. I would make them remark how talents,

taſte, knowledge, and eloquence, ſunk at once among the Ancients, together with manners and virtue. I would be very careful not to fatigue my pupils with reading of this ſort; I would point out to them only the more poignant paſſages, in order to excite in them a deſire to know the reſt. My aim ſhould be, not to lead them through a courſe of *Virgil*, of *Horace*, and of *Tacitus*, but a real courſe of claſſical learning, by uniting in their ſtudies whatever men of genius have conſidered as beſt adapted to the perfecting of human nature.

I would likewiſe have them practically inſtructed in the knowledge of the Greek tongue, which is on the point of going into total diſuſe among us. I would make them acquainted with *Homer*, *principium ſapientiæ & fons*, (the original ſource of Wiſdom) as *Horace*, with perfect propriety calls him; with *Herodotus*, the father of Hiſtory; with ſome maxims from the ſublime book of *Marcus Aurelius*. I would endeavour to make them ſenſible how, at all times, talents, virtues, great men, and States, flouriſhed together, with confidence in the Divine Providence. But, in order to communicate greater weight to theſe eternal truths, I would intermingle with them, the enchanting ſtudies of Nature, of which they had hitherto ſeen only ſome faint ſketches in the greateſt Writers.

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I would make them remark the diſpoſition of this Globe, ſuſpended in a moſt incomprehenſible manner, upon nothing, with an infinite number of different Nations in motion over it's ſolid, and over it's liquid ſurface. I would point out to them, in each climate, the principal plants which are uſeful to human life; the animals which ſtand related to thoſe plants, and to their ſoil, without extending farther. I would then ſhew them the human race, who alone, of all ſenſible beings, are univerſally diſperſed, mutually to aſſiſt each other, and to gather, at once, all the productions of Nature. I would let them ſee, that the intereſts of Princes are not different from thoſe of other men; and that thoſe of every Nation are the ſame with the intereſts of their Princes. I would ſpeak of the different Laws by which the Nations are governed; I would lead them to an acquaintance with thoſe of their own Country, of which moſt of our citizens are entirely ignorant. I would give them an idea of the principal religions which divide the Earth; and I would demonſtrate to them, how highly preferable Chriſtianity is to all the political Laws, and to all the religions of the World, becauſe it alone aims at the felicity of the whole human race. I would make them ſenſible, that it is the Chriſtian Religion which prevents the different ranks of Society from daſhing themſelves to pieces by mutual colliſion, and which gives them equal

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powers of bearing up under the preſſure of unequal weights. From theſe ſublime conſiderations, the love of their Country would be kindled in thoſe youthful hearts, and would acquire increaſing ardor from the ſpectacle of her very calamities.

I would intermix theſe affecting ſpeculations with exerciſes, uſeful, agreeable, and adapted to the vivacity of their time of life. I would have them taught to ſwim, not ſo much by way of ſecurity from danger, in the event of ſuffering ſhipwreck, as in the view of aſſiſting perſons, who may happen to be in that dreadful ſituation. Whatever particular advantage they might derive from their ſtudies, I would never propoſe to them any other end, but the good of their fellow-creature. They would make a moſt wonderful progreſs in theſe, did they reap no other fruit except that of concord, and the love of Country.

In the beautiful ſeaſon of the year, when the corn is reaped, about the beginning of September, I would lead them out into the country, embodied under various ſtandards. I would preſent them with the image of war. I would make them lie on the graſs, under the ſhade of foreſts: there, they ſhould themſelves prepare their own victuals; they ſhould learn to attack, and to defend a poſt, to croſs a river by ſwimming; they ſhould learn the uſe

uſe of fire-arms, and, at the ſame time, to practiſe the evolutions borrowed from the tactics of the Greeks, who are our maſters in every branch of knowledge. I would bring into diſrepute, by means of theſe military exerciſes, the taſte for fencing, which renders the ſoldiery formidable only to citizens, an art uſeleſs, and even hurtful in war, reprobated by all great Commanders, and derogatory to courage, as *Philopæmen* alleged. "In my "younger days," ſays *Michael Montaigne*, "the "nobility diſclaimed the praiſe of being ſkilful "fencers, as injurious to their character, and "learned that art by ſtealth, as a matter of trick, "inconſiſtent with real native valour*." This art, generated in the ſame ſociety, of the hatred of the lower claſſes to the higher, who oppreſs them, is an importation from Italy, where the military art exiſts no longer. It is this which keeps up the ſpirit of duelling among us. We have not derived that ſpirit from the Nations of the North, as ſo many Writers have taken upon them to aſſert. Duels are hardly known in Ruſſia and in Pruſſia; and altogether unknown to the Savages of the North. Italy is their native ſoil, as may be gathered from the moſt celebrated treatiſes on fencing, and from the terms of that art, which are Italian, as *tierce*, *quarte*. It has been naturalized

* Eſſays of *Michael Montaigne*. Book ii. chap. 27.

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among us, through the weaknefs and corruption of many women, who are far from being difpleafed with having a bully for a lover. To thofe moral caufes, no doubt, we muft afcribe that ftrange contradiction in our government, which prohibits duelling, and, at the fame time, permits the public exercife of an art, which pretends to teach nothing elfe but how to fight duels*. The pupils trained in the National Schools fhould be taught to entertain a very different idea of courage; and in the courfe of their ftudies, they fhould perform a courfe of human life, in which they fhould be inftructed in what manner they ought one day to demean themfelves toward a fellow-citizen, and toward an enemy.

The feafon of youth would glide away agreeably and ufefully, amidft fuch a number of employments. The mind and the body would expand

* Fencing-mafters tell us that their art expands the body, and teaches to walk gracefully, Dancing-mafters fay the fame thing of theirs. As a proof that they are miftaken, both thefe claffes of gentlemen are readily diftinguifhed by their affected manner of walking. A citizen ought to have neither the attitude nor the movements of a gladiator. But if the art of fencing be neceffary, duelling ought to be permitted by public authority, in order to relieve perfons of character from the cruel alternative of equally difhonouring themfelves, by violating the Laws of the State and of Religion, or by obferving them. In truth, worthlefs people are, among us, very much at their eafe.

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at one and the ſame time. The natural talents, frequently unknown in moſt men, would manifeſt themſelves at ſight of the different objects which might be preſented to them. More than one *Achilles* would feel his blood all on fire on beholding a ſword: more than one *Vaucanſon*, at the aſpect of a piece of machinery, would begin to meditate on the means of organizing wood or braſs.

The attainment of all this various knowledge, I ſhall be told, will require a very conſiderable quantity of time: but, if we take into conſideration that which is ſquandered away in our colleges, in the tireſome repetitions of leſſons; in the grammatical decompoſitions and explications of the Latin tongue, which do not communicate to the ſcholar ſo much as facility in ſpeaking it; and in the dangerous competitions of a vain ambition, it is impoſſible not to admit that we have been propoſing to make a much better uſe of it. The ſcholars, every day, ſcribble over, in them, as much paper as ſo many attorneys *, ſo much the more

* I am perſuaded, that if this plan of education, indigeſted as it is, were to be adopted, one of the greateſt obſtacles to the univerſal renovation of our knowledge and morals would be, not Regents, not academical Inſtitutions, not Univerſity Privileges, not the ſquare caps of Doctors. It would come from the Paper Merchants, one of whoſe principal branches of commerce would thereby

more unprofitably, that, thanks to the printing of the books, the verſions, or themes, of which they copy, they have no occaſion for all this irkſome labour. But on what ſhould the Regents themſelves employ their own time, if the pupils did not waſte theirs?

In the National Schools, every thing would go on after the academic manner of the Greek Philoſophers. The pupils ſhould there purſue their ſtudies, ſometimes ſeated, ſometimes ſtanding; ſometimes in the fields, at other times in the amphitheatre, or in the park which ſurrounded it. There would be no occaſion for either pen, or paper, or ink; every one would bring with him only the claſſical book which might contain the ſubject of the leſſon. I have had frequent experience that we forget what we commit to writing. That which I have conveyed to paper, I diſcharge from my memory, and very ſoon from my recollective faculty. I have become ſenſible of this with reſpect to complete Works, which I had fairly tranſcribed, and which appeared to me afterward as ſtrange, as if they had been the production of a different hand from my own. This does not take place with re-

thereby be reduced to almoſt nothing. There might be deviſed happy and glorious compenſations for the privileges of the Maſters: but a money objection, in this venal age, ſeems to me abſolutely unanſwerable.

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gard to the impreſſions which the converſation of another leaves upon our mind, eſpecially if it be accompanied with ſtriking circumſtances. The tone of voice, the geſture, the reſpect due to the orator, the reflections of the company, concur in engraving on the memory the words of a diſcourſe, much better than writing does. I ſhall again quote, to this purpoſe, the authority of *Plutarch*, or rather that of *Lycurgus*.

"But it is carefully to be remarked, that *Lycurgus* "would never permit any one of his Laws to be "committed to writing; it is accordingly expreſsly "enjoined by one of the ſpecial ſtatutes, which "he calls ῥήτραι (oracular, *pacta conventa*, Inſtitutes) "that none of his Inſtitutes ſhall be copied; becauſe "whatever is of peculiar force and efficacy toward "rendering a city happy and virtuous, it was his "opinion, ought to be impreſſed by habitual cul-"ture on the hearts and manners of men, in order "to make the characters indelible. Good-will is "more powerful than any other mode of conſtraint "to which men can be ſubjected, for by means of "it, every one becomes a Law unto himſelf*."

The heads of our young people ſhould not, then, be oppreſſed, in the National Schools, with

* *Plutarch*'s Life of *Lycurgus*.

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an unprofitable and prattling Science. Sometimes they ſhould defend, among themſelves, the cauſe of a citizen; ſometimes they ſhould deliver their opinion reſpecting a public event. They ſhould purſue the proceſs of an art through it's whole courſe. Their eloquence would be a real eloquence, and their knowledge real knowledge. They ſhould employ their minds on no abſtruſe Science, in no uſeleſs reſearch, which are uſually the fruit of pride. In the ſtudies which I propoſe, every thing ſhould bring us back to Society, to Concord, to Religion, and to Nature.

I have no need to ſuggeſt, that theſe ſeveral Schools ſhould be decorated correſpondently to their uſe, and that the exterior of them all ſhould ſerve as walking places and aſylums to the People, eſpecially during the long and gloomy days of Winter. There they ſhould every day behold ſpectacles more proper to inſpire them with virtuous ſentiments, and with the love of their country, I do not ſay than thoſe of the Boulevards, or than the dances of Vauxhall, but even than the tragedies of *Corneille*.

There ſhould be among thoſe young people, no ſuch thing as reward, nor puniſhment, nor emulation, and, conſequently, no envy. The only puniſhment there inflicted ſhould be, to baniſh from

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the aſſembly the perſon who ſhould diſturb it, and even that only for a time proportioned to the fault of the offender: and, withal, this ſhould rather be an act of juſtice than a puniſhment; for I would have no manner of ſhame to attach to that exile. But, if you wiſh to form an idea of ſuch an aſſembly, conceive, inſtead of our young collegians, pale, penſive, jealous, trembling about the fate of their unfortunate compoſitions, a multitude of young perſons gay, content, attracted by pleaſure to vaſt circular halls, in which are erected, here and there, the ſtatues of the illuſtrious men of Antiquity, and of their own Country: behold them all attentive to the maſter's leſſons, aſſiſting each other in comprehending them, in retaining them, and in replying to his unexpected queſtions. One tacitly ſuggeſts an anſwer to his neighbour: another makes an excuſe for the negligence of his abſent comrade.

Repreſent to yourſelf the rapid progreſs of ſtudies elucidated by intelligent maſters, and drunk in by pupils who are mutually aſſiſting each other in fixing the impreſſion of them. Figure to yourſelf Science ſpreading among them, as the flame in a pile, all the pieces of which are nicely adjuſted, communicates from one to another, till the whole becomes one blaze. Obſerve among them, inſtead of a vain emulation, union, benevolence,

 friendſhip,

friendſhip, for an anſwer ſeaſonably ſuggeſted, for an apology made in behalf of one abſent by his comrades, and other little ſervices rendered and repaid. The recollection of thoſe early intimacies will farther unite them in the World, notwithſtanding the prejudices of their various conditions.

At this tender age it is that gratitude and reſentment become engraved, for the reſt of life, as indelibly as the elements of Science and of Religion. It is not ſo in our colleges, where every ſcholar attempts to ſupplant his neighbour. I recollect that one exerciſe day, I found myſelf very much embarraſſed, from having forgotten a Latin Author, out of which I had a page to tranſlate. One of my neighbours obligingly offered to dictate to me the verſion which he had made from it. I accepted his ſervices, with many expreſſions of acknowledgment. I accordingly copied his verſion, only changing a few words, that the Regent might not perceive it to be the ſame with my companion's; but that which he had given me was only a falſe copy of his own, and was filled with blunders ſo extravagant, that the Regent was aſtoniſhed at it, and could not believe it, at firſt, to be my production, for I was a tolerably good ſcholar. I have not loſt the recollection of that act of perfidy, though, in truth, I have forgotten others much more cruel which I have encountered ſince that period;

riod; but the firſt age of human life is the ſeaſon of reſentments, and of grateful feelings, which are never to be effaced.

I recollect periods of time ſtill more remote. When I went to ſchool in frocks, I ſometimes loſt my books through heedleſſneſs. I had a nurſe named *Mary Talbot,* who bought me others with her own money, for fear of my being whipped at ſchool. And, of a truth, the recollection of thoſe petty ſervices has remained ſo long, and ſo deeply imprinted on my heart, that I can truly affirm, no perſon in the World, my mother excepted, poſſeſſed my affection ſo uniformly, and ſo conſtantly. That good and poor creature frequently took a cordial intereſt in my uſeleſs projects for acquiring a fortune. I reckoned on repaying her with uſury, in her old age, when ſhe was in a manner deſtitute, the tender care which ſhe took of my infancy; but ſcarcely has it been in my power to give her ſome trifling and inadequate tokens of my good-will. I relate theſe recollections, traces of which every one of my Readers probably poſſeſſes, ſomewhat ſimilar, and ſtill more intereſting, relating to himſelf, and to his own childhood, to prove to what a degree the early ſeaſon of life would be naturally the era of virtue and of gratitude, were it not frequently depraved among us, through the faultineſs of our inſtitutions.

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But, before we could pretend to eſtabliſh theſe National Schools, we muſt have men formed to preſide in them. I would not have them choſen from among thoſe who are moſt powerfully recommended. The more recommendations they might have, the more would they be given to intrigue, and, conſequently, the leſs would be their virtue. The enquiry made concerning them ought not to be, Is he a wit, a bright man, a Philoſopher? But, Is he fond of children? Does he frequent the unfortunate rather than the great? Is he a man of ſenſibility? Does he poſſeſs virtue? With perſons of ſuch a character, we ſhould be furniſhed with maſters proper for conducting the public education. Beſides, I could wiſh to change the appellation of Maſter and Doctor, as harſh and lofty. I would have their titles to import the friends of childhood, the fathers of the Country; and theſe I would have expreſſed by beautiful Greek names, in order to unite to the reſpect due to their functions, the myſterioufneſs of their titles. Their condition, as being deſtined to form citizens for the Nation, ſhould be, at leaſt, as noble, and as diſtinguiſhed, as that of the Squires who manage horſes in the Courts of Princes. A titled magiſtrate ſhould preſide every day in each ſchool. It would be very becoming, that the magiſtrates ſhould cauſe to be trained up, under their own eyes, to juſtice, and to the Laws, the children

whom

whom they are one day to judge and to govern as men. Children, likewiſe, are citizens in miniature. A nobleman of the higheſt rank, and of the moſt eminent accompliſhments, ſhould have the general ſuperintendance of theſe National Schools, more important, beyond all contradiction, than that of the ſtuds of the kingdom; and to the end that men of letters, given to low flattery, might not be tempted to inſert in the public papers, the days on which he was to *vouchſafe* to make his viſits to them, this ſublime duty ſhould have no revenue annexed to it, and the only honour that could poſſibly be claimed, ſhould be that of preſiding.

Would to God it were in my power to conciliate the education of women to that of men, as at Sparta! But our manners forbid it. I do not believe, however, that there could be any great inconveniency in aſſociating, in early life, the children of both ſexes. Their ſociety communicates mutual grace; beſides, the firſt elements of civil life, of religion, and of virtue, are the ſame for the one and for the other. This firſt epoch excepted, young women ſhould learn nothing of what men ought to know; not that they are to remain always in ignorance of it, but that they may receive inſtruction with increaſed pleaſure, and one day find teachers in their lovers. There is this moral

difference between man and woman, that the man owes himſelf to his country, and the woman is devoted to the felicity of one man alone. A young woman will never attain this end, but by acquiring a relish for the employments ſuitable to her ſex. To no purpoſe would you give her a complete courſe of the Sciences, and make her a Theologian or a Philoſopher: a huſband does not love to find either a rival or an inſtructor in his wife. Books and maſters, with us, blight betimes in a young female, virgin ignorance, that flower of the ſoul, which a lover takes ſuch delight in gathering. They rob a huſband of the moſt delicious charm of their union, of thoſe inter-communications of amorous ſcience, and native ignorance, ſo proper for filing up the long days of married life. They deſtroy thoſe contraſts of character which Nature has eſtabliſhed between the two ſexes, in order to produce the moſt lovely of harmonies.

Theſe natural contraſts are ſo neceſſary to love, that there is not a ſingle female celebrated for the attachment with which ſhe inſpired her lovers, or her huſband, who has been indebted for her empire to any other attractions than the amuſements or the occupations peculiar to her ſex, from the age of *Penelope* down to the preſent. We have them of all ranks, and of all characters, but not one of them learned. Such of them as have merited

rited this deſcription, have likewiſe been, almoſt all of them, unfortunate in love, from *Sappho* down to *Chriſtina*, Queen of Sweden, and even ſtill nearer to us. It ſhould be, then, by the ſide of her mother, of her father, of her brothers and ſiſters, that a young woman ought to derive inſtruction reſpecting her future duties of mother and wife. In her father's houſe it is that ſhe ought to learn a multitude of domeſtic arts, at this day unknown to our highly bred dames.

I have oftener than once, in the courſe of this Work, ſpoken in high terms of the felicity enjoyed in Holland; however, as I only paſſed through that country, I have but a ſlight acquaintance with their domeſtic manners. This much, nevertheleſs, I know, that the women there are conſtantly employed in houſhold affairs, and that the moſt undiſturbed concord reigns in families. But I enjoyed, at Berlin, an image of the charms which thoſe manners, held in ſuch contempt among us, are capable of diffuſing over domeſtic life. A friend whom Providence raiſed up for me in that city, where I was an entire ſtranger, introduced me to a ſociety of young ladies; for, in Pruſſia, theſe aſſemblies are held, not in the apartments of the married women, but of their daughters. This cuſtom is kept up in all the families which have not been corrupted by the manners of our French officers,

officers, who were prisoners there in the last war. It is customary, then, for the young ladies of the same society to invite each other, by turns, to assemblies, which they call coffee parties. They are generally kept on Thursdays. They go, accompanied by their mothers, to the apartments of her who has given the invitation. She treats them with creamed coffee, and every kind of pastry and comfits, prepared by her own hand. She presents them, in the very depth of Winter, with fruits of all sorts, preserved in sugar, in colours, in verdure, and in perfume, apparently as fresh as if they were hanging on the tree. She receives from her companions thousands of compliments, which she repays with interest.

But, by and by, she displays other talents. Sometimes she unrols a large piece of tapestry, on which she labours night and day, and exhibits forests of willows, always green, which she herself has planted, and rivulets of mohair, which she has set a-flowing with her needle. At other times, she weds her voice to the sounds of a harpsichord, and seems to have collected into her chamber all the songsters of the grove. She requests her companions to sing in their turn. Then it is you hear elogium upon elogium. The mothers, enraptured with delight, applaud themselves in secret, like *Niobe*, on the praises given to their daughters:

Pertentant

Pertentant guadia pectus! (the boſom glows with joy.) Some officers, booted, and in their uniform, having ſlipped away by ſtealth from the exerciſes of the parade, ſtep in to enjoy, amidſt this lovely circle, ſome moments of delightful tranquility; and while each of the young females hopes to find in one of them her protector and her friend, each of the men ſighs after the partner who is one day to ſoothe, by the charm of domeſtic talents, the rigour of military labours. I never ſaw any country, in which the youth of both ſexes diſcovered greater purity of manners, and in which marriages were more happy.

There is no occaſion, however, to have recourſe to ſtrangers, for proofs of the power of love over ſanctity of manners. I aſcribe the innocence of thoſe of our own peaſantry, and their fidelity in wedlock, to their being able, very early in life, to give themſelves up to this honourable ſentiment. It is love which renders them content with their painful lot: it even ſuſpends the miſeries of ſlavery. I have frequently ſeen, in the Iſle of France, black people, after being exhauſted by the fatigues of the day, ſet off, as the night approached, to viſit their miſtreſſes, at the diſtance of three or four leagues. They keep their aſſignation in the midſt of the woods, at the foot of a rock, where they kindle a fire; they dance together a great part of the

the night, to the ſound of their *tamtam*, and return to their labour before day-break, contented, full of vigour, and as freſh as thoſe who have ſlept ſoundly all night long: ſuch is the power poſſeſſed by the moral affections, which combine with this ſentiment, over the phyſical organization. The night of the lover diffuſes a charm over the day of the ſlave.

We have, in Scripture, a very remarkable inſtance to this effect; it is in the book of Geneſis; "*Jacob*," it is there written, "ſerved ſeven years "for *Rachel*; and they ſeemed unto him but a few "days, for the love he had to her *." I am perfectly aware that our politicians, who ſet no value on any thing but gold and titles, have no conception of all this; but I am happy in being able to inform them, that no one ever better underſtood the Laws of Nature than the Authors of the Sacred Books, and that on the Laws of Nature only, can thoſe of happily ordered Societies be eſtabliſhed.

I could wiſh, therefore, that our young people might have it in their power to cultivate the ſentiment of love, in the midſt of their labours, as *Jacob* did. No matter at what age; as ſoon as

* Geneſis, chap. xxix. ver. 20.

we

we are capable of feeling, we are capable of loving. Honourable love ſuſpends pain, baniſhes languor, ſaves from proſtitution, from the errors and the reſtleſsneſs of celibacy: it fills life with a thouſand delicious perſpectives, by diſplaying, in futurity, the moſt deſirable of unions: it augments, in the heart of two youthful lovers, a reliſh for ſtudy, and a taſte for domeſtic employments. What pleaſure muſt it afford a young man, tranſported with the ſcience which he has derived from his maſters, to repeat the leſſons of it to the fair one whom he loves! What delight to a young and timid female, to ſee herſelf diſtinguiſhed amidſt her companions, and to hear the value, and the graces, of her little ſkill and induſtry, exalted by the tongue of her lover!

A young man, deſtined one day to repreſs, on the tribunal, the injuſtice of men, is enchanted, amidſt the labyrinths of Law, to behold his miſtreſs embroidering for him, the flowers which are to decorate the aſylum of their union, and to preſent him with an image of the beauties of Nature, of which the gloomy honours of his ſtation are going to deprive him for life. Another, devoted to conduct the flame of war to the ends of the Earth, attaches himſelf to the gentle ſpirit of his female friend, and flatters himſelf with the thought that the miſchief which he may do to mankind, ſhall

ſhall be repaired by the bleſſings which ſhe beſtows on the miſerable. Friendſhips multiply in families; of the friend to the brother who introduces him, and of the brother to the ſiſter. The kindred are mutually attracted. The young folks form their manners; and the happy perſpectives which their union diſcloſes, cheriſh in them the love of their ſeveral duties, and of virtue. Who knows but thoſe unconſtrained choices, thoſe pure and tender ties, may fix that roving ſpirit, which ſome have ſuppoſed natural to women? They would reſpect the bands which they themſelves had formed. If, having become wives, they aim at pleaſing every body, it is, perhaps, becauſe when they were ſingle, they were not permitted to be in love with one.

If there is room to hope for a happy revolution in our Country, it is to be effected only by calling back the women to domeſtic manners. Whatever ſatire may have been levelled againſt them, they are leſs culpable than the men. They are chargeable with hardly any vices, except thoſe which they receive from us; and we have a great many from which they are free. As to thoſe which are peculiar to themſelves, it may be affirmed, that they have retarded our ruin, by balancing the vices of our political conſtitution. It is impoſſible to imagine what muſt have become of a ſtate of

Society

Society abandoned to all the abſurdities of our education, to all the prejudices of our various conditions, and to the ambitions of each contending party, had not the women croſſed us upon the road. Our Hiſtory preſents only the diſputes of monks with monks, of doctors with doctors, of grandees with grandees, of nobles with the baſe-born; while crafty politicians gradually lay hold of all our poſſeſſions. But for the women, all theſe parties would have made a deſert of the State, and led the commonalty, to the very laſt man, to the ſlaughter, or to market, a piece of advice which was actually given not many years ago. Ages have elapſed, in which we ſhould all have been Cordeliers, born and dying encircled with the cord of St. *Francis*; in others, all would have taken to the road in the character of knights-errant, rambling over hill and dale with lance in hand; in others, all penitents, parading through the ſtreets of our cities, in ſolemn proceſſions, and whipping ourſelves to ſome purpoſe; in others, *quiſquis* or *quamquam* of the Univerſity.

The women, thrown out of their natural ſtate, by our unjuſt manners, turn every thing upſide down, laugh at every thing, deſtroy every thing, the great fortunes, the pretenſions of pride, and the prejudices of opinion. Women have only one

paſſion,

paſſion, which is love, and this paſſion has only one object; whereas men refer every thing to ambition, which has thouſands. Whatever be the irregularities of women, they are always nearer to Nature than we are, becauſe their ruling paſſion is inceſſantly impelling them in that direction, whereas ours, on the contrary, is betraying us into endleſs deviations. A Provincial, and even a Pariſian, tradeſman, hardly behaves with kindneſs to his children, when they are ſomewhat grown up; but he bends with profound reverence before thoſe of ſtrangers, provided they are rich, or of high quality: his wife, on the contrary, is regulated in her behaviour to them by their figure. If they are homely, ſhe neglects them; but ſhe will careſs a peaſant's child, if it is beautiful; ſhe will pay more reſpect to a low-born man with gray hairs, and a venerable head, than to a counſellor without a beard. Women attend only to the advantages which are the gift of Nature, and men only to thoſe of fortune. Thus the women, amidſt all their irregularities, ſtill bring us back to Nature, while we, with our affectation of ſuperior wiſdom, are in a conſtant tendency to deviation from her.

I admit, at the ſame time, that they have prevented the general calamity only by introducing among us an infinite number of particular evils.

Alas!

Alas! as well as ourſelves, they never will find happineſs except in the practice of virtue. In all countries where the empire of virtue is at an end, they are moſt miſerable. They were formerly exceedingly happy in the virtuous Republics of Greece and of Italy: there they decided the fate of States: at this day, reduced to the condition of ſlaves, in thoſe very countries, the greateſt part of them are under the neceſſity of ſubmitting to proſtitution for the ſake of a livelihood. Ours ought not to deſpair of us. They poſſeſs over Man an empire abſolutely inalienable *; we know them only under the appellation of the ſex, to which we have given the epithet of fair by way of excellence.

* It deſerves to be remarked, that moſt of the names of the objects of Nature, of morals, and of metaphyſics, are feminine, eſpecially in the French language. It would afford matter of curious reſearch, to enquire, whether maſculine names have been given by the women, and feminine names by the men, to objects which are moſt particularly ſubſervient to the uſes of each ſex; or whether the firſt have been made of the maſculine gender, becauſe they preſented characters of energy and force, and the ſecond of the feminine gender, becauſe they diſplayed characters of grace and lovelineſs. I am perſuaded, that the men having given names to the objects of nature, in general, have laviſhed feminine deſignations upon them, from that ſecret propenſity which attracts them toward the ſex: this obſervation is ſupported by the names aſſigned to the heavenly Conſtellations, to the four quarters of the Globe, to by far the greateſt part of rivers, kingdoms, fruits, trees, virtues, and ſo on.

But

But how many other deſcriptive epithets, ſtill more intereſting, might be added to this, ſuch as thoſe of nutritive, conſolatory! They receive us on our entrance into life, and they cloſe our eyes when we die. It is not to beauty, but to Religion, that our women are indebted for the greateſt part of their influence; the ſame Frenchman who, in Paris, ſighs at the feet of his miſtreſs, holds her in fetters, and under the diſcipline of the whip, in St. Domingo. Our Religion alone of all, contemplates the conjugal union in the order of Nature: it is the only Religion, on the face of the Earth, which preſents woman to man as a companion; every other abandons her to him as a ſlave. To Religion alone do our women owe the liberty which they enjoy in Europe; and from the liberty of the women it is that the liberty of Nations has flowed, accompanied with the proſcription of a multitude of inhuman uſages, which have been diffuſed over all the other parts of the World, ſuch as ſlavery, ſeraglios, and eunuchs. O charming ſex! it is in your virtue that your power conſiſts.—Save your Country, by recalling to the love of domeſtic manners your lovers and your huſbands, from a diſplay of your gentle occupations: You would reſtore Society at large to a ſenſe of duty, if each of you brings back one ſingle man to the order of Nature. Envy not the

other

other ſex their authority, their magiſtracies, their talents, their vain-glory; but in the midſt of your weakneſs, ſurrounded with your wools and your ſilks, give thanks to the AUTHOR of Nature, for having conferred on you alone, the power of being always good and beneficent.

RECAPITULATION.

I HAVE preſented, from the beginning of this Work, the different paths of Nature which I propoſed to purſue, on purpoſe to form to myſelf an idea of the order which governs the World. I brought forward, in the firſt place, the objections which have, in all ages, been raiſed againſt a Providence; I have exhibited them as applied to the ſeveral kingdoms of Nature, one after another; which furniſhed me with an opportunity, in refuting them, of diſplaying views entirely new, reſpecting the diſpoſition, and the uſe, of the different parts of this Globe: I have, accordingly, referred the direction of the chains of Mountains, on the Continents, to the regular Winds which blow over the Ocean; the poſition of Iſlands, to the confluence of it's Currents, or of thoſe of Rivers; the conſtant ſupply of fuel to Volcanos, to the bituminous depoſits on it's ſhores; the Currents of the Sea, and the movements of the Tides, to the alternate effuſions of the Polar Ices.

In the next place, I have refuted, in order, the other objections raiſed on the ſubject of the vegetable and animal kingdoms, by demonſtrating, that theſe kingdoms were no more governed by mechanical Laws than the foſſil kingdom is. I have farther demonſtrated, that the greateſt part of the ills which oppreſs the human race, are to be aſcribed to the defects of our political Inſtitutions, and not to thoſe of Nature; that Man is the only Being who is abandoned to his own Providence, as a puniſhment for ſome original tranſgreſſion; but that the ſame DEITY who had given him up to the direction of his own intelligence, ſtill watched over his deſtination; that he cauſed to recoil on the Governors of the Nations the miſeries with which they overwhelm the little and the weak; and I have demonſtrated the action of a Divine Providence from the very calamities of the Human Race. Such is the ſubject of my firſt Part.

In the opening of my ſecond, I have attacked the principles of our Sciences, by evincing, that they miſlead us, either by the boldneſs of thoſe ſame principles, from whence they would ſoar up to the nature of the elements which elude their graſp, or, by the inſufficiency of their methods, which is capable of catching only one Law of Nature at once, becauſe of the weakneſs of our underſtanding, and of the vanity inſpired by our education,

cation, whereby we are betrayed into the belief, that the little paths in which we tread, are the only roads leading to knowledge. Thus it is that the natural Sciences, and even the political, which are reſults from them, having been, with us, ſeparated from each other, each one, in particular, has formed, if I may uſe the expreſſion, a lane, without a thoroughfare, of the road by which it entered. Thus it is that the phyſical cauſes have, at the long run, made us loſe ſight of intellectual ends in the order of Nature, as financial cauſes have ſtripped us of the hopes of Religion, and of Virtue, in the ſocial order.

I afterwards ſet out in queſt of a faculty better adapted to the diſcovery of truth than our reaſon, which, after all, is nothing but our perſonal intereſt merely. I flatter myſelf I have found it in that ſublime inſtinct called *ſentiment*, which is in us the expreſſion of natural Laws, and which is invariable among all Nations. By means of it, I have obſerved the Laws of Nature, not by tracing them up to their principles, which are known to God only, but by deſcending into their reſults, which are deſtined to the uſe of Man. I have had the felicity, in purſuance of this track, to perceive certain principles of the correſpondencies, and of the harmonies, which govern the World.

I cannot entertain a ſhadow of doubt, that it was by proceeding in this ſame track, the ancient Egyptians diſtinguiſhed themſelves ſo highly for their attainments in natural knowledge, which they carried incomparably farther than we have done. They ſtudied Nature in Nature herſelf, and not by piecemeal, and with machines. Hence they formed a moſt wonderful Science, of juſt celebrity all over the Globe, under the name of Magic. The elements of this Science are now unknown; the name of it alone is all that remains, and is, at this day, given to operations, the moſt ſtupid in which the error and depravity of the human heart can be employed. This was not the character of the Magic of the ancient Egyptians, ſo much celebrated by the moſt reſpectable Authors of Antiquity, and by the Sacred Books themſelves. Theſe were the principles of correſpondence and of harmony, which *Pythagoras* derived from their ſtores, which he imported into Europe, and which there became the ſources of the various branches of Philoſophy that appeared after his time, nay, the ſource of the Arts likewiſe, which did not begin to flouriſh there till that period; for the Arts are only imitations of the proceſſes of Nature.

Though my incapacity is very great, theſe harmonic principles are ſo luminous, that they have preſented to me, not only diſpoſitions of the Globe entirely

entirely new; but they have, befides, furnifhed me with the means of diftinguifhing the characters of plants on the firft infpection, fo as to be able to fay, at once, This is a native of the mountains, That is an inhabitant of the fhores. By them, I have demonftrated the ufe of the leaves of plants, and have determined by the nautical, or volatile forms of their grains, the relations which they have to the places where they are deftined to grow. I have obferved that the *corollæ* of their flowers had relations, pofitive or negative, to the rays of the Sun, according to the difference of Latitude, and to the points of elevation at which they are to blow. I have afterwards remarked the charming contrafts of their leaves, of their flowers, of their fruits, and of their ftems, with the foil and the fky in which they grow, and thofe which they form from genus to genus, being, if I may fay fo, grouped by pairs. Finally, I have indicated the relations in which they ftand to animals, and to Man; to fuch a degree, that, I am confident to affirm, I have demonftrated, there is not a fingle fhade of colour impreffed by chance, through the whole extent of Nature.

By profecuting thefe views, I have fupplied the means of forming complete chapters of Natural Hiftory, from having evinced, that each plant was the centre of the exiftence of an infinite number of

 animals,

animals, which poſſeſs correſpondencies with it, to us ſtill unknown. Their harmonies might, undoubtedly, be extended much farther; for, many plants ſeem to have relations not only to the Sun, but to different conſtellations. It is not always ſuch an elevation of the Sun above the Horizon which elicits the vegetative powers of plants. Such a one flouriſhes in the Spring, which would not put out the ſmalleſt leaf in Autumn, though it might then undergo the ſame degree of heat. The ſame thing is obſervable with reſpect to their ſeeds, which germinate and ſhoot at one ſeaſon, and not at another, though the temperature may be the ſame.

Theſe celeſtial relations were known to the ancient Philoſophy of the Egyptians, and of *Pythagoras*. We find many obſervations on this ſubject in *Pliny*; when he ſays, for example, that toward the riſing of the Pleiades, the olive-trees and vines conceive their fruit; and, after *Virgil*, that wheat ought to be ſown immediately on the retiring of this conſtellation; and lentils on that of Boötes; that reeds and willows ſhould be planted, when the conſtellation of the Lyre is ſetting. It was after theſe relations, the cauſes of which are unknown to us, that *Linnæus* formed, with the flowers of plants, a botanical almanac, of which *Pliny* ſuggeſted the firſt idea to the huſbandmen of his

time.

time*. But we have indicated vegetable harmonies ſtill more intereſting, by demonſtrating, that the time of the expanſion of every plant, of it's flowering, and of the maturity of it's fruit, was connected with the expanſions, and the neceſſities, of the animal creation, and eſpecially with thoſe of Man. There is not a ſingle one but what poſſeſſes relations of utility to us, direct or indirect: but this immenſe and myſterious part of the Hiſtory of Man will, perhaps, never be known, except to the Angels.

My third Part, preſents the application of theſe harmonic principles to the nature of Man himſelf. In it I have ſhewn, That he is formed of two powers, the one phyſical, and the other intellectual, which affect him perpetually with two contrary ſentiments, the one of which is that of his miſery, and the other that of his excellence. I have demonſtrated, that theſe two powers were moſt happily gratified in the different periods of the paſſions, of the ages, and of the occupations to which Nature has deſtined Man, ſuch as agriculture, marriage, the ſettlement of poſterity, Religion.

I have dwelt, principally, on the affections of the intellectual power, by rendering it apparent,

* Conſult his Natural Hiſtory, Book xviii. chap. 28.

that every thing which has the femblance of delicious and tranfporting in our pleafures, arofe from the fentiment of infinity, or of fome other attribute of DEITY, which difcovered itfelf to us, as the termination of our perfpective. I have demonftrated, on the contrary, that the fource of our miferies, and of our errors, might be traced up to this, That, in the focial ftate, we frequently crofs thofe natural fentiments, by the prejudices of education and of fociety: fo that, in many cafes, we make the fentiment of infinity to bear upon the tranfient objects of this World, and that of our frailty and mifery, upon the immortal plans of Nature. I have only glanced at this rich and fublime fubject; but I affert with confidence, that by purfuing this track fimply, I have fufficiently proved the neceffity of virtue, and that I have indicated it's real fource, not where our modern Philofophers feek for it, namely, in our political inftitutions, which are often diametrically oppofite to it, but in the natural ftate of Man, and in his own heart.

I have afterwards applied, with what ability I poffefs, the action of thefe two powers to the happinefs of Society, by fhewing, firft, that moft of the ills we endure are only focial re-actions, all of which have their grand origin, in overgrown property, in employments, in honours, in money, and

in

in land. I have proved that thoſe enormous properties produce the phyſical and moral indigence of a Nation; that this indigence generated, in it's turn, ſwarms of debauched men, who employed all the reſources of craft and induſtry to make the rich refund the portion which their neceſſities demand; that celibacy, and the diſquietudes with which it is attended, were, in a great many citizens, the effects of that ſtate of penury and anguiſh to which they found themſelves reduced; and that their celibacy produced, by repercuſſion, the proſtitution of women of the town, becauſe every man who abſtains from marriage, whether voluntarily or from neceſſity, devotes a young woman to a ſingle life, or to proſtitution. This effect neceſſarily reſults from one of the harmonic Laws of Nature, as every man comes into the World, and goes out of it, with his female, or, what amounts to the ſame thing, the males and females of the human ſpecies are born and die in equal numbers. From theſe principles I have deduced a variety of important conſequences.

I have, finally, demonſtrated, That no inconſiderable part of our phyſical and moral maladies proceeded from the chaſtiſements, the rewards, and the vanity of our education.

I have hazarded sundry conjectures, in the view of furnishing to the People abundant means of subsistence and of population, and of re-animating in them the spirit of Religion and of Patriotism, by presenting them with certain perspectives of infinity, without which the felicity of a Nation, like that of an individual, is negative, and quickly exhausted, were we to form plans, in other respects, the most advantageous, of finance, of commerce, and of agriculture. Provision must be made, at once, for Man, as an animal, and as an intelligent being. I have terminated those different projects, by presenting the sketch of a National Education, without which it is impossible to have any species of Legislation, or of Patriotism, that shall be of long duration. I have endeavoured to unfold in it, at once, the two powers, physical and intellectual, of Man, and to direct them toward the love of Country and Religion.

I must, no doubt, have frequently gone astray in pursuing paths so new, and so intricate. I must have, many a time, sunk far below my subject, from the construction of my plans, from my inexperience, from the very embarrassment of my style; but, I repeat it, provided my ideas shall suggest superior conceptions to others, I am well satisfied. At the same time, if calamity be the road to Truth,

I have

I have not been destitute of means to direct me toward her. The disorders of which I have frequently been the witness, and the victim, have suggested to me ideas of order. I have sometimes found upon my road, great personages of high repute, and men belonging to respectable bodies, who had the words Country and Humanity continually in their mouth. I associated with them, in the view of deriving illumination from their intelligence, and of putting myself under the protection of their virtues; but I discovered them to be intriguers merely, who had no other object in view but their personal fortune, and who began to persecute me the moment that they perceived I was not a proper person to be either the agent of their pleasures or the trumpeter of their ambition. I then went over to the side of their enemies, promising myself to find among them the love of truth, and of the public good; but however diversified our sects, our parties, and our corps, may be, I every where met the same men, only clothed in different garbs. As soon as the one or the other found that I refused to enlist as a partisan, he calumniated me, after the perfidious manner of the age, that is, by pronouncing my panegyric. The times we live in are highly extolled; but, if we have on the throne a Prince who emulates *Marcus Aurelius*, the age rivals that of *Tiberius*.

Were

Were I to publiſh the memoirs of my own life *, I could wiſh for no ſtronger proof of the contempt which the glory of this World merits, than to hold up

* It would be, I acknowledge, after all, a matter of very ſmall importance; but however retired, at this day, my condition of life may be, it has been interwoven with revolutions of high moment. I preſented, on the ſubject of Poland, a very circumſtantial memoir to the Office for Foreign Affairs, in which I predicted it's partition by the neighbouring Powers, ſeveral years before it was actually accompliſhed. The only miſtake I committed was in going on the ſuppoſition, that the partitioning Powers would lay hold of it entirely; and I am aſtoniſhed to this hour that they did not. This memoir, however, has been of no utility either to that country or to myſelf, though I had expoſed myſelf to very great riſks in it, by throwing myſelf, when I quitted the Ruſſian ſervice, into the party of the Poliſh Republicans, then under the protection of France and Auſtria. I was there taken priſoner in 1765, as I was going, with the approbation of the Ambaſſador of the Empire, and of the French Miniſter at Warſaw, to join the army commanded by Prince *Radjivil.* This misfortune befel me about three miles from Warſaw, through the indiſcretion of my guide. I was carried back to that city, put in priſon, and threatened with being delivered up to the Ruſſians, whoſe ſervice I had juſt quitted, unleſs I acknowledged that the Ambaſſador of the Court of Vienna, and the Miniſter of France, had concurred in recommending this ſtep to me. Though I had every thing to fear on the part of Ruſſia, and had it in my power to involve in my diſgrace, two perſonages in illuſtrious ſituations, and conſequently, to render it more conſpicuous, I perſiſted in taking the whole upon myſelf. I likewiſe did my utmoſt to exculpate the guide, to whom I had given time to burn the diſpatches with which he was entruſted, by

up to view the persons who are the objects of it. At the time when, unconscious of having committed the slightest injury to any one, after an infinity of

by keeping back, with my pistol in my hand, the Houlands, who had just surprized us, by night, in the post-house, where we made our first encampment, in the midst of the woods.

I never had the least shadow of recompense for either of these two pieces of service, which cost me a great deal of both time and money. Nay, it is not very long since I was actually in debt, for part of the expense of my journey, to my friend M. *Hennin* then Minister of France at Warsaw, now First Commissary for Foreign Affairs at Versailles, and who has given himself much fruitless trouble on the subject. Undoubtedly, had M. the Count *de Vergennes* been at that time Minister for Foreign Affairs, I should have been suitably rewarded, as he has procured for me some slight gratuities. I stand, however, to this hour, indebted to the amount of more than four thousand livres (£166 13*s*. 4*d*.) on that account, to different friends in Russia, Poland, and Germany.

I have not been more fortunate in the Isle of France, to which I was sent Captain-Engineer of the Colony; for, in the first place, I was persecuted by the ordinary Engineers, who were stationed there, because I did not belong to their corps. I had been dispatched to that Country, as to a situation favourable to making a fortune, and I must have run considerably in debt, had I not submitted to live on herbs. I pass over in silence all the particular distresses I had there to undergo. I shall only say, that I endeavoured to dissipate the mortification which they cost me, by employing my mind on the subject of the ills which oppressed the island in general. It was entirely in the view of remedying these, that I published, on my return from thence, in 1773, my Voyage to the Isle of France. I considered myself, first,

of fruitlefs voyages, fervices, and labours, I was preparing, in folitude, thefe laft fruits of my experience and application, my fecret enemies, that is, the men under whom I fcorned to enlift as a partifan, found means to intercept a gratuity which I annually received from the beneficence of my Sovereign. It was the only fource of fubfiftence to myfelf, and the only means I enjoyed of affifting my family. To this cataftrophe were added the lofs of health, and domeftic calamities, which baffle all the powers of defcription. I have haftened, therefore, to gather the fruit, though ftill

firft, as rendering an effential fervice to my Country, by making it apparent, that this ifland, which is kept filled with troops, was, in no refpect, proper for being the ftaple, or the citadel of our commerce with India, from which it is more than fifteen hundred leagues diftant. This I have even proved by the events of preceding wars, in which Pondicherry has always been taken from us, though the Ifle of France was crowded with foldiers. The late war has confirmed anew the truth of my obfervations. For thefe fervices, as well as for many others, I have received no other recompenfe fave indirect perfecutions, and calumnies, on the part of the inhabitants of that ifland, whom I reprehended for their barbarity to their flaves. I have not even received an adequate indemnification for a fpecies of fhipwreck I underwent, on my return, at the Ifland of Bourbon, nor for the fmallnefs of my appointments, which were not up to the half of thofe of the ordinary Engineers of my rank. I am well affured, that, under a Marine Minifter, as intelligent, and as equitable as M. the Marefchal *de Caftries*, I fhould have reaped fome part of the fruit of my literary and military fervices.

immature,

immature, of the tree which I had cultivated with ſuch unwearied perſeverance, before it was torn up by the tempeſt.

'But, I bear no malice to any one of my perſecutors. If I am, one day, laid under the neceſſity of expoſing to the light their ſecret practices againſt me, it ſhall only be in the view of juſtifying my own conduct. In other reſpects, I am under obligation to them. Their perſecution has proved the cauſe of my repoſe. To their diſdainful ambition I am indebted for a liberty, which I prize far above their greatneſs. To them I owe the delicious ſtudies to which I have devoted my attention. Providence has not abandoned me, though they have. It has raiſed up friends, who have ſerved me, as opportunity offered, with my Prince; and others will ariſe to recommend me to his favour, when it may be neceſſary. Had I repoſed in God that confidence which I put in men, I ſhould have always enjoyed undiſturbed tranquillity: the proofs of his Providence, as affecting myſelf, in the paſt, ought to ſet my heart at reſt about futurity. But, from a fault of education, the opinions of men ſtill exerciſe too much dominion over me. By their fears, and not my own, is my mind diſturbed. Nevertheleſs, I ſometimes ſay to myſelf, Wherefore be embarraſſed about what is to come? Before you came into the World, were you diſquieted

with anxious thoughts about the manner in which your members were to be combined, and your nerves and your bones to expand? When, in process of time, you emerged into light, did you ſtudy optics, in order to know how you were to perceive objects; and anatomy, in order to learn how to move about your body, and how to promote it's growth? Theſe operations of Nature, far ſuperior to thoſe of men, have taken place in you, without your knowledge, and without any interference of your own. If you diſquieted not yourſelf about being born, Wherefore ſhould you, about living, and Wherefore, about dying? Are you not always in the ſame hand?

Other ſentiments, however, natural to the mind of Man, have filled me with dejection. For example, Not to have acquired, after ſo many peregrinations and exertions, one little rural ſpot, in which I could, in the boſom of repoſe, have arranged my obſervations on Nature, to me of all others the moſt amiable and intereſting under the Sun. I have another ſource of regret, ſtill more depreſſing, namely, the misfortune of not having attached to my lot a female mate, ſimple, gentle, ſenſible, and pious, who, much better than Philoſophy, would have ſoothed my ſolicitudes, and who, by bringing me children like herſelf, would have provided me with a poſterity, incomparably more dear

dear than a vain reputation. I had found this retreat, and this rare felicity, in Ruſſia, in the midſt of honourable employment; but I renounced all theſe advantages, to go in queſt, at the inſtigation of Miniſters, of employment, in my native Country, where I had nothing ſimilar, after which to aſpire. Neverthleleſs, I am enabled to ſay, that my particular ſtudies have repaired the firſt privation, in procuring for me the enjoyment not only of a ſmall ſpot of ground, but of all the harmonies diffuſed over the vaſt garden of Nature. An eſtimable partner for life cannot be ſo eaſily replaced; but if I have reaſon to flatter myſelf that this Work is contributing to multiply marriages, to render them more happy, and to ſoften the education of children, I ſhall conſider my own family as perpetuated in them, and I ſhall look on the wives and children of my Country, as, in ſome ſenſe, mine.

Nothing is durable, virtue alone excepted. Perſonal beauty paſſes quickly away; fortune inſpires extravagant inclinations; grandeur fatigues; reputation is uncertain; talents, nay, genius itſelf, are liable to be impaired: but virtue is ever beautiful, ever diverſified, ever equal, and ever vigorous, becauſe it is reſigned to all events, to privations as to enjoyments, to death as to life.

 Happy

Happy then, happy beyond conception, if I have been enabled to contribute one feeble effort toward redreſſing ſome of the evils which oppreſs my Country, and to open to it ſome new proſpect of felicity! Happy, if I have been enabled to wipe away, on the one hand, the tears of ſome unfortunate wretch, and to recal, on the other, men miſled by the intoxication of pleaſure, to the DIVINITY, toward whom Nature, the times, our perſonal miſeries, and our ſecret affections, are attracting us with ſo much impetuoſity!

I have a preſentiment of ſome favourable approaching revolution. If it does take place, to the influence of literature we ſhall be indebted for it. In modern times, learning produces little ſolid benefit to the perſons who cultivate it; nevertheleſs, it directs every thing. I do not ſpeak of the influence which letters poſſeſs, all the Globe over, under the government of books. Aſia is governed by the maxims of *Confucius*, the Korans, the Beths, the Vidams, and the reſt; but, in Europe, *Orpheus* was the firſt who aſſociated it's inhabitants, and allured them out of barbariſm by his divine poeſy. The genius of *Homer*, afterwards, produced the legiſlations and the religions of Greece. He animated *Alexander*, and ſent him forth on the conqueſt of Aſia. He extended his influence

influence to the Romans, who traced upward, in his ſublime poetical effuſions, the genealogy of the founder, and of the ſovereigns of their Empire, as the Greeks had found in him the rudiments of their Republics, and of their Laws. His auguſt ſhade ſtill preſides over the poetry, the liberal Arts, the Academies, and the Monuments of Europe: ſuch is the power over the human mind, exerciſed by the perſpectives of DEITY which he has preſented to it! Thus, the Word which created the World ſtill governs it; but when it had deſcended itſelf from Heaven, and had ſhewn to Man the road to happineſs in Virtue alone, a light more pure than that which had ſhed a luſtre over the iſlands of Greece, illuminated the foreſts of Gaul. The Savages, who inhabited them, would have been the happieſt of Mankind, had they enjoyed liberty; but they were ſubjected to tyrants, and thoſe tyrants plunged them back into a ſacred barbariſm, by preſenting to them phantoms ſo much the more tremendous, that the objects of their confidence were transformed into thoſe of their terror.

The cauſe of human felicity, and of Religion herſelf, was on the brink of deſperation, when two men of letters, *Rabelais*, and *Michael Cervantes*, aroſe, the one in France and the other in Spain, and ſhook, at once, the foundations of monaſtic

power * and that of chivalry. In levelling theſe two Coloſſuſes to the ground, they employed no other weapons but ridicule, that natural contraſt of human terror. Like to children, the Nations of Europe laughed, and reſumed their courage: they no longer felt any other impulſions toward happineſs, but thoſe which their Princes choſe to give them, if their Princes had then been capable of communicating ſuch impulſion. The *Telemachus* made it's appearance, and that Book brought Europe back to the harmonies of Nature. It produced a wonderful revolution in Politics. It recalled Nations and their Sovereigns to the uſeful arts, to commerce, to agriculture, and, above all, to the ſentiment of DEITY. That Work united, to the imagination of *Homer* the wiſdom of *Confucius*.

* GOD forbid that I ſhould be thought to inſinuate an invective againſt perſons, or orders, truly religious. Suppoſing them to poſſeſs no higher merit in this life, than that of paſſing it without doing miſchief, they would be reſpectable in the eyes of infidelity itſelf. The perſons here expoſed are not men really pious, who have renounced the World, in order to cheriſh, without interruption, the ſpirit of Religion: but thoſe who have aſſumed a habit conſecrated by Religion, to procure for themſelves the riches and the honours of this World; thoſe againſt whom St. *Jerome* thundered ſo vehemently to no purpoſe, and who have verified his prediction in Paleſtine and in Egypt, in bringing Religion into diſcredit, by the profligacy of their manners, by their avarice, and their ambition.

It

It was tranſlated into all the languages of Europe. It was not in France that it excited the higheſt admiration: there are whole Provinces in England, where it is ſtill one of the books in which children are taught to read. When the Engliſh entered the Cambraiſis, with the allied army, they wiſhed to carry the Author, who was living there in a ſtate of retirement from the Court, into their camp, to do him the honours of a military feſtival; but his modeſty declined that triumph: he concealed himſelf. I ſhall add but one trait to his elogium: he was the only man living of whom *Louis* XIV. was jealous: and he had reaſon to be ſo; for while he was exerting himſelf to excite the terror, and purchaſe the admiration of Europe, by his armies, his conqueſts, his banquets, his buildings, and his magnificence, *Fenelon* was commanding the adoration of the whole World by a Book *.

Many

* It is abſurd to inſtitute a compariſon between *Boſſuet* and *Fenelon:* I am not capable of appraiſing their ſeveral merits, but I cannot help conſidering the ſecond as highly preferable to his rival. He fulfilled, in my apprehenſion, the two great precepts of the Law: HE LOVED GOD AND MEN.

The Reader will, perhaps, not be diſpleaſed at being told what *J. J. Rouſſeau* thought of this great man. Having, one day, ſet out with him on a walking excurſion to Mount Valerien, when we had reached the ſummit of the mountain, it was reſolved to aſk a dinner of it's hermits, for payment. We arrived at their habitation a little before they ſat down to table, and while they

were

Many learned men, inſpired by his genius, have changed among us the ſpirit of the Government, and the public manners. To their Writings we are indebted for the abolition of many barbarous cuſtoms, ſuch as that of puniſhing capitally the pretended crime of witchcraft; the application of the rack to all criminals without diſtinction; the remains of feudal ſlavery; the practice of wearing ſwords in the boſom of cities, in times of profound peace,

were ſtill at Church. *J. J. Rouſſeau* propoſed to me to ſtep in, and offer up our devotions. The hermits were, at that time, reciting the Litanies of Providence, which are remarkably beautiful. After we had addreſſed our prayer to GOD, in a little chapel, and as the hermits were proceeding toward their refectory, *Rouſſeau* ſaid to me, with his heart overflowing: "At this "moment I experience what is ſaid in the Goſpel: *Where two* "*or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midſt* "*of them.* There is here a ſentiment of peace and of felicity "which penetrates the ſoul." I replied: "If *Fenelon* had lived, "you would have been a Catholic." He exclaimed in an extaſy, and with tears in his eyes: "O! if *Fenelon* were in life, I would "ſtruggle to get into his ſervice as lackey, in hope of meriting "the place of his valet de chambre."

Having picked up, ſome time ago, on the Pont-Neuf, one of thoſe little urns which the Italians ſell about the ſtreets for a few halfpence a-piece, the idea ſtruck me of converting it, as a decoration of my ſolitude, into a monument ſacred to the memory of *John-James* and of *Fenelon*, after the manner of thoſe which the Chineſe ſet up to the memory of *Confucius*. As there are two little ſcutcheons on this urn, I wrote on the one theſe words, J. J. ROUSSEAU; and on the other F. FENELON. I then

peace, and many others. To them we owe the return of the tastes, and of the duties, of Nature, or,

then placed it in an angle of my cabinet, about six feet from the floor, and close by it, the following inscription.

D. M.

A la gloire durable & pure
De ceux dont le génie éclaira les vertus,
Combattit à la fois l'erreur & les abus,
Et tenta d'amener le siècle à la Nature.
Aux JEAN-JACQUES ROUSSEAUX, aux FRANÇOIS FÉNELONS
J'ai dédié ce monument d'argile
Que j'ai consacré par leur noms
Plus augustes que ceux de CÉSAR & d'ACHILLE.
Ils ne sont point fameux par nos malheurs :
Ils n'ont point, pauvres laboureurs
Ravi vos bœufs, ni vos javelles ;
Bergères, vos amans ; nourissons, vos mamelles ;
Rois, les états où vous régnez :
Mais vous les comblerez de gloire,
Si vous donnez a leur mémoire
Les pleurs qu'ils vous ont épargnés.

To the pure and unfading glory,
Of the men whose virtues were illumined by genius ;
Who set their faces against error and depravity,
And laboured to bring Mankind back to Nature :
To the ROUSSEAUS and the FENELONS of the Human Race,
I dedicate this humble monument of clay,
And inscribe it with their names,
Far more august than those of CESAR and ACHILLES.
They purchased not fame by spreading devastation ;
They did not, O ye poor husbandmen,
Seize your oxen, and plunder your barns ;
Nor, shepherdesses, carry off your lovers, nor, sucklings, your teats ;
Nor, Kings, did they ravage your domains :
But their glory will be complete,
If on their memory you bestow
The tears which they have spared you.

at

at leaſt their images. They have reſtored to many infants the breaſts of their mothers, and to the rich a reliſh for the country, which induces them, now a-days, to quit the centre of cities, and to take up their habitation in the ſuburbs. They have inſpired the whole Nation with a taſte for agriculture, which is degenerated, as uſual, into fanaticiſm, ſince it became a ſpirit of corps. They have the honour of bringing back the nobleſſe to the commonalty, toward whom, it muſt be confeſſed, they had already made ſome ſteps of approximation, by their alliances with finance; they have recalled that order to their peculiar duties by thoſe of humanity. They have directed all the powers of the State, the women themſelves not excepted, toward patriotic objects, by arraying them in attractive ornaments and flowers.

O ye men of letters! without you the rich man would have no manner of intellectual enjoyment; his opulence and his dignities would be a burthen to him. You alone reſtore to us the rights of our nature, and of DEITY. Wherever you appear, in the military, in the clergy, in the laws, and in the arts, the divine Intelligence unveils itſelf, and the human heart breathes a ſigh. You are at once the eyes and the light of the Nations. We ſhould be, perhaps, at this hour, much nearer to happineſs, if ſeveral of your number, intent on pleaſing the multitude,

multitude, had not misled them by flattering their paſſions, and by miſtaking their deceitful voices for thoſe of human nature.

See how theſe paſſions have miſled yourſelves, from your having come too cloſely into contact with men! It is in ſolitude, and living together in unity, that your talents communicate mutual intellectual light. Call to remembrance the times when the *La Fontaines*, the *Boileaus*, the *Racines*, the *Molieres*, lived with one another. What is, at this day, your deſtiny? That World, whoſe paſſions you are flattering, arms you againſt each other. It turns you out to a ſtrife of glory, as the Romans expoſed the wretched, to wild beaſts. Your holy liſts are become the amphitheatres of gladiators. You are, without being conſcious of it, the mere inſtruments of the ambition of corps. It is by means of your talents that their leaders procure for themſelves dignities and riches, while you are ſuffered to remain in obſcurity and indigence. Think of the glory of men of letters, among the Nations who were emerging out of barbariſm; they preſented virtue to Mankind, and were exalted into the rank of their Gods. Think of their degradation among Nations ſunk into corruption: they flattered their paſſions, and became the victims of them. In the decline of the Roman Empire,

pire, letters were no longer cultivated, except by a few enfranchiſed Greeks. Suffer the herd to run at the heels of the rich and the voluptuous. What do you propoſe to yourſelves in the ſacred career of letters, except to march on, under the protection of *Minerva?* What reſpect would the World ſhew you, were you not covered by her immortal Egis? It would trample you under foot. Suffer it to be deceived by thoſe who are mean enough to be it's worſhippers; repoſe your confidence in Heaven, whoſe ſupport will ſearch and find you out wherever you may be.

The vine, one day, complained to Heaven, with tears, of the ſeverity of her deſtiny. She envied the condition of the reed. "I am planted," ſaid ſhe, "amidſt parched rocks, and am obliged "to produce fruits repleniſhed with juice; whereas, "in the bottom of that valley, the reed, which "bears nothing but a dry ſhag, grows at her "eaſe by the brink of the waters." A voice from Heaven replied: "Complain not, O vine! "at thy lot. Autumn is coming on, when the "reed will periſh, without honour, on the border "of the marſhes; but the rain of the ſkies will go "in queſt of thee in the mountain, and thy juices, "matured on the rock, ſhall one day ſerve to "cheer the heart of GOD and Man."

We

We have, farther, a confiderable ground of hope of reformation, in the affection which we bear to our Kings. With us, the love of Country is one and the fame thing with the love of our Prince. This is the only bond which unites us, and which, oftener than once, has prevented our falling to pieces. On the other hand, Nations are the real monuments of Kings. All thofe monuments of ftone, by which fo many Princes have dreamt of immortalizing their names, frequently ferved only to render them deteftable. *Pliny* tells us, that the Egyptians of his time curfed the memory of the Kings of Egypt, who had built the pyramids; and, befides, their names had funk into oblivion. The modern Egyptians allege, that they were raifed by the Devil, undoubtedly from the fentiment of the diftrefs which rearing thofe edifices muft have coft Mankind. Our own People frequently afcribes the fame origin to our ancient bridges, and to the great roads cut through rocks, whofe fummits are loft in the clouds. To no purpofe are medals ftruck for their ufe; they underftand nothing about emblems and infcriptions. But it is the heart of Man, on which the impreffion ought to be made, by means of benefits conferred; the ftamp there imprinted is never to be effaced. The People have loft the memory of their Monarchs who prefided in councils, but they cherifh

cherish, to this day, the remembrance of those of them who supped with millers.

The affection of the People fixes on one single quality in their Prince; it is his popularity: for it is from this that all the virtues flow, of which they stand in need. A single act of justice, dispensed unexpectedly, and without ostentation, to a poor widow, to a collier, fills them with admiration and delight. They look upon their Prince as a God, whose Providence is at all times, and in every place, upon the watch: and they are in the right; for a single interposition of this nature, well-timed, has a tendency to keep every oppressor in awe, and enlivens all the oppressed with hope. In our days, venality and pride have reared, between the People and their Sovereign, a thousand impenetrable walls of gold, of iron, and of lead. The People can no longer advance toward their Prince, but the Prince has it still in his power to descend toward the People. Our Kings have been prepossessed, on this subject, with groundless fears and prejudices. It is singularly remarkable, nevertheless, that, among the great number of Princes of all Nations, who have fallen the victims of different factions, not a single one ever perished, when employed in acts of goodness, walking about on foot, and *incognito*; but all of them, either riding in their

coaches,

coaches, or at table in the bofom of pleafure, or in their court, furrounded by their guards, and in the very centre of their power.

We fee, at this hour, the Emperor and the King of Pruffia, in a carriage fimply, with one or two domeftics, and no guards, traverfing their fcattered dominions, though peopled in part with ftrangers and conquered Nations. The great men, and the moft illuftrious Princes of Antiquity, fuch as *Scipio*, *Germanicus*, *Marcus Aurelius*, travelled without any retinue, on horfeback, and frequently on foot. How many provinces of his kingdom, in an age of trouble and faction, were thus travelled over by our great *Henry* IV ?

A King, in his States, ought to be like the Sun over the Earth, on which there is not one fingle little plant but what receives, in it's turn, the influence of his rays. Of the knowledge of how many important truths are our Kings deprived, by the prejudices of courtiers ? What pleafures do they lofe from their fedentary mode of life ! I do not fpeak of thofe of grandeur, when they fee, on their approach, Nations flocking together, in millions, along the highways ; the ramparts of cities fet on fire with the thunder of artillery, and fquadrons iffuing out of their fea-ports, and covering the face of the Ocean with flags and flame. I believe they

they are weary of the pleaſures of glory. But I can believe them ſenſible to thoſe of humanity, of which they are perpetually deprived. They are for ever conſtrained to be Kings, and never permitted to be Men. What delight might it not procure them to ſpread a veil over their greatneſs, like the Gods, and to make their appearance in the midſt of a virtuous family, like *Jupiter*, at the fireſide of *Philemon* and *Baucis!* How little would it coſt them to make happy people every day of their lives! In many caſes, what they laviſh on a ſingle family of courtiers, would ſupply the means of happineſs to a whole Province. On many occaſions, their appearance merely, would overawe all the tyrants of the diſtrict, and conſole all the miſerable. They would be conſidered as omnipreſent, when they were not known as confined to a particular ſpot. One confidential friend, a few hardy ſervants, would be ſufficient to bring within their reach all the pleaſures of travelling from place to place, and to ſcreen them from all the inconveniencies of it.

They have it in their power to vary the ſeaſons as they will, without ſtirring out of the kingdom, and to extend their pleaſures to the utmoſt extent of their authority. Inſtead of inhabiting country-reſidences on the banks of the Seine, or amidſt the rocks of Fontainbleau, they might have them on

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the ſhores of the Ocean, and at the bottom of the Pyrenees. It depends altogether on themſelves, to paſs the burning heats of Summer, emboſomed in the mountains of Dauphiné, and encompaſſed with a horizon of ſnow; the Winter in Provence, under olive-trees and verdant oaks; the Autumn, in the ever-green meadows, and amidſt the apple orchards, of fertile Normandy. They would every day behold arriving on the ſhores of France, the ſea-faring men of all Nations, Britiſh, Spaniſh, Dutch, Italian, all exhibiting the peculiarities and the manners of their ſeveral countries. Our Kings have in their palaces, comedies, libraries, hot-houſes, cabinets of Natural Hiſtory; but all theſe collections are only vain images of Men and of Nature. They poſſeſs no gardens more worthy of them than their kingdoms, and no libraries ſo fraught with inſtruction as their own ſubjects *.

Ah!

* Here, undoubtedly, the Volume ought to have cloſed. It is no inconſiderable mortification to me, that my duty, as a Tranſlator, permitted me not to retrench the piece of extravagance which follows. In juſtice to myſelf, however, I tranſmit it to the Britiſh Public, with an explicit diſavowal of it's ſpirit, of it's ſtyle, of it's ſentiments, and of it's object. I can excuſe the rapturous vanity of a Frenchman, when his Prince, or when his Republic is the theme; I can not only excuſe, but likewiſe commend, the effuſions of a grateful heart, filled with the idea of a kingly benefactor; I can excuſe the ſelf-complacency of an Author contemplating

Ah! if it be poſſible for one ſingle man to conſtitute, on this earth, the hope of the Human Race, that Man is the King of France. He reigns over

plating the probable ſucceſs and influence of a good Book, his own production; nay, I can make allowance for a good Catholic, exalting a Saint upon Earth into an Interceſſor in Heaven: But who can forbear ſmiling, or rather weeping, at the airy viſions of a returning golden age, on the very eve of an exploſion of the age of iron, clothed in every circumſtance of horror? Who but muſt be kindled into indignation, at ſeeing genius degraded into a ſervile miniſter, of fulſome adulation, to the vileſt of women? Who but muſt deride the pretenſions ſo frequently advanced, by the wiſe and by the unwiſe, and as frequently expoſed, to the gift of predicting future events.

In Latin, the ſame word, *Vates*, denotes both Poet and Prophet; and the two characters are by no means incompatible. Our Author is no mean Poet, he is a firſt-rate Naturaliſt, he is an eloquent Writer, and, what is above all, he is a good and eſtimable Man; but events have demonſtrated, that he is but a wretched Prophet. A few ſhort years have ſcattered his fond prognoſtics "into air, thin air." He makes it one of the glories of the reign of *Louis* XVI. that he "ſupported the oppreſſed "Americans." Whatever political ſagacity might have dictated, or predicted, at the time, reſpecting his interference in the diſpute between Great-Britain and her American Colonies, the iſſue has demonſtrated, that this interference was injudicious and impolitic, as far as he was perſonally concerned. The ſupport which he gave to *oppreſſed* America, laid an accumulated weight on *oppreſſed* France, and precipitated that Revolution, which, by progreſſive ſteps, abridged his power, annihilated his ſplendor, hurled him from his throne, ſubjected his neck to the axe, and blaſted

over his People by love, his People over the rest of Europe by manners, Europe over the rest of the Globe by power. Nothing prevents his doing good when he pleases. It is in his power, notwithstanding the venality of employments, to humble haughty vice, and to exalt lowly virtue. It is, farther, in his power, to descend toward his subjects, or to bid them rise toward him. Many Kings have repented that they had placed their confidence in treasures, in allies, in corps, and in grandees; but no one that he had trusted in his People, and in God. Thus reigned the popular *Charles* V. and the St. *Louises*. Thus you shall one day have reigned, O *Louis* XVI! You have, from your very first advances to the throne, given laws for the re-establishment of manners; and, what was still more difficult, you have exhibited the example, in the midst of a French Court. You

blasted the prospects of his Family. Here was one of the fearful re-actions of a righteous Providence.

The nauseous elogium pronounced on the *charms and sensibility of his august Consort*, is still more intolerable. It is notorious to all Europe, that the lewdness, the pride, the prodigality, the ambition, the resentments, of that bad woman, filled up the measure of moral depravity among the higher orders in France, embroiled the two hemispheres of the Globe in the horrors of war; and ruined her Country, ruined her Husband, ruined Herself, ruined her Posterity. Another of the re-actions of a righteous Providence! H. H.

 have

have deſtroyed the remains of feudal ſlavery, mitigated the hardſhips endured by unfortunate priſoners, as well as the ſeverity of civil and military puniſhments; you have given to the inhabitants of certain provinces the liberty of aſſeſſing themſelves to the public impoſts, remitted to the Nation the dues of your acceſſion to the Crown, ſecured to the poor ſeaman a part of the fruits of war, and reſtored to men of letters the natural privilege of reaping thoſe of their labours.

While, with one hand, you were aſſiſting and relieving the wretched part of the Nation, with the other, you raiſed ſtatues to it's illuſtrious men of ages paſt, and you ſupported the oppreſſed Americans. Certain wiſe men, who are about your perſon, and, what is ſtill more potent than their wiſdom, the charms and the ſenſibility of your auguſt Conſort, have rendered the path of virtue eaſy to you. O great King! if you proceed with conſtancy in the rough paths of virtue, your name will one day be invoked by the miſerable of all Nations. It will preſide over their deſtinies even during the life of their own Sovereigns. They will preſent it as a barrier to oppoſe their tyrants, and as a model to their good Kings. It will be revered from the riſing to the ſetting of the Sun, like that of the *Tituſes*, and of the *Antoninuſes*.

When

When the Nations which now cover the Earth ſhall be no more, your name ſhall ſtill live, and ſhall flouriſh with a glory ever new. The Majeſty of ages ſhall increaſe it's venerability, and poſterity the moſt remote, ſhall envy us the felicity of having lived under your government.

I, Sire, am nothing. I may have been the victim of public calamities, and remain ignorant of the cauſes. I may have ſpoken of the means of remedying them, without knowing the power and the reſources of mighty Kings. But if you render us better and more happy, the *Tacituſes* of future times will ſtudy, from you, the art of reforming and governing men in a difficult age. Other *Fenelons* will one day ſpeak of France, under your reign, as of happy Egypt under that of *Seſoſtris*. Whilſt you are then receiving upon Earth, the invariable homage of men, you will be their mediator with DEITY, of whom you ſhall have been among us, the moſt lively image. Ah! if it were poſſible that we ſhould loſe the ſentiment of his exiſtence from the corruption of thoſe who ought to be our patterns, from the diſorder of our paſſions, from the wanderings of our own underſtanding, from the multiplied ills of humanity; O King! it would be ſtill glorious for you to preſerve the love of order in the midſt of the general diſorder.

diforder. Nations, abandoned to the will of lawlefs tyrants, would flock together for refuge to the foot of your throne, and would come to feek, in you, the God whom they no longer perceived in Nature.

END OF THE FOURTH VOLUME.

ERRATA.

Page 4, lines 6 and 7 from the bottom, for *immortality* and *mortality*, read *immorality* and *morality*.
—— 6, line 6 from the bottom, for *s*, read *is*.
—— 32, line 3, for *greater*, read *great*.
—— 76, line 13, the *l* has dropped out of the word Bengal.
—— 77, line 3, from the bottom, for *it is*, read *it is not*.
—— 188, line 15, for *mefs*, read *mafs*.